

Incubus, Redefine

Imagine your brain as a canister filled with ink yeah
Now think of your body as the pen where the ink resides
Fuse the two; KAPOW! What are you know?
You're the humane magic marker
Won't you please surprise my eyes?!
It's in your nature, you can paint whatever picture you like
No matter what Ted Koppel says on channel 4 tonight
So modify this third rock from the sun
By painting myriads of pictures with the colors of one
I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself to fit your definition
Picture the scene, where whatever you thought, would, in the blink of an eye,
manifest and become illustrated
You'd be sure man that every line drawn reflected a life
That you loved not an existence that you hated
So, must we demonstrate that we can't get it straight?
We've painted a picture, now we're drowning in paint
Let's figure out what the fuck it's about before the picture we painted
Chews us up and spits us out
I'm sick of painting in black and white
My pen is dry, now I'm uptight
So sick of limiting myself to fit your definition