# Pantomime

## Christoph Willibald von Gluck

In my fantasy, I?m a pantomime
I?ll just move my hands and everyone sees what I mean
Words are too messy and it?s way past time
To hand in my mouth, paint my face white and try
To reinvent the sea, one wave at a time
Speak without my voice
And see the world by candlelight, light
I ain?t afraid to let it out
I?m not afraid to take that fall
But I've found beyond all doubt
We say more, I say nothing at all
In my fantasy, no such thing as time
Minutes bleed into days, avant garde
I'd show me your heresies and I?ll show you mine
We only speak in pantomimes on this carpet ride, ride
I ain?t afraid to let it out
I'm not afraid to take that fall
But I've found beyond all doubt
We say more by saying nothing at all
By nothing at all
In my fantasy, you look good, entwined
In my hair and skin and spit and sweat and spilled red wine
You?re my deep secret, I?m your pantomime
I?ll just move my hands, I promise you?ll see what I mean

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