

Simple Minds, New Warm Skin

One fatal gift
Arrived here today
Heavenly sent
From the beauticians that pray
Here comes that face
And it's a textural treat
Is this a war?
Is this a god?
New
Warm
Skin
New
Warm

Expensive to touch
It's a novocaine skin
Beauty; this beast
Is transparent and thin
This sun can be cruel
I don't want to melt
Is this a war?
Is this a god?

New Warm Skin
New Warm Skin
New Warm Skin
New Warm

One fatal gift
Arrived here today
Contorted dreams
Of the beauticians that pray
Crawling out of this heat
And drifting this way
Is this a war?
Is this a god?

New Warm Skin
New Warm Skin
New Warm Skin

Is this a war?
Is this a god?