

New Skin

Incubus

At first I see an open wound,
infected and disastrous.
It breathes chaotic catastrophe,
it cries to be renewed.
(Please Renew Me!)
Its tears are the color of anger,
they dry to form a scab.
To the touch, its stiff and resilient,
underneath, the new skin breathes. Its all been saved...with exception for the right parts. When
will we be new skin?
As outwardly cliché as it may seem,
yes, something under the surface says,
"C'est la vie."
It is a circle, there is a plan...
dead skin will atrophy itself to start again.
Look closely at the open wound...see past what covers the surface Underneath chaotic
catastrophe,
creation takes stage.
Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again. Dead skin will atrophy itself to start again. Dead skin
will atrophy itself to start again. Its all been saved...with exception for the right parts.
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen...
with exception for what could be. When will we be new skin?
until the 20th century, reality was everything humans could touch, smell, see,
and hear.
since the initial publication of the charted electromagnetic spectrum, humans
learned that what they can touch, smell, see, and hear... is less than one
millionth of reality.
Fallacious cognitions,
spewed from televisions,
do mold our decisions.
So stop and take a look,
and you'll see what I see now.
Its all been saved...
with exception for the right parts.
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen...
with exception for what could be.
When will we be new skin? skin?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

