

All Senses Lost

Piebald

You'd hold on to nothing
If it fit in your hands
Pockets and bags just won't understand
The common disorder of heads on the rise
Don't smell with the nose or see with the eyes
I am just waiting for something to happen
And all sense is lost
You'd callous the body
To make you a man
Harder to touch but that was the plan
Will you behold a revolution with style
You'd swap your hands for a new set of teeth
The chatter goes well and it's well preserved
The grass remains green if it's left undisturbed

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