

New Skin

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At first I see an open wound infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe it cries to be renewed
Its tears are the color of anger, they dry to form a scab to touch
Its stiff and resilient, underneath, the new skin breathes
As outwardly cliché as it may seem, yes,
Something under the surface says cest 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 stage
Its all been saved with exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin
Its all been seen with exception for what could be
When will we be new skin
Fallacious cognitions spewed from televisions do mold our decisions
So stop and take a look, and you'll see what I see now

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