

Pan sleeps in dead—end streets

Hooded by the empty sky

He feels time is dying

He never learned to cry

Shadows and masks of ice

Warm protectors selling lies

He said age is the place

Where dreams go to die

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

Paul was born in flatlands

Where the icy winds blow through

Bare skin raw from frosty haw

Rip the raging wounds

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

## Professor Blue

# *Five and a Half Degrees*

Snakes and states and icy claws

Blacking out the sun

Your history will judge you

When your time is done

Five and a half degrees

Five and a half degrees

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