

# Piebald, All Senses Lost

You'd hold on to nothing  
If it fit in your hands  
Pockets and bags just won't understand  
The common disorder of heads on the rise  
Don't smell with the nose or see with the eyes  
I am just waiting for something to happen

And all sense is lost  
You'd callous the body  
To make you a man  
Harder to touch but that was the plan  
Will you behold a revolution with style  
You'd swap your hands for a new set of teeth  
The chatter goes well and it's well preserved  
The grass remains green if it's left undisturbed