

## Faint, The "Glass Danse"

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feel the vapor pressure drop as the dark  
steam pours out the entrance. real cold world is  
swirling into a club that keeps the  
real life world out. where every sense seems deathly  
weak from the frozen time you spent in transit.  
the glass danse world flickers on and the  
low end thaws your anxious body.

maybe i feel detached. i may just look to shy  
its a disinterest not that i'm a timid guy.  
i call them bodies but, they are attentive too.  
i feel the social glare, i feel the attitude

watch as mirrors clear themselves with the  
breath of frigid air that eased in.  
made up babies all rotate as a siren  
spins a beam of amber. time sliced beat  
by beat in a row, in a club,  
in a line, in the city.

the glass danse world  
flickers on because the cycle happens enough:  
a baby falls out warm. it's screaming for it's life.  
an infant tries to danse as it grows up then dies.  
that's simplified but uh . . . when you complexion dries.  
you wake up cold and think. you wish it'd been this way.

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