

# 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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