New Skin

Incubus

At first I see an open wound
Infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe
It cries to be renewed
[Incomprehensible]Its tears are the color of anger
They dry to form a scab
To the touch it's stiff and resilient
To underneath the new skin breathe
Its all been saved
With the exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?
As outwardly cliche as it may seem
Yes, something under the surface says
"C'est la vie", it is a circle, there is a plan
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Look closely at the open wound
See past what covers the surface
Underneath chaotic catastrophe
Creation takes the stage
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again

Its all been saved
With exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen
With the exception for what could be
When will we be new skin?
Until the 20th century, reality was everything
Humans could touch, smell, see and hear
Since the initial publication
Of the charged electromagnetic spectrum
Humans learned that what they can touch
Smell, see, and here is less than one millionth of reality
Fallacious cognitions
Spewed from televisions
Do mold our decisions
So stop and take a look

And you'll see what I see now
Its all been seen
With the exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen
With the exception for what could be
When will we be new skin? Skin

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