

Skin

White Zombie

Have no eyes
I must see
You walk out
A violent burst
Of some kind, kind
Kind, kind
Mind state
A dirty little drunk
And cluttered
Shinning a problem
Of pictorial illusion Dump the trunk
And tear the little freak out
Out, out
An unparalleled
Account of collapse
Appearing like yourself liberation
Appearing like myself mutilation Hold still now
Nobody turns
Said yeah
Their back on me
Silence is deafening
Desperate waking up
Motive spasm
My back aches
Termination detestation
Da-la-sco Now this room
Don't seem so small
Sitting here in a cage
Of some kind, kind, kind, kind
Miracle and some hallucination

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