

I, for some time, watched as from under the rubble you climbed
That look in your apocalyptic eye; so beautiful, vague and sublime

And how your feet just seem to glide
I admire how you can just drop it all and dance round
I'd be ashamed of my bellyaching and crying
They have nothing still survived and will forever

How many times?
Put on a smile, beat while we're dancing
How many times?
Put on a smile, beat while we're dancing

You can entertain any time
(Disaster revealing question in mind)
I get too lost in the brown, tall dancer

We will rise from the, from the dead, we rise
(and dance on our own grave)
We will rise from the, from the dead, we rise
(the answer in the party)