

# The Ridge 1.1

## 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