

Westworld, Skin

Once he loved her
Once he could
See her as a flower
The days would rise
And set in her eyes
A sweetness he'd devour

Slowly it took him over
Seeds from the darkside
Planted when just a boy
Grew wild inside him now

The skin between your heart and mine
Like sun to moon and earth to sky
And brains are washed in glossy lies
Till beautiful means perfect in our minds

Hated himself
All his life
Couldn't own his blessings
Pushed aside every ray of light
That photographed him shining

Slowly he wanted more
Than she could ever give
With her he fantasized
About a movie star

The skin between your heart and mine
Like sun to moon and earth to sky
And brains are washed in glossy lies
Till beautiful means perfect in our minds

Slowly he went too far
Flame to the fire
His breath curling all
The pages of a magazine

The skin between your heart and mine
Like sun to moon and earth to sky
And brains are washed in glossy lies
Till beautiful means perfect in our minds