

The Warmth

Incubus

I'd like to close my eyes go numb
but there's a cold wind coming from
the top of the highest high-rise today.

It's not a breeze cause it blows hard.
Yes and it's wants me to discard
the humanity I know
Watch the warmth blow away.

Don't let the world bring you down
Not everyone here is that fucked up and cold
Remember why you came
and while you're alive
experience the warmth
before you grow old

Do you think I should adhere
to that pressing new frontier
and leave in my wake a trail of fear?
Or should I hold my head up high
and throw a wrench in spokes by
leaving the air behind me clear?

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(2x)