

# Redefine

## Subaqueous

Imagine your brain as a  
Canister filled with ink  
Yeah, now think of your body  
As the pen where the ink resides  
Fuse the two, kapok  
What are you now?  
You're the human magic marker, won't you  
Please surprise my eyes?  
It's in your nature  
You can paint whatever picture  
You like no matter what  
Ted Koppel says on channel 4 tonight  
So modify this third rock from the sun  
By painting myriads of pictures  
With the colors of one  
I'm sick of painting in black and white  
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight  
So sick of limiting myself  
To fit your definition  
I'm sick of painting in black and white  
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight  
So sick of limiting myself  
To fit your definition  
Picture the scene  
Where whatever you thought  
Would, in the blink of an eye  
Manifest and become illustrated  
You'd be sure man that every  
Line drawn reflected  
A life that you loved  
Not an existence that you hated  
So, must we demonstrate that  
We can't get it straight?  
We've painted a picture  
Now we're drowning in paint  
Lets figure out what the fuck it's about  
Before the picture we painted  
Chews us up and spits us out  
I'm sick of painting in black and white

My pen is dry, now I'm uptight  
So sick of limiting myself  
To fit your definition  
I'm sick of painting in black and white  
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight  
So sick of limiting myself  
To fit your definition  
What, what  
What, what  
What, what  
What, what  
Redefine  
I'm sick of painting in black and white  
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight  
So sick of limiting myself  
To fit your definition  
So, must we demonstrate that  
We can't get it straight?  
We've painted a picture  
Now we're drowning in paint  
Lets figure out what the fuck it's about  
Before the picture we painted  
Chews us up and spits us out

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