

# Incubus

## Biome and R.Demon

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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