

Antiskeptic "Dancing On The Inside"

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In the veil of the night jubilation
Caught up in your eyes
Battlefield of behaviour
The music played wins you over

Crowded faces, sweating up and panting
Breaking down the lines
Social ties eliminated
The music played draws us closer

Dancing on the inside
Now the night's getting old

The lure of this crude medication
Glimour in the lights
And shining faces
The music played wins you over

You've adhered to the social order
Given up the chance
To command their favour
The music played draws us closer

Dancing on the inside
Now the nights getting old
Shouting from the roof of your heart

Take this hand my dear
Let's throw it all to hell

The nervousness released
It's over, it's over

Become steady
Finding indication of a stunning brightness and elation
Fed up running
Try to get the pace down
Tonight wanting part of revelation

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