

Glass Dance (Paul Oakenfold)

The Faint

Feel the vapor pressure drop as the dark
steam pours out the entrance
Real cold world is swirling in to a club that keeps the life world out
Where every sense seems deathly weak from the frozen time you spent in transit.
The glass dance 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 fall out warm, it's screaming for its
life
An infant tries to dance, as it grows up then dies

Songwriters

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