

# Snowflakes

## Evangelicals

Ice, I'm moving your mental feet  
In complex dances and jigs  
I loosen up your consciousness  
Like a cynical fix  
It's time to emerge from camouflage, leaves, and twigs  
Time to throw away the fake noses and fried wigs  
Time to face the music, no more metaphors  
Time to decide your fate  
Will you be cooked or go raw?  
Will you be rare and bloody, with your soul exposed?  
Or well done, a charcoal surface, with your insides froze?  
And do you feel fear, as you hear another door close?  
Or, will you just turn away and flow where the wind blows?  
And are you still satisfied with the pathways you chose?  
Or, would you like to go back and rewrite the old prose?  
Do you count the flakes when it snows?  
Can you feel the heat or only the after glows?  
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?  
Do you count the leaves when they fall?  
And can you feel anything at all?  
Do you count the leaves when they fall, yeah?  
And does it like, sometimes, feel like my big fake orgasm?  
A gut reaction, instinctive spasm the chasm  
And do your problems metamorphose into rubix cubes  
Keep twisting and turning becoming more confused?  
And do you sometimes feel, like you've been used and abused?  
You're not visibly black and blue, but on the inside bruised  
And does your love life leave you, feeling kind of amused?  
You've played all the games and you're no longer amused  
Do you count the flakes when it snows?  
Can you feel the heat or only the after glows?  
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?  
Do you count the leaves when they fall?  
And can you feel anything at all?  
Do you count the leaves when they fall, yeah?  
Sometimes it feels like I'm looking through pane of glass  
I can see your mouth move  
But can't hear the words  
Do you count the flakes when it snows?

Can you feel the heat or only the after glows?  
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?  
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