

Snowflakes

Just Jack

Ice
I'm moving your mental feet
In complex dances and jigs
I loosen up your consciousness
Like a cynical fix
It's time to emerge from camouflage, leaves, and twigs.
Time to throw away the fake noses and fright wigs.
Time to face the music, no more metaphors,
Time to decide your fate will you be cooked or go raw?
Will you be rare and bloody with your soul exposed?
Or well done-a charcoal surface with your insides froze?
And do you feel fear as you hear another door close?
Or will you just turn away and flow where the wind blows?
And are you still satisfied with the pathways you chose?
Or would you like to go back and rewrite the old prose?
Do you count the flakes when it snows?
And can you feel the heat or only the afterglow?
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?
And do you count the leaves when they fall?
And can you feel anything at all?
Do you count the leaves when they fall, yeah? And does it like sometimes feel like my big fake
orgasm?
I got reaction, instinctive spasm,
in the chasm.
And do your problems metamorphose into rubix cubes, keep twisting and turning becoming
more confused?
And do you sometimes feel like you've been used and abused?
You're not visibly black and blue, but on the inside bruised.
And does your love life leave you feeling kind of amused?
You've played all the games and you're no longer amused, ha ha!
Do you count the flakes when it snows?
And can you feel the heat or only the afterglow?
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?
And do you count the leaves when they fall?
And can you feel anything at all?
Do you count the leaves when they fall, yeah? Sometimes it feels like I'm looking through pane
of glass, I can see your mouth move, but can't hear the words. (x8)(x2)
Do you count the flakes when it snows?
And can you feel the heat or only the afterglow?
Do you count the flakes when it snows, yeah?
And do you count the leaves when they fall?
And can you feel anything at all?

Do you count the leaves when they fall? Sometimes it feels like I'm looking through pane of glass, I can see your mouth move, but can't hear the words. (x8)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>