Incubus

Pressurehed

When footlights dim in reverence, to prescient passion
Forewarned my audience leaves the stage
Floating ahead, perfumed shift, within the stammering silence
The face that launched a thousand frames
Betrayed by a porcelain tear, a stained career
You played this scene before
You played this scene before
I the mote in your eye, eye, eye, eye
I the mote in your eye
A misplaced reaction, reaction
The darkroom unleashes imagination
In pornographic images, in which you will always be the star
Untouchable, unapproachable, constant in a darkness, in a darkness
Nursing an erection, a misplaced reaction
With no flower to place, before this gravestone
And the walls become enticingly newspaper thin
But that would only be developing the negative view
And you have to be exposed in voyeuristic color, the public act
Let you model your shame on the mannequin catwalk, catwalk
Let the cats walk, and the cat walks
I've played this scene before
I've played this scene before
I the mote in your eye, eye, eye, eye
I the mote in your eye
A misplaced reaction, satisfaction
You can't brush me under the carpet
You can't hide me under the stairs

The custodian of your private fears
You're leading actor of yesteryear
Who as you crawled out of the alleys of obscurity
Sentenced to rejection in the morass of anonymity
You, who I directed with the lovers will
You, who I let hypnotize the lens
You, who I let bathe in the spotlights glare
You, who wiped me from your memory
Like a greasepaint mask
Just like a greasepaint mask, a mask
But now, I'm the snake in the grass

The ghost of film reels past
I'm the producer of your nightmare
And the performance has just begun
It's just begun, begun, it's just begun
Your perimeter of courtiers jerk like celluloid puppets
As you stutter paralyzed with rabbits eyes
Searing the shadows, flooding the wings
To pluck elusive salvation from the understudy's lips
Retrieve the soliloquy, maintain the obituary
My cue line in the last act
And you wait in silent solitude, waiting for the prompt
Waiting for the prompt
Waiting for the prompt
Waiting for the prompt
Waiting for the prompt
Waiting for the prompt
You've played this scene before

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