

## Glass on Skin

Ivanhoe

Smoke-filled lungs a shattered skin  
My eyes are back and strange  
They handed us-down a dream my inside suffering  
Your seven fails unfold  
All your tales untold  
Fantasies must die  
Glass in your mind  
Mysterious alone you're scarred  
Alone you ask yourself  
Someone outside?  
Do you fear the light?  
Well within the innuendos  
Your friend's my enemy  
Outside the steamy windows  
Controlled symphony

I'm stripped down to the bone  
My mind is on a screen  
Tales of truth untold  
No spectre within  
Communication's old  
A level reached so cold

Digital understand  
Come down and touch my hand  
It makes me cry it feels so good inside

While castles are falling down  
Confusion is in between  
Respirators are all around  
The mindmachine's the king  
Long distance information  
I'm in a gaseous haze  
I got the fuel for the transformation  
A systematic race

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It's a glass of skin