

Faint, The "Glass Dance World"

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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 dance world flickers on and the low end
thaws your anxious body

Maybe I feel detached. I may just look too shy
It's 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 dance world flickers on 'cause the cycle
happens enough

A baby falls out warm. It's screaming for its life
An infant tries to dance as it grows up then dies
That's simplified but, uh, when your complexion dries
You wake up cold and think, you wish it'd been this way

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