

Incubus, New Skin

At first I see an open wound
infected and disastrous
It breathes chaotic catastrophe
it cries to be renewed
Its tears are the color of anger,
they dry to form a scab
To the touch, its stiff and resilient,
underneath, the new skin breathes
As outwardly cliché as it may seem,
yes, something under the surface says,
"C'est la vie"
It is a circle, there is a plan
dead skin will atrophy itself to start again
Look closely at the open wound
see past what covers the surface
Underneath chaotic catastrophe,
creation takes stage.
Its all been saved
with exception for the right parts
When will we be new skin?
Its all been seen with exception for what could be
When will we be new skin?
Fallacious cognitions
spewed from televisions
do mold our decisions.
So stop and take a look,
and you'll see what I see now