

A.F.I., Dancing Through Sunday

Will you join me in this dance of misery,
cradled in impossibility?

Swooning, I am swept away, swept off my feet.

With step-by-step we take the lead as
drop-by-drop we start to bleed.

And we dance in misery (all lost in the arms, all lost in the arms)

And we dance in misery, all lost in the arms of our misery.

And we dance in misery (all lost in the arms, all lost in the arms)

Swept off our feet by our misery, we're swept into shadows.

Will you lend yourself to beauty that will horrify?

Let me hide within your black, the still inside your eyes.

Deafened, caught within a cry so sensual.

As step-by-step I separate, while
breath-by-breath I suffocate.

And we dance in misery (all lost in the arms, all lost in the arms)

And we dance in misery, all lost in the arms of our misery.

And we dance in misery (all lost in the arms, all lost in the arms)

Swept off our feet by our misery, we're swept into shadows.

So who will follow?

Who is the lead?

I know I'll leave a stain because I bleed as we dance.

We all dance.

We all have no chance in this horrid romance.

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