

# No Skin

## The Golden Palominos

No thought, no breath, no eyes, no heartEveryone I see is missing something

Everyone I see is missing somethingThis dark and secret crime

Cruelty masked as something kind

Sharp against the tenderness

Cold against the emptinessEveryone I see is missing something

Everyone I see is missing somethingSplit open to the wound

Send another saviour soon

Eyes closed, torn apart

Body separate from the heartYou wouldn't notice I have no skin

You wouldn't notice I have no skinHeld down on the bed

This is what I think he said

The face of Jesus hung above

I will teach you how to loveYou wouldn't notice I have no skin

You wouldn't notice I have no skinAnd I can find you anywhere

Even if you run from there

Eyes closed, torn apart

Body separate from the heartEveryone I see is missing something

Everyone I see is missing somethingBalance reaches beyond itself to lay hold of intelligence

So that it's satisfactions brought to the surface of consciousness

May become profounder more intense and more compelling

Violent, we take a step away from awareness

And by striving to grasp the significance of our own violent impulses

We move further away from the frenzied raptures violence instigatesEveryone I see is missing something

Everyone I see is missing somethingBurned with a cigarette

Some things you don't forget

Well trained in going numb

Well prepared for what's to comeYou wouldn't notice I have no skin

You wouldn't notice I have no skinNo thought, no breath, no eyes, no heartIn order to reach the limits of the

ecstasy in which we lose ourselves in bliss

You must set an immediate boundary

Pain can carry me nearer to the moment

Bring me to a state of bliss bordering on deleriumNo thought, no breath, no eyes, no heartAnd I can find you  
anywhere

Even if you run from there

Eyes closed, torn apart

Body separate from the heartYou wouldn't notice I have no skin

You wouldn't notice I have no skin

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