

The Fish Under the Sea Dance

Burnt By the Sun

Stiff as hell, fade to black, blackness swells
Forgetting never felt so good, yeah
Remembering only as a reference
Today is gauzed by how unhappy I am not I can still hear what's going on back there and I don't care
One would struggle to find some kind of peace of mind but I just don't care
Once would struggle to find some kind of peace of mind
Even when this dance is over, I won't stop moving I will never miss a beat, I would not be able to move like this
Without having walked through your door, I would not, no
Not without having my eyes shut or having watched them burn
Shaped, redirected, reevaluated, created a new man
Thanks for getting me in, I'll get you next time Much like discipline is the price to pay for progression
The admission price for happiness is often suffering
Regret loses it's luster and appeal after considering that where we are
On our lives is merely the product of experiences and decisions The not so true madness that others put us
through
Becomes a standard with which to compare our happiness to
So thanks for getting me in, I won't be paying you back

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