

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 its 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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