

# Incubus, New Skin

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, its stiff and resilient,  
underneath, the new skin breathes  
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.  
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?  
Fallacious cognitions  
spewed from televisions  
do mold our decisions.  
So stop and take a look,  
and you'll see what I see now