

Incubus, Consequence

You blink and you miss a beat, keep one of your eyes open at all times
You think that your on the brink, the shit hasn't even begun to hit the fan
The consequence you'll see will be stranger than a gang of drunken mimes
The situation has a stink better clear the air before your son becomes a man
We all want something we know can not have...have
You think everything's been augmented that you have been left so far behind
I think for sure next time you should wear a pair of eyes in the back of your head
The consequence you've seen has been stranger than Sci-Fi of any kind
The situation baffles me, I guess its true you too are one of the walking dead
Better think fast, fast, cuz you never know what's coming round the bend
You better not blink, oh blink, the consequence is a bigger word than you think
Its bigger than you or me, You or me, You or me
You or me
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