

The Crüxshadows "Dance Floor Metaphor"

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Something falls on the horizon
I see a silhouette disappear
And in the distance, I heard him cry
As he fell deeper, into this
(laughing)

Dull is life with a poets vice
Pretty, pretty girls and a lifetime of lies
Making something of another turn
Down an empty corridor
Smoking guns and apologies
Never given what you need
Scrap the simple games you play
And take them to the floor

Take back, take back your memory
Hitting hard, muscles bent in agony
Playing out your personal tragedy
Take back, take back the dancefloor

What's it for?
When life is shallow and the living's fast
Making love for things that'll never last
Forget your heart, forget your past
And live inside the moment
When tv's ugly and the sentiments cheap
And dreams are living outside of sleep
You can trust your heart to make you weak
And break down your fear of safety

Take back, take back your memory
Hitting hard, muscles bent in agony
Playing out your personal tragedy
Take back, take back the dancefloor

Project your heart, project your soul
Use your body, take control
(repeat 3x)

When you'd make it crisp, much sharper to see
Like the spaces hidden inbetween
The candy faces are all I need

To make my heartbeat faster
Laying claim in a crowded room
To the sounds of thumping buzzcut zoo
Ask forgiveness if you fail
But take the floor for me

Take back, take back your memory
Hitting hard, muscles bent in agony
Playing out your personal tragedy
Take back, take back the dancefloor
(repeat)

Project your heart, project your soul
Use your body, take control
(repeat 3x)

(it's basically disco)

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