# 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
Dropped excitement from my last words
Shut the door and turn the TV on, on
Now that I've done all that I can

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