

New Skin

Incubus

At first I see an open wound
Infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe
It cries to be renewed
[Please renew me]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 breatheIt's all been saved
With the exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?As outwardly cliché 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 againLook closely at the open wound
See past what covers the surface
Underneath chaotic catastrophe
Creation takes the stageDead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start againIt's all been saved
With exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?It's 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 hear is less than one millionth of realityFallacious cognitions
Spewed from televisions
Do mold our decisions
So stop and take a look
And you'll see what I see nowIt's all been seen
With the exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?It's all been seen
With the exception for what could be
When will we be new skin? Skin

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