

No Avail, The Dry Ice Bomb Summer

I say there's something rare here
That the winter has bitten but the summer will soothe
They say, "There's nothing to fear"
I can't help but agree when they're speaking of you

Not a cloud in the sky can shadow my love for
The warmth of a friend in the eye of the storm
And I don't know why I search for an answer
When you're always there and you're always warm

I can see this boring mood's gone
As the handle spun quickly and you entered the room
Can you hear the deep dry ice bomb?
And the patter of our feet with the deafening boom