

Get in your zone
Don't even look at them at all
Their shallow observations will only stall the transformation
You've become art
How could they even start to see
Beyond your presentation when they've got no imagination?

But I admit it would be easier
To be relieved of all this shame
And not have to wear it on my sleeve
I imagine it's quite nice for you
To have so many chances
Oh so many ways to be redeemed

But as for me
I can only be forgiven if I'm givin' myself up to you
On a silver serving tray
Must I bare myself to the stabbing of your knife and gnashing teeth
While our lovely company appears so entertained?

Ah, yes, good etiquette demands
I remain soft and accessible in the face of my own ending
So I will try to be discreet
Through my full-blown implosion
I'll stay golden and retreat into my sweetest fantasy

The one where you are crying
And I don't do anything at all
The one where you are crying
And I don't do anything at all
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah

My world has turned so cold but I won't cry
Cause icicles don't soften when they die
So why should I?
Why should I?

Oh, icicles don't soften when they die
They sharpen into sabers
And they stab you in the eye
Icicles don't soften when they die
They sharpen into sabers
And they stab you in the eye

Oh, oh, icicles don't soften when they die
They sharpen into sabers
And they stab you in the eye
Icicles don't soften when they die
They sharpen into sabers
And they stab you in the eye
In the eye