

## 10 St. Vitus Dance

Waving arms reaching  
In a tip toe dance  
To catch hold of the light  
Down through the great expanse.

Be filled, be raised,  
Pain recedes beneath your feet.  
Fix your eyes on the brilliance—  
Unbearable stream.

Such music such sights.  
Such dancing in the heights.  
Dance into nothing  
With all of your might!

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Such dancing in the heights.  
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You diminish as you climb,  
Leave a trail of yourself behind;  
Like the mucus of a snail,  
Like the ice cube glide.

Shiver in wonderful dread  
Spent on this ecstasy lamp,  
Till you hold your very own  
Ashes in your open hands.

Such music, such sights,  
Such dancing in the heights.  
Dance into nothing  
With all of your might!

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Such dancing in the heights.  
Dance into nothing  
With all of your might!

A medieval plague known as the St Vitus Dance was so named because its sufferers felt compelled to dance until they fell down dead. This song is a metaphor for the passion of addiction.