

## The Faint

### "Glass Dance World"

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feel the vapour 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 because the cycle happens enough:

a baby falls out warm, it's screaming for it's 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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