

Way too many dreams  
Get lost in silent screams  
How can you count the cost of a city  
Bursting at the seams  
With red lights, quiet sinners  
Killer cops, t.v. Dinners  
A wind of change for all the deadheads  
That need blowing away

I blew you far away to have a dream  
And you came back to say it's out there  
Don't let it get away  
But still you're here with hours to kill  
You're murdered so many, you're serially ill  
You'll wait for another  
And you'll kill again

Show me your skin  
I need to get in

Why did you do it  
Was it just for fun  
To put me out the picture  
Or out of misery  
Was it a shock  
Was it a plea  
Was it a question, tell me  
Did you get any answers?

Show me your skin  
I need to get in

Have you seen what it's like  
To be really free  
Or is everything a mess  
Like it is inside  
Is it a test  
A russian roulette  
A gamble with life  
Or just a bet?

Is it London town  
Is it n.y.c  
Is it anarchy  
Tell me did you get any answers?

Show me your skin  
I need to get in