

The Ridge

Information Society

The holy girl is in our focus
She's the story of us all
She can feel our eyes upon her
And the hope that she will fall
On her left so warm and honey-sweet
Like a jealous loving friend
On her right such a steep cold and lonely climb
The clinging threat of rejection
And the thought of her imperfections
She says she's nowhere near the end yet
And she makes no guarantees
She's comfortable with failure
And her blood may one day freeze
And in her iodine stretch
Her eyes recede and roll away
She knows she's where nothing can reach her now
Beyond where you can see
Beyond where she wants to be
She walks the ridge
So glassy sharp
You can't find her now
you can't speak to her now
She's going out again
One day she was a child
She could touch the sun somehow
She was held in the arms of the galaxy
And that child is with her now
And in her cobalt moments
She'll show that she's afraid
Her hands reach out and grasp at you
But she's falling further...
Falling further in the churning dark slide
She walks the ridge
So glassy sharp
You can't find her now
You can't speak to her now
She's closing off again
Now she's walking slowly onward
Through the garden you can't know

Her dance so beautiful so twisted
A spinning madness in the snow
She's got a black hole in there with her
She's got the sun all in there too
They're her partners in her eternal dance
She's not aware of time moving past her
She's not aware of getting any further
She walks the ridge
So glassy sharp
You can't find her now
You can't speak to her now
She'll never cry again

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