

Heather Nova, Second Skin

The bullet's deep, I'm not dreaming,
The blood I keep, while you're healing.

Have you found your second skin, your second wind?
Have you found your second skin, second wind?

You're riding high, you won't be falling
Don't look behind; I'm still crawling.

Have you found your second skin, your second wind?
Have you found your second skin, second wind?

Ooh you could have been born to swim,
You could have been born to camouflage.

Does it pull? A ring around your finger?
Does it hurt? And will it linger on?

Have you found your second skin, your second wind?
Have you found your second skin, second wind?