

Rush, Scars

I've stood upon my mountaintop
And shouted at the sky
Walked above the pavement
With my sense amplified
I get this feeling...

All my nerves are naked wires
Tender to the touch
Sometimes super sensitive
But who can care too much?
I get this feeling...

Scars of pleasure
Scars of pain
Atmospheric changes
Make them sensitive again

Each emotional injury
Leaves behind its mark
Sometimes they come tumbling out
Like shadows in the dark
I get this feeling...

When I think about all I have seen
And all I'll never see
When I think about the people
Who have opened up to me
I get this feeling...

Snow falls deep around my house
And holds the winter light
I've heard the lions hunting
In the Serengeti night
I get this feeling...

Forests turned to factories
And river, sea, and sky
Hungry child in the desert
And the flies that cloud her eyes
I get this feeling...

Pleasure leaves a fingerprint
As surely as mortal pain
In memories they resonate
And echo back again...

Scars of pleasure
Scars of pain
Atmospheric changes
Make them sensitive again