

# Incubus, Redifine

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