

# Death Of A Supernaturalist

The Divine Comedy

See my solitude  
Where once was truth now only doubt  
Touch my tortured skin  
Torn from within and from without  
Kiss my blistered lips  
My fingertips frost-bitten and grey  
Heal my wound within  
And watch the dead skin fall away

See what can't be seen  
Between the table and the chair  
Touch what can't be touched  
The National Trust don't own the air  
Kiss what can't be kissed  
This is the risk we have to take  
Heal what can't be healed  
And feel the dead skin fall away

Only you and I know exactly how it feels  
To unblinker a narrow mind  
And by doing so reveal the obscurity of life  
The intensity of dreams  
Only you and I have realised exactly what it means

See the infant sun  
Whose time has come to climb the mist  
Touch the autumn sky  
Burned by the supernaturalist  
Kiss the purest lips  
The morning slips into the day  
Rising from the bed  
We feel our dead skin fall away