

Saviours Of Jazz Ballet (Fear Me, December)

[Mew](#)

We are the Defenders of Jazz Ballet
People say, when they see us:
Hey, folks! It's the Saviours of Jazz Ballet
Fearless heroes of kick and spin
Baby, hear as they come
Crawling on some black and dying tree
Every night peacefully set the world on fire
Every night I hear the red parade
Say we, by command of the microphone
Such is our conviction
Make way for the Saviours of Jazz Ballet
Hollow hearts make for pleasant lives

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