

The Faint, Glass Danse

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 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 danse world flickers on
Because the cycle happens enough

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