

The Nazz

"Under The Ice"

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Ice, it forms in sheets from your eyes
Your tears are down and so crass
Because all you wanted was a touch from the face
Try to find a feeling nothing and wondering why
And the snow queen turned into a princess of ice
Braving cold and staring coolly aloof as you die

Under the Ice

Please, an ill wind blows no one good
A hurricane in disguise
And it sings you a song you find appealing inside
Waits around until you've learned to sing like a fool
It's a wind that lingers long enough to be fed
Takes away the woman, leaves you hung in a blue sea
of cool

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