

# Watchmen "Incarnate"

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In the air the tension lingers  
Evident in pointing fingers  
From the rad the steam it rises  
In this tomb of no surprises  
Never knowing what they mean  
Not quite in tune with their schemes  
Suspect me of an empty shell?  
But I guess it's just as well  
Want to become you  
Sweet perfection, enchanted youth, I'll lose  
The weight of all my worries, I'll be the truth, I'll seek  
The source, so plant the seed and let it run its course  
(Of course)  
Paranoia's just like ants  
And conversation makes them dance  
Around our like hungry friends  
So watch your step and just pretend  
All that glitters is really gold  
And we love all that we are sold  
And if there's any pain inside  
Paint on a smile, man, and let it slide  
Want to become you  
Sweet perfection, enchanted youth, I'll lose  
The weight of all my worries, I'll be the truth, I'll seek  
The source, so plant the seed and let it run its course  
Let it run its course  
And through the whispers  
And across the haze  
Just like a mouse  
Searching wild in a maze  
I see you  
From across the room  
Yeah, I see you  
Early morning light it grows  
Casting down on pure white snow  
Quietly we walk back home  
Like buffalo, our minds they roam  
Minds they roam

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