

The Smile, Skirting on the Surface

When we realize, we have only to die, then we're out of here
We're just skirting on the surface
We have only to click our fingers and we'll disappear
We're just skirting on the surface

Dull eyes, trying to pull you through the ice
Being drawn to the ledge
When we realize that we are broke and nothing mends
We can drop under the surface

When we realize we are merely held in suspension
'Til someone comes along and shakes us
As the pattern lines cross our fingers like a web
Do we die upon the surface?

Dull eyes, trying to pull you through the ice
Being drawn to the ledge
When we realize that we are broke, and nothing mends
We can drop under the surface