

Death Of A Supernaturalist

The Divine Comedy

See my solitude
Where once was truth now only doubt
Touch my tortured skin
Torn from within and from without
Kiss my blistered lips
My fingertips frost-bitten and grey
Heal my wound within
And watch the dead skin fall away

See what can't be seen
Between the table and the chair
Touch what can't be touched
The National Trust don't own the air
Kiss what can't be kissed
This is the risk we have to take
Heal what can't be healed
And feel the dead skin fall away

Only you and I know exactly how it feels
To unblinker a narrow mind
And by doing so reveal the obscurity of life
The intensity of dreams
Only you and I have realised exactly what it means

See the infant sun
Whose time has come to climb the mist
Touch the autumn sky
Burned by the supernaturalist
Kiss the purest lips
The morning slips into the day
Rising from the bed
We feel our dead skin fall away