

## Wake Up!

Bibio

Fall upon my brow this signature of love  
Descending from the canopy of poison vapor  
Filtered through the cold this magic of the air  
Is blushing every cheek and every soul thereafter

Wake up to the light, the light that's always there  
Your mind is tangled from it's ever-thinking glory  
Run your fingers through your bristling beard or hair  
And watch the endless butterflies within escaping

Fall upon my lap your signature of God  
Descendant from the everlasting curdling wonder  
Let the blinkers flake and wipe the dust away  
Let ripples settle and the riverbed appear

Wake up to the light, the light that's always there  
Your mind untangled from it's ever-thinking glory  
Run your fingers through my bristling beard and hair  
And watch the endless butterflies around returning

Run your fingers through my bristling beard and hair  
And watch the endless butterflies around returning