

New skin - 1/1

Interprété par Incubus.

At first I see an open wound infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe
It cries to be renewed
Its tears are the color of anger
They dry to form a scab
To the touch, it's stiff and resilient
Underneath, the new skin breaths

It's all been saved
With the 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 that open wound
See past what covers the surface
Underneath chaotic catastrophe
Creation takes the stage

It's all been saved
With the exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?

It's all been seen
With the exception for what could be
When will we be new skin?

Fallacious cognitions spewed from televisions
Do mold our decisions
So stop and take a look
And you'll see what I see now

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With the exception for what could be
When will we be new skin?