

Wake Up!

Bibio

Fall upon my brow this signature of love
Descending from the canopy of poison vapor
Filtered through the cold this magic of the air
Is blushing every cheek and every soul thereafter

Wake up to the light, the light that's always there
Your mind is tangled from it's ever-thinking glory
Run your fingers through your bristling beard or hair
And watch the endless butterflies within escaping

Fall upon my lap your signature of God
Descendant from the everlasting curdling wonder
Let the blinkers flake and wipe the dust away
Let ripples settle and the riverbed appear

Wake up to the light, the light that's always there
Your mind untangled from it's ever-thinking glory
Run your fingers through my bristling beard and hair
And watch the endless butterflies around returning

Run your fingers through my bristling beard and hair
And watch the endless butterflies around returning