

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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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

It's a glass of skin