

Shapeshifting

Bark Psychosis

Curled up like a vine
Trying to find it
A load of old joy lifting me

I'm worse for wear
Down at heel
All you people make me ill
You're not really touching me
Shapeshifting...

Cut me out
Twist my arm
I work like a machine
Plaster face and painted hands

Cut me out
Twist my arm
You hold me in your mind
The wind blows through

Screaming inside
Floating above
Watching the lights
Floating above

Shapeshifting...