

Out from Under

Incubus

To resist is to piss in the wind
Anyone who does will end up smelling
Knowing this, why do I defy?
Because my inner voice is yelling
There is a fist pressing against
Anyone who thinks something compelling
Our intuit we're taught to deny
And our soul we're told is for selling

Get out from under them
Resist and multiply
Get out from under precipice and see the sky
Get out from under them
Resist, unlearn, defy
Get out from under precipice and see the sky

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See the sky, see the sky, see the sky
Resist and multiply, resist and multiply

Well get out from under them
Resist and multiply
Get out from under precipice and see the sky
Get out from under them
Resist, unlearn, defy
Get out from under precipice and see the sky

See the sky, see the sky, see the sky