

FULL LYRICS

19 TRACKS · AS PUBLISHED ON SUNO

TRACKLIST

19 tracks · 1:03:25 · Lyrics as published on Suno

01	**Intro: Technique, But Make It Rad! (Halloween Edition)** *Intro · 92 BPM, 4/4*	1:37
02	**Warm-Up 1: Wake The Dead!** *Warm-Up 1 · ~144 BPM, 4/4*	2:42
03	**Warm-Up 2: The Monster Is Me** *Warm-Up 2 · 88 BPM, 4/4*	3:52
04	**Full Body Isolations: Bone By Bone** *Full Body Isolations · 104 BPM, 4/4*	1:37
05	**Head & Neck Isolations: Don't Lose Your Head** *Head & Neck Isolations · 92 BPM, 4/4*	3:32
06	**Shoulder Isolations: The Ghost Got Scared** *Shoulder Isolations · 112 BPM, 4/4*	3:06
07	**Ribcage Isolations: Ribcage Rattle** *Ribcage Isolations · 100 BPM, 4/4*	2:18
08	**Hips Isolations: The Midnight Taal** *Hips Isolations · 108 BPM, 4/4*	4:13
09	**Pliés: Bend Don't Break** *Pliés · 76 BPM, 4/4*	3:24
10	**Tendus: Trick or Treat Yourself** *Tendus · 116 BPM, 4/4 swing*	3:07
11	**Dégagés: Deadly Sharp** *Dégagés · 128 BPM, 4/4*	3:32
12	**Battements: The Hungry Ghost** *Battements · 120 BPM, 4/4*	3:25
13	**Slow Jazz Walks: Walk Like A Villain** *Slow Jazz Walks · ~108 BPM, 4/4*	4:27
14	**Fast Jazz Walks: Runway To The Underworld** *Fast Jazz Walks · 132 BPM, 4/4*	3:42
15	**Chassé and Pas de Bourrée: Danza De Los Recuerdos** *Chassé and Pas de Bourréé · 124 BPM, 4/4*	4:04

16 **Turns: Spin Until Midnight** 3:57
Turns · 132 BPM, 4/4
17 **Jumps: Six Feet Under? Not Yet.** 3:27
Jumps · 136 BPM, 4/4
18 **Adagé: The Beautiful Haunting** 4:20
Adagé · 72 BPM, 4/4
19 **Finale: The Dead Can’t Dance Like Us** 3:06
Finale · 126 BPM, 4/4

ABOUT THIS BOOKLET

Lyrics are taken exactly from the public Suno album, including section cues and spoken lines. A Style line before each song is taken from that clip's Suno style tags, lightly tidied for reading without adding new wording. Tempos written without a tilde come from those tags; a leading tilde (~) means the BPM was estimated from the public recording and sanity-checked against the exercise. Meter or feel is shown when the tags state it, or when they clearly imply 4/4 (for example four-on-the-floor).

Track order matches both this Suno album and the released Apple Music album Jazz Dance Class Music, Halloween Edition 1 (album id 6827014592). Titles follow the Apple Music release. Two Suno titles differ only in punctuation or capitalization: 01 uses a dash and no exclamation point; 15 lowercases pas de bourree. Durations match exactly.

01 INTRO 1:37

Technique, But Make It Rad! (Halloween Edition)

STYLE

Phantom of the opera and goosebumps inspired, 92 BPM in a clear 4/4 eight-count pulse; creaking doors, footsteps, distant clock chimes and sinister music box give way to huge pipe organ, pizzicato strings, bass clarinet, dissonant brass and deep funky bass; theatrical male velvet baritone shifts from whispered narration to a forceful chant, answered by an eerie children's ghost choir; dramatic crescendos, sudden orchestral hits and an explosive dance-beat reveal, immersive stereo production, grand theatrical ending that leads into the next track.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A theatrical Halloween welcome to RADISMS, where ghosts and ghouls hear that every lyric holds a lesson, every rhythm tells you why, and every movement has a purpose.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It sets the room's intention before the first warm-up: technique never dies, and the music is there to help it come alive. Teachers can use it to open a Halloween class and lead into the first beat.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The mission is chanted outright (technique, but make it rad) so the beat itself announces that this is class music in costume.

SFX: Creaking door, footsteps, ticking clock

Thunderous cathedral pipe organ chords

Deep theatrical male voice

Ghosts, ghouls, and creatures of the night…
Welcome to RADISMS.

Whispering ghost choir

R-A-D-I-S-M-S…

Powerful pipe organ builds, sinister laughter

Male voice

Where monsters move,
And skeletons groove…
Where technique never dies.

Organ descends into a dark, dramatic passage, ghost choir, eerie and deadly howls

Where every lyric holds a lesson,
Every rhythm tells you why,
And every movement has a purpose,
To help your technique come alive.

Sudden silence

Deep male whisper

Massive pipe organ explosion

Full operatic ghost choir — Fortissimo

TECHNIQUE…
BUT MAKE IT RAD!
Halloween edition

Thunderous final organ chord — End

02 Wake The Dead!

WARM-UP 1

2:42

STYLE

High-energy Halloween dance-funk, brisk four-on-the-floor pulse, punchy brass hits, slap bass, clipped guitar chops, handclaps and stomping percussion. Begin immediately with a deep, distorted zombie growl, raspy and gravelly, clearly nonhuman, then shift into animated rhythmic funk singing, theatrical shouts, playful melisma and mixed-ensemble call-and-response. Thread door creaks, clock chimes, bat squeaks, ghostly wails and brief eerie transitions between sections without interrupting the party momentum. Explosive chorus lifts, a heavy club-kick dance break, polished punchy mix, intelligible words, crisp stop-time ending.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A cardio warm-up that refuses to let anyone sleep, calling the body awake from head and shoulders to ribs and hips.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It gets the class moving with bend, roll, contract, go, and a five-six-seven-eight sendoff. Teachers can use the call-and-response and the dance break to raise the heart rate fast.

WHY IT'S RADISMS Friendly shouts ride a party beat: the lesson is to bring the body back to life and make the technique come alive.

INTRO

Door creaks open

Deep monstrous growl

THE DEAD ARE SLEEPING?!

Female shout

NOT IN MY CLASS!

Chant

WAKE! WAKE!
WAKE THE DEAD!
GET THAT MUSIC
IN YOUR HEAD!
BOOM! BOOM!
SHAKE THE FLOOR!
WE DIDN'T COME
TO SLEEP NO MORE!

VERSE 1

Lights out!
Bass up!

Wake those bones!
Get up!
Head!
Shoulders!
Ribs!
Hips!
Make that body
MOVE LIKE THIS!

PRE-CHORUS

Lead

Who's still sleeping?

Ensemble

NOT ME!

Lead

Who's still dreaming?

Ensemble

NOT ME!

Lead

Who's gonna move?

Ensemble

WE ARE!

Lead

HOW FAR?!

Ensemble

TO THE STARS!

CHORUS

WAKE! WAKE!
WAKE THE DEAD!
PUT SOME FIRE
IN THOSE LEGS!
BEND!
ROLL!

CONTRACT!
GO!
LET THAT MONSTER
STEAL THE SHOW!
WAKE! WAKE!
WAKE THE DEAD!
FEEL THAT RHYTHM
SPREAD AND SPREAD!
DON'T WAIT!
DON'T HIDE!
BRING THAT BODY
BACK TO LIFE!

Instrumental Dance Break

Spooky vocal chops, bat squeaks and ghostly wails

VERSE 2

The clock struck twelve.
The floor went BOOM!
Every little monster
Filled the room!
The vampire bounced.
The mummy rolled.
The skeleton shouted,
"MY BONES ARE COLD!"

Female voice

THEN WARM THEM UP!

BRIDGE

Lead

Are you ready?

Ensemble

WE WERE BORN READY!

Lead

Then why are you standing still?

Ensemble

WE'RE NOT!

FINAL CHORUS

WAKE! WAKE!
WAKE THE DEAD!
GET THAT MUSIC
IN YOUR HEAD!
MOVE!
MOVE!
OWN THE NIGHT!
MAKE THAT TECHNIQUE
COME ALIVE!

OUTRO

FIVE!
SIX!
SEVEN!
EIGHT!

All voices

THE DEAD ARE AWAKE!

Final bass hit

03 The Monster Is Me

WARM-UP 2

3:52

STYLE

Experimental gothic industrial trip-hop, distorted upright bass leads over prepared-piano metallic strikes, bowed cymbals, chain percussion, heartbeat kick, sub-bass, breath samples and reversed strings; claustrophobic cinematic mix with sparse electronic textures, intimate haunting female alto and whispered male alter-ego, dry theatrical spoken dialogue, 88 BPM strict 4/4 with articulated downbeats, tense 8-count phrasing and 32-count instrumental warm-up passages, confined verses surging into an explosive chorus.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A second warm-up about facing the monster in the mirror and finding that the thing you feared is the strength in you.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues lifting the head, unfolding the spine, bending, rising, twisting, and turning, plus the mental shift from calling a fall a failure to calling it rehearsal. Teachers can use it when the room needs both motion and courage.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The lyric is a correction and a pep talk at once: look again, this body is mine, and I teach the monster to dance with me.

INTRO — WHISPERED OVER A DISTORTED HEARTBEAT

There's something in the mirror.
It moves when I move.
It stops when I stop.

Deep voice

Who are you?

Whisper

You.

VERSE 1

I saw a monster in the glass,
Wearing shadows from my past.
Every mistake,
Every fall,
Written like cracks
Across the wall.
I tried to run.
I tried to hide.
But every time,
It stayed inside.

PRE-CHORUS — TENSION RISING

Lift your head.
Unfold your spine.
One more breath.
This body is mine.

CHORUS — HEAVY INDUSTRIAL BEAT

THE MONSTER IS ME!
But I'm not afraid!
Every scar,
Every step,
Every choice I've made!
THE MONSTER IS ME!
And now I see...
The thing I feared
Was the strength in me!

VERSE 2

My shoulders carried yesterday.
My spine forgot another way.
I bend.
I rise.
I twist.
I turn.
There's something here
I have to learn.

Spoken — Dry, intimate

You call it failure.
I call it rehearsal.

CHORUS

THE MONSTER IS ME!
But I'm not afraid!
I don't need perfect
To be brave!

BRIDGE — ALMOST SILENT

Look again.
Closer.

Closer.

Whisper

The monster...
Was never the problem.

FINAL CHORUS — EXPLOSIVE

THE MONSTER IS ME!
And I am free!
I don't defeat it...
I teach it to dance with me!

OUTRO — DISTORTED HEARTBEAT FADES

Whisper

Again.

04 Bone By Bone

FULL BODY ISOLATIONS

1:37

STYLE

104 BPM experimental skeletal percussion funk, strict 4/4, dry claves, temple blocks, marimba, woodblocks, rattling bone-like percussion, tight slap bass, muted funk guitar, bass clarinet staccato accents, crisp snare, sparse kick drum, eerie whispered vocals, playful rhythmic spoken-word delivery, unusual call-and-response between body-part names and percussion instruments, sharp musical stops, quirky horror-comedy undertones, sophisticated jazz-funk syncopation, clear 8-count dance phrasing, four 32-count instrumental isolation sections, minimal reverb on percussion, original infectious hook.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A full-body isolation song in which a skeleton insists that every bone move one at a time: head, shoulders, ribs, hips.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS Dancers practice starting one part while the others stall, so movement has rhythm and stillness has grace. Teachers can use the click-clack breaks and the "one at a time" hook to time each isolation.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The beat is the skeleton's lesson: don't move them all, give each part space.

INTRO — DRY WOODEN CLICKS

Click.
Clack.
Click-click.

Whisper

Something's moving.

VERSE 1

The skeleton woke at half past three,
Said, "Every bone belongs to me."
He shook his head.
His shoulders stayed.
A little rhythm
His body made.

Percussion break — Isolated woodblocks

Head.
Head.
Shoulder.
Shoulder.
Ribs.
Ribs.

Hips.
Hips.

CHORUS

BONE BY BONE!
Don't move them all!
One wakes up,
The others stall!
CLICK! CLACK!
Hear that sound?
Keep one still,
Let one move around!
BONE BY BONE!
Now take control!
Every little movement
Makes the whole!

VERSE 2

My ribs went east.
My hips went west.
My shoulders said,
"We need a rest!"
My head said,
"Wait, whose turn is mine?"
The skeleton shouted,
"ONE AT A TIME!"

Instrumental — 4 eight-counts

BRIDGE — SPOKEN OVER CLICKING PERCUSSION

A body full of instruments...
But if everybody plays at once...

Sudden silence

Who's listening?

FINAL CHORUS

BONE BY BONE!
Give each one space!
Movement has rhythm,
Stillness has grace!

OUTRO

Click.
Clack.

Whisper

Beautifully terrifying.

05 Don't Lose Your Head

HEAD & NECK ISOLATIONS

3:32

STYLE

Gothic cabaret tango, theatrical female alto with occasional male whispers, prominent acoustic bandoneón lead, dramatic contrabass pizzicato, haunting violin harmonics, brushed snare, low-register piano and muted trumpet; 92 BPM with 4/4 tango phrasing and precise eight-count structure, deliberate pauses and sustained movement sections; intense restrained dynamics, minor-key chromatic harmony, acoustic production.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A head-and-neck isolation tango about not losing your head: left, center, right, return, and choosing where you place your sight.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It trains a calm, unhurried head that moves with care instead of a careless throw, and it ties a clear mind to a clear line. Teachers can use "eyes first, then move" as the last cue of the phrase.

WHY IT'S RADISMS Friendly corrections hide in a gothic cabaret hook: control is something you can learn, even when the room is spinning.

INTRO — BANDONEÓN BREATHES

Female voice

They say she lost her head...

Male whisper

Over nothing.

VERSE 1

The room is spinning,
The walls are red.
A thousand voices
Inside my head.
They pull me left.
They pull me right.
But I decide
Where I place my sight.

CHORUS

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD!
Not tonight!
Move with purpose,
Find your light!
Left.

Center.
Right.
Return.
Control is something
You can learn.

VERSE 2

The world may rush,
The clock may race.
But I can choose
My point in space.
No sudden force.
No careless throw.
I move with care.
I move with flow.

BRIDGE — TANGO VIOLIN SOLO

Whisper

A clear mind...
Makes a clear line.

FINAL CHORUS

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD!
Keep your crown—

Pause

Not a real one, darling.

Bandoneón accent

Keep your focus
When the world spins round!

OUTRO

Whisper

Eyes first.
Then move.

06 The Ghost Got Scared

SHOULDER ISOLATIONS 3:06

STYLE

Horror-comedy funk with featured slap bass, wah-wah guitar, punchy brass, comedic bassoon, low trombone glissandos, eerie theremin, cowbell, handclaps, crisp disco-funk drums and orchestral horror stings; expressive cartoon ghost and charismatic female dance-teacher voices, spoken dialogue, lively ensemble chorus and exaggerated reactions; 112 BPM, driving 4/4 with strong 8-count phrasing, sudden silences for jokes and a 32-count shoulder-isolation break; polished, sophisticated groove.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A comedy about a ghost who comes to haunt class and is terrified by clean shoulder isolations, until he asks to join.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues shoulders popping left and right, up and down, with the torso glued, so the isolation stays clean. Teachers can use the "who scared who" chorus to keep the work playful and precise.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The joke carries the correction: even ghosts can learn something new if they stop floating and start isolating.

SFX: Creaking floorboards

Ghost — Deep dramatic voice

I've haunted this studio
For two hundred years.
I've seen everything.
EVERYTHING.
But tonight...
I saw something truly terrifying.

Silence

Their shoulder isolations.

Orchestral horror sting

VERSE 1

A ghost came floating through the wall,
Expecting screams from one and all.
He shouted BOO!
We shouted TWO!
Then counted three,
And followed through!
He saw a shoulder touch an ear,
And screamed so loud

The dead could hear!

CHORUS — RIDICULOUSLY CATCHY

BOO!
WHO SCARED WHO?
The ghost took one look
And flew right through!
POP! POP!
Left and right!
Scared that ghost
Right out of sight!

VERSE 2

He saw the shoulders moving high.
He watched the ribcage passing by.
He said,
"Why is EVERYTHING moving?!"
The teacher said,
"That's what we're improving!"

Ghost — Panicking

WAIT!
IS THAT AN ISOLATION?!
WHY IS THE WHOLE BODY MOVING?!
SOMEBODY CALL THE DANCE TEACHER!

Teacher — Completely deadpan

I am the dance teacher.

Ghost screams

AAAAAAAH!

Instrumental Funk Break — 32 counts

CHORUS

BOO!
WHO SCARED WHO?
Shoulders moving,
Torso glued!
UP! DOWN!
LEFT! RIGHT!

Keep it clean,
You'll be alright!

BRIDGE — WHISPERED

The ghost returned
The following day.
He watched the dancers
Move away.
He smiled and said...

Ghost

That's better.

FINAL CHORUS

BOO!
WHO SCARED WHO?
Even ghosts
Can learn something new!

OUTRO

Ghost

Can I join the class?

Teacher

Only if you stop floating.

07 Ribcage Rattle

RIBCAGE ISOLATIONS

2:18

STYLE

Minimalist gothic cabaret, strict 4/4 at 100 BPM with clear 8-count phrasing and 32-count instrumental ribcage-isolation passages; prepared piano taps, muted strings, low bass clarinet, bowed vibraphone, pizzicato cello, subtle brushed snare, deep analog sub-bass, and dry wooden-box knocks shape a haunting recurring motif with precise rhythmic negative space. Dry, close-miked production; intimate whispered female vocals with low male responses.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A ribcage isolation song in which something knocks inside the chest, asking the ribs to slide without taking the hips along.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues left and right, front and back, and circling the ribs while the hips stay out of sight, and it reminds the class that control can be barely visible. Teachers can use the knocks to time each small slide.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The smallest motion is the lesson, and the beat makes "keep the hips out of sight" impossible to miss.

INTRO — KNOCKING FROM INSIDE A WOODEN BOX

Knock.
Knock.

Whisper

Who's there?

Low voice

Your ribcage.

VERSE 1

There's a room inside my chest,
Where the restless never rest.
Something knocking,
Something small.
Trying to move
Without the wall.

CHORUS

SLIDE THE WALLS!
LEFT AND RIGHT!
Keep the hips
Out of sight!
FRONT AND BACK!

CIRCLE ROUND!
Let the ribs
Become the sound!

VERSE 2

The house is still.
The windows shake.
One little movement
Makes them wake.
No need to rush.
No need to fight.
The smallest motion
Can fill the night.

BRIDGE — SPARSE BASS CLARINET

Whisper

Control isn't always loud.
Sometimes...
It's barely visible.

FINAL CHORUS

SLIDE THE WALLS!
DRAW THE LINE!
Every little detail
Takes its time!

OUTRO — TWO KNOCKS

Knock.
Knock.

Whisper

I heard that.

08 The Midnight Taal

HIPS ISOLATIONS

4:13

STYLE

Haunting experimental Kathak-inspired rhythmic theater, more prominent Indian bols and ta-ka-de-mi subdivisions woven into layered 16-beat teentaal cycles, virtuosic tabla and resonant pakhawaj in tight call-and-response, ghungroo accents, deep tanpura drone, mournful sarangi glissandos, breath percussion, low strings, ominous bass drum; keep the steady 108 BPM 4/4 foundation, use tense silences and 32-count percussion isolation passages, accelerating subdivisions that resolve in crisp tihai cadences; sparse female contralto and raw male rhythmic recitation, dry intimate production with cavernous tonal tails on sarangi and drone, slow-building unease into forceful percussive peaks

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A hip isolation piece built on Indian taal and bols (dha, dhin, ta-ka-de-mi), about breaking the pattern without breaking the line.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It lets the hips turn while the spine stays tall, one part moving without moving all, over a 16-beat cycle that keeps time even as the subdivisions speed up. Teachers can use the tabla breaks and the directional calls (right, left, front, back) to set the phrase.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The rhythm itself is the teacher: lose the fear, keep the time, and let the body answer the bols.

INTRO — TANPURA DRONE, DISTANT GHUNGROO

Low rhythmic recitation

Dha...
Dhin...
Dhin...
Dha...
Ta-ka-de-mi...
Ta-ka-de-mi...

Breathing grows louder

Spoken

A vessel breaks.
The rhythm remains.

Tabla begins — 16-beat cycle

VERSE 1 — ALMOST WHISPERED

I held the shape.
I held the line.
I thought control
Meant never changing time.

But something moved
Beneath the skin.
The rhythm called.
I answered it.

Rhythmic vocal section

Ta-ka-de-mi, ta-ka-de-mi.
Dha-ge-na, dhin-na-ge.
Ta-ka-de-mi, ta-ka-de-mi.
Dha dhin na, dha dhin na.
[Percussion accelerates in subdivision,
while underlying tempo remains constant]

CHORUS — RAW, URGENT

BREAK THE PATTERN!
NOT THE LINE!
LOSE THE FEAR!
KEEP THE TIME!
RIGHT!
LEFT!
FRONT!
BACK!
The body speaks.
The rhythm answers back!

VERSE 2

The hips may turn.
The spine stays tall.
One part can move
Without moving all.
The earth is steady.
The pulse is deep.
What I control
Is mine to keep.

Extended Tabla and Pakhawaj Break — 32 counts

Layered vocal percussion

Ta-ka-de-mi!
Ta-ka-de-mi!
Dha!

Dhin!
Na!
Tin!
Ta-ka-de-mi, ta-ka-de-mi.
Dha-ge-na, dhin-na-ge.

BRIDGE — WHISPERED OVER DRONE

If the vessel breaks...
What remains?

Long silence

Voice

The dancer.

FINAL CHORUS — EXPLOSIVE PERCUSSION

BREAK THE PATTERN!
NOT THE LINE!
LET THE RHYTHM
REDEFINE!
ONE!
TWO!
THREE!
FOUR!
I am not
Who I was before!

Final tihai-inspired rhythmic cadence

Ta-ka-de-mi, ta-ka-de-mi, ta-ka-de-mi!
Dha dhin na!
Dha dhin na!
Dha dhin na!

Unison percussion strike

Silence

09 Bend Don't Break

PLIÉS

3:24

STYLE

Gospel soul, 76 BPM steady 4/4; sustained cathedral pipe organ, warm Hammond B3, acoustic gospel piano, upright bass, slow deep drums, tambourine and handclaps; powerful female contralto lead, rich SATB choir and deep male bass call-and-response; ominous minor-key opening builds through clear 8-count phrasing and long instrumental passages to a huge triumphant final chorus, with sustained organ chords for controlled pliés.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A gospel plié anthem that argues the strongest things do bend, like trees in the wind, and that coming down is where strength is found.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues knees in line, heels stay low, a long spine, and free breath on the way down and up. Teachers can use the call-and-response (when I bend, I will not break) to keep a slow plié series honest.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The title is the correction, and a choir carries it so the plié feels like conviction, not just a bend.

INTRO — SOLO PIPE ORGAN

Deep female contralto

They told me
The strongest things
Never bend.

Choir whispers

Never bend...

Lead

But even the trees
Bow to the wind.

VERSE 1

The world came down.
I felt the weight.
I thought that bending
Meant I'd break.
But roots grow deep
Beneath the ground.
And strength is found
In coming down.

Choir

Come on down!

CHORUS — MASSIVE GOSPEL CHOIR

BEND!
BUT DON'T BREAK!
RISE!
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE!
Knees in line!
Heels stay low!
Find your strength
In the way you grow!
BEND!
BUT DON'T BREAK!
Every fall
Isn't a mistake!

VERSE 2

A little lower.
Hold your ground.
Feel the strength
Without the sound.
The spine stays long.
The breath stays free.
There's more than one
Way to be strong, you see.

BRIDGE — CALL AND RESPONSE

Lead

When I bend!

Choir

I WILL NOT BREAK!

Lead

When I rise!

Choir

I WILL NOT SHAKE!

Lead

When I fall!

Choir

I'LL LEARN AGAIN!

Lead

When I try!

Choir

AMEN! AMEN!

FINAL CHORUS — FULL GOSPEL EXPLOSION

BEND!
BUT DON'T BREAK!
Strength is something
You can make!

OUTRO — ORGAN AND SINGLE VOICE

Lead

The strongest dancer...
Knows when to bend.

Choir

Amen.

Whispered

To that plié.

10 Trick or Treat Yourself

TENDUS

3:07

STYLE

Sinister electro-swing, mischievous female alto lead with ghostly children's responses and a creepy whispered spoken bridge; distorted upright bass, bass clarinet, muted trumpet, prepared piano, celesta, brushed snare, punchy electronic swing drums, crisp handclaps; short plate reverb on ensemble vocals, chromatic jazz harmony, unexpected stops and dramatic instrumental breaks with clear downbeats for 32-count tendu sections; strict 4/4 at 116 BPM, playful yet unsettling swing.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A tendu song that turns trick-or-treat into a deal: trick your mind, train your feet, and today's hard work becomes tomorrow's treat.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues a little brush, a little reach, heel leading out, toes finishing, and a careful close, with no sliding back. Teachers can use the 32-count swing break and the "brush, reach, close, repeat" hook to phrase the tendus.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The treat is the work, delivered with a wink so a precise foot drill still feels like Halloween.

INTRO — CHILDREN'S COUNTING RHYME, SLIGHTLY UNSETTLING

One little dancer
Knocking at the door.
Two little feet
Sliding on the floor.
Three little wishes
Hidden underneath.
Four little words...

Whispered ensemble

TRICK OR TREAT?

Beat drops

VERSE 1

My brain said no.
My feet said try.
My fear said stop.
I asked it why.
A little brush.
A little reach.
A tiny lesson
My body can teach.

CHORUS

TRICK OR TREAT!
TRICK OR TREAT!
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING
UNDERNEATH?
TRICK YOUR MIND!
TRAIN YOUR FEET!
TODAY'S HARD WORK
IS TOMORROW'S TREAT!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WHO'S AT THE DOOR?
THE DANCER YOU
WERE WAITING FOR!

VERSE 2

The candy bowl
Was looking sweet.
But first I had
To move my feet.
Brush the floor.
Extend the line.
Heel leads out.
Toes finish fine.
Return with care.
Don't let it slide.
The little things
Are where results reside.

PRE-CHORUS

One more try.
One more day.
That's how fear
Begins to fade.

CHORUS

TRICK OR TREAT!
TRICK OR TREAT!
WHAT ARE YOU HIDING
UNDERNEATH?
TRICK YOUR MIND!

TRAIN YOUR FEET!
TODAY'S HARD WORK
IS TOMORROW'S TREAT!

BRIDGE — SPOKEN, MISCHIEVOUS

Trick or treat?
Well, darling...
Nobody promised you candy.
Sometimes...
The treat is the work.

Instrumental Electro-Swing Break — 32 counts

FINAL CHORUS

TRICK OR TREAT!
TRICK OR TREAT!
THE FUTURE'S KNOCKING
TO THE BEAT!
BRUSH!
REACH!
CLOSE!
REPEAT!
EVERY LITTLE STEP
BECOMES A TREAT!

OUTRO

Whisper

See you tomorrow.
Same trick.
New treat.

11 Deadly Sharp

DÉGAGÉS 3:32

STYLE

128 BPM gothic industrial precision percussion, strict 4/4, mechanical clockwork ticks, metallic anvils, industrial snare, distorted cello ostinato, taiko-inspired low drums, sharp electronic kick, modular synth pulses, dry rhythmic vocal chants, robotic whispered responses, aggressive staccato rhythmic accents, cold mechanical atmosphere, sophisticated syncopation, relentless but controlled energy, precise 8-count phrasing, 32-count instrumental dégagé sections, minimal melodic clutter, original composition.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A dégagé track about clockwork precision: sharp not hard, fast not far, brush, release, return, repeat.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS Dancers learn that speed alone will not make it right, and that rushing only makes you late. Teachers can use the mechanical ticks and the spoken line "faster doesn't mean messier" to keep the dégagés clean.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The beat is a metronome with manners: control the speed, don't chase the beat, land exactly.

INTRO — MECHANICAL TICKING

Tick.
Tick.
Tick.

Mechanical voice

Precision required.

VERSE 1

A thousand gears
Inside the wall.
One wrong turn
Could stop them all.
But speed alone
Won't make it right.
A sharper mind
Makes movement light.

CHORUS

SHARP!
NOT HARD!
FAST!
NOT FAR!

BRUSH!
RELEASE!
RETURN!
REPEAT!
Every little detail
Keeps the beat!

VERSE 2

The clock is running.
Time won't wait.
But rushing only
Makes you late.
A tiny movement.
A perfect sound.
Out like lightning.
Back to ground.

BRIDGE — SPOKEN OVER MECHANICAL PERCUSSION

Faster...
Doesn't mean...
Messier.

Instrumental — 32 counts

FINAL CHORUS

SHARP!
NOT HARD!
KNOW WHERE YOU ARE!
CONTROL THE SPEED!
DON'T CHASE THE BEAT!

OUTRO

Clock stops

Whisper

Exactly.

12 The Hungry Ghost

BATTEMENTS

3:25

STYLE

120 BPM dark Chinese-inspired supernatural ritual theater, strict 4/4, powerful Chinese barrel drums, resonant bronze bells, wooden temple-block-like percussion, haunting sheng mouth organ drones, breathy dizi flute, expressive erhu glissandos, deep orchestral strings, sub-bass, layered Mandarin male and female chants, fictional nonreligious ritual atmosphere, ominous call-and-response, dramatic silence, haunting pentatonic-inflected original motifs, contemporary cinematic percussion, escalating rhythmic intensity, eerie ghostly ensemble, strong eight-count dance phrasing, 32-count battement instrumental sections, no EDM, no cheerful Chinese pop, no authentic religious prayers or liturgical recitations. Language note: The Mandarin lyrics are original secular text. For release, I'd have a fluent Mandarin-speaking vocalist review the final phrasing and pronunciation.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A battement song that answers a hungry-ghost voice saying "not enough" (还不够) with "I am growing" (我在成长), and a closing reminder to take your time (慢慢来).

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues brush, lift, reach, control, and return, and it asks dancers to hear the push for more without being pulled down. Teachers can use the bilingual chants and the ritual drums to phrase each kick, then let the last line slow the room.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The lyric teaches both the kick and the mindset: you have more to learn, and you are not only what you have not earned yet.

INTRO — BRONZE BELLS, LOW DRUM

Low male chant

还不够...
还不够...

Whispering ensemble

Not enough...
Not enough...

VERSE 1 — MANDARIN

一步一步向前走，
心里的声音不肯休。
越追越远，
越想越多。
忘了自己
已经走过。

English response

One more inch.
One more mile.

When was the last time
You let yourself smile?

CHORUS — POWERFUL RITUAL-STYLE ENSEMBLE

还不够！
还不够！

Whisper

谁说不够？

Full ensemble

我在成长！
I AM GROWING!

Percussion break

BRUSH!
LIFT!
REACH!
CONTROL!
Let the movement
Tell the whole!

VERSE 2

The hungry ghosts
Keep calling me.
"Be more.
Do more.
What could you be?"
But I have learned
To hear the sound
Without letting it
Pull me down.

Mandarin chant

脚下有根，
心中有光。
不怕慢，
只怕忘。

BRIDGE — ALL PERCUSSION STOPS

Whisper

What if...
I am enough...
To begin?

Long silence

Single drum strike

Full ensemble

我在成长！

FINAL CHORUS

还不够？
还不够？

Lead

NO!
I HAVE MORE TO LEARN!
BUT I AM NOT
WHAT I HAVEN'T EARNED!

Explosive drums

BRUSH!
LIFT!
REACH!
RETURN!
EVERY SINGLE DAY
I LEARN!

OUTRO — ERHU SOLO

Whisper

慢慢来。

Translation

Take your time.

13 SLOW JAZZ WALKS 4:27

Walk Like A Villain

STYLE

Dark theatrical cabaret noir, sensual and wickedly poised, deep female contralto with smoky low-register phrasing, sly spoken asides and controlled theatrical belt. Keep a measured 4/4 jazz-funk walk with upright bass, brushed drums, finger snaps, muted trumpet, baritone sax, Rhodes piano, and occasional trombone. Begin intimate and close-miked, build into a commanding, decadent chorus with sharp brass punctuation, then return to a teasing spoken outro. Cinematic club mix, elegant chromatic harmony, crisp vocal presence.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A slow, cabaret jazz walk in a villain's voice: measured, velvet, and in no rush, wearing the walk as if every rule is already known.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS Teachers can use the intimate groove for slow jazz walks that stay composed and intentional, with a teasing outro that keeps the class in character. The lyric is more atmosphere than muscle cue, so the gain is presence, pacing, and a walk that feels chosen.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The beat carries the character work: a playful, precise strut where less hurry is the technique.

INTRO — FINGER SNAPS

Low female voice

Come closer, darling.
The house is almost empty.

VERSE 1

I keep my gloves beside the door,
One black rose upon the floor.
You wear your goodness like a chain;
Let me show you how to wear the blame.

A velvet smile, a measured glance,
I make a virtue of the dance.
You call me trouble, call me cruel—
I call it knowing every rule.

PRE-CHORUS

Don't look away.
You came to see.
The sweetest sin
Is choosing me.

CHORUS

Come, darling, take my hand,
I'll teach you how to make them understand.
Soft as a secret, sharp as a lie,
I wear the dark like satin tonight.
Kiss the ring, then watch me turn—
Some hearts behave; some hearts burn.
Come close, and don't pretend
You didn't want the wicked to win.

VERSE 2

The waiter knows to dim the room;
The red carnation starts to bloom.
I never raise my voice to reign—
A quiet threat can leave a stain.

Your careful little alibis
Look lovely underneath my eyes.
You want the key, you want the door;
You want the thing you fear me for.

PRE-CHORUS

Don't look away.
You came to see.
The sweetest sin
Is choosing me.

CHORUS

Come, darling, take my hand,
I'll teach you how to make them understand.
Soft as a secret, sharp as a lie,
I wear the dark like satin tonight.
Kiss the ring, then watch me turn—
Some hearts behave; some hearts burn.
Come close, and don't pretend
You didn't want the wicked to win.

BRIDGE — SPOKEN, INTIMATE

You can keep your halo.
It clashes with the dress.

Pause

Now be a dear...
and make a little mess.

FINAL CHORUS

Come, darling, take my hand,
The whole room waits to see us make our stand.
Soft as a secret, sharp as a lie,
I wear the dark like satin tonight.
Kiss the ring, then watch me turn—
Some hearts behave; some hearts burn.
Come close, and don't pretend
You didn't want the wicked to win.

OUTRO — WHISPER

That's it, darling.
Leave the door open.

14 Runway To The Underworld

FAST JAZZ WALKS

3:42

STYLE

132 BPM fierce gothic ballroom runway house, strict 4/4, underground fashion-show energy, powerful four-on-the-floor house kick, aggressive acid bass synth, sharp ballroom-inspired rhythmic accents, crisp metallic hi-hats, handclaps, dark cathedral organ stabs, pizzicato strings, dramatic orchestral hits, high-fashion villain atmosphere, commanding confident female spoken-sung lead, fierce ensemble runway chants, exaggerated theatrical attitude, deep infectious club groove, original catchy WALK WALK hook, dramatic silences and bass drops, 32-count instrumental runway strutting sections, clear 8-count phrasing, fast jazz walk tempo, glamorous sinister Halloween energy, no slow swing, no generic pop chorus. More vogue feel. Add witch laughing and evil laughs in background.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A fast jazz-walk runway number: eyes ahead, chin up, left and right, step, place, transfer through, and a walk treated as a statement.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS Dancers practice a confident, on-the-beat walk with a clear weight change and no looking back. Teachers can use the 32-count runway break and the "who owns the floor" calls to travel the line.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The hook is the drill: walk, walk, own that beat, so attitude and technique arrive together.

INTRO — STILETTO FOOTSTEPS, DEEP HOUSE KICK

Female voice — Fierce, spoken

Ladies…
Gentlemen…
And everyone who’s fabulous beyond the grave…
The runway is now open.

Heavy bass drops

VERSE 1

Black cat crossing.
Midnight calling.
All these monsters
Watching me walking.
Eyes ahead.
Chin up high.
I don’t need wings
To own the sky.

PRE-CHORUS — SPOKEN OVER BASS

A little attitude.

A little mystery.
A whole lot of…

Whisper

History.

CHORUS — FIERCE RUNWAY CHANT

WALK!
WALK!
SERVE THAT FRIGHT!
STRUT THROUGH
THE DEAD OF NIGHT!
LEFT!
RIGHT!
OWN THAT BEAT!
MAKE THE UNDERWORLD
WATCH YOUR FEET!
WALK!
WALK!
DON’T LOOK BACK!
CONFIDENCE
IS DRESSED IN BLACK!

Instrumental Runway Break — 32 counts

VERSE 2

Vampire velvet.
Witch in lace.
Every ghost
Wants my place.
But I don’t need
To steal the show.
I bring the light
Wherever I go.

Spoken — Fierce

Your walk is a statement.
Make it worth reading.

CHORUS

WALK!

WALK!
SERVE THAT FRIGHT!
STRUT THROUGH
THE DEAD OF NIGHT!
STEP!
PLACE!
TRANSFER THROUGH!
THE RUNWAY
BELONGS TO YOU!

BRIDGE — PERCUSSION ONLY

Spoken call-and-response

Who owns the floor?

Ensemble

WE DO!
Who sets the pace?
WE DO!
Who needs permission?

Sudden silence

Whisper

Not you.

Final Drop — Full house bass

WALK!
WALK!
MAKE THEM STARE!
THE UNDERWORLD
CAN’T HANDLE THIS FLAIR!

OUTRO — FOOTSTEPS FADE

Female voice

Next.

Door slams

15 Danza De Los Recuerdos

CHASSE´ AND PAS DE BOURREE

4:04

STYLE

124 BPM original Mexican Día de Muertos-inspired theatrical folk fusion, strict 4/4 jazz dance pulse, son jarocho-inspired jarana strumming and requinto melodic figures, lively acoustic string interplay, expressive violin, harp accents, acoustic bass, wooden footwork-inspired percussion, cajón, subtle cinematic low strings, intimate Spanish and English female lead vocals, joyful ensemble responses, emotionally rich melody, haunting introduction opening into celebratory rhythmic energy, intricate acoustic syncopation, sophisticated original arrangement, strong eight-count phrasing, 32-count instrumental traveling dance sections, authentic acoustic textures prioritized over generic Latin pop, no mariachi clichés, no EDM, original composition.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A chassé and pas de bourrée for remembered people: one step for the ones before, dancing not to say goodbye but to keep their love alive.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It phrases travelling steps (behind, side, front, and travel through) as a way to stay connected to where you started. Teachers can use the Spanish lines (paso a paso, baila, no te olvido) and the 32-count break to set the combination.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The lesson rides a folk-theatre groove: your roots travel with you, and the beat keeps the remembered steps alive.

INTRO — SOLO REQUINTO AND DISTANT BELLS

Soft female voice

Dicen que nadie se va
mientras viva en la memoria.

English whisper

Some people never leave us.
They become part of the dance.

VERSE 1

One little step
Across the floor.
I hear the footsteps
From before.
A thousand stories
In my feet.
A thousand hearts
Inside the beat.

Spanish response

Paso a paso,

sin olvidar.

CHORUS — CELEBRATORY ENSEMBLE

ONE STEP
FOR THE ONES BEFORE!
TWO STEPS
ACROSS THE FLOOR!
THREE STEPS
AND I HEAR THEM SAY...
¡BAILA!
¡BAILA!
DANCE YOUR FEARS AWAY!
WE DON'T DANCE
TO SAY GOODBYE!
WE DANCE
TO KEEP THEIR LOVE ALIVE!

VERSE 2

Behind.
Side.
Front.
And travel through.
Every little step
Carries something true.
I don't have to
Stay the same.
To honor those
Who gave me my name.

Spanish refrain

Baila conmigo.
Baila otra vez.
Llevo tu historia
dentro de mis pies.

Instrumental — 32 counts

BRIDGE — INTIMATE

Remember where you started.
Remember who you are.
Your roots are not behind you.

They travel where you are.

FINAL CHORUS — FULL ENSEMBLE

ONE STEP
FOR THE ONES BEFORE!
TWO STEPS
ACROSS THE FLOOR!
THREE STEPS
AND I HEAR THEM SAY...
¡BAILA!
¡BAILA!

OUTRO — SOLO VIOLIN

Softly

No te olvido.
I remember you.

16 Spin Until Midnight

TURNS

3:57

STYLE

132 BPM dark clockwork disco, strict 4/4, vintage analog synthesizers, hypnotic arpeggiators, pulsating disco bass guitar, crisp electronic drums, ticking clock samples, dramatic orchestral string stabs, minor-key synth melody, elegant haunting female vocals, precise mechanical rhythm, mysterious retro-futuristic atmosphere, controlled build, clear eight-count phrasing, 32-count instrumental turning combinations, consistent tempo, original hook, no tempo drift.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A turns song set at 11:59, warning not to lose your center while the world spins toward midnight.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues prepare, push, spot, arrive, and eyes that come back so the axis stays right. Teachers can use the ticking clock and the spoken line "find something steady" to keep spotting honest.

WHY IT'S RADISMS Friendly corrections sit inside a countdown: the world may turn, but the center is yours.

INTRO — CLOCK TICKING

Eleven fifty-nine.

Whisper

Don't lose your center.

VERSE 1

The hands are racing
Round the face.
The whole world spins
At its own pace.
But somewhere deep
Inside the storm,
There's one small place
That keeps me warm.

CHORUS

SPIN UNTIL MIDNIGHT!
FIND YOUR LIGHT!
EYES COME BACK
AND THE AXIS STAYS RIGHT!
PREPARE!
PUSH!
SPOT!

ARRIVE!
KEEP YOUR CENTER
WHILE THE WORLD GOES WILD!

VERSE 2

I cannot stop
The turning earth.
I cannot measure
What comes first.
But I can choose
Where I begin.
And where I land
When I finish the spin.

BRIDGE — SPOKEN

The world doesn't stop
Just because you're turning.

Pause

Find something steady.

Instrumental — 32 counts

FINAL CHORUS

SPIN UNTIL MIDNIGHT!
OWN THE NIGHT!
THE WORLD MAY TURN...
BUT MY CENTER'S MINE!

OUTRO

Clock strikes twelve

Whisper

Still here.

17 Six Feet Under? Not Yet.

JUMPS

3:27

STYLE

136 BPM gothic industrial arena rock, strict 4/4, distorted electric guitar riffs, aggressive bass guitar, huge live rock drums, industrial metal percussion, ominous orchestral brass, low choir, dramatic graveyard bell, powerful gritty female rock vocals, shouted ensemble responses, dark cinematic atmosphere, massive original anthem chorus, energetic half-time bridge without changing BPM, explosive percussion accents for jumps, 32-count instrumental jump combinations, strong predictable downbeats, no excessive guitar solo, original composition.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A jump anthem that refuses to stay in the ground: six feet under? Not yet.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It cues bend the knees, push the earth, reach the sky, land with control, then fly again, and it treats every landing as another chance to take off. Teachers can use the explosive chorus to time plié, jump, and a controlled landing.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The floor is a partner, not an enemy, and the beat will not let a jump finish halfway.

INTRO — GRAVEYARD BELL

Deep voice

Six feet under?

Drum hit

Not yet.

VERSE 1

They drew a line
Across the ground.
Said,
"This is where
You'll settle down."
But something underneath
My feet
Was building up
A different beat.

PRE-CHORUS

Bend the knees.
Feel the floor.
There's still something
Worth reaching for.

CHORUS — EXPLOSIVE

SIX FEET UNDER?
NOT YET!
I'M NOT FINISHED
RISING YET!
PUSH THE EARTH!
REACH THE SKY!
LAND WITH CONTROL!
THEN LEARN TO FLY!

VERSE 2

I fell before.
I'll fall again.
That's not where
The story ends.
The ground is not
My enemy.
It's where I find
The strength in me.

BRIDGE — HALF-TIME DRUMS

Spoken

Every landing...
Is another chance
To take off.

FINAL CHORUS

SIX FEET UNDER?
NOT YET!

I'VE GOT MORE
TO GIVE THAN THAT!
BEND!
PUSH!
FLY!
LAND!
THE FUTURE'S STILL
INSIDE MY HANDS!

OUTRO

Whisper

Again.

Final guitar crash

18 The Beautiful Haunting

ADAGÉ 4:20

STYLE

72 BPM ethereal gothic orchestral adage, steady 4/4 with flowing triplet subdivisions, intimate solo cello, haunting glass harmonica, delicate harp, contrabass, soft felt piano, lush chamber strings, distant wordless female choir, expressive breathy soprano lead, mysterious minor-key opening developing into luminous suspended harmonies, deeply emotional cinematic atmosphere, long sustained melodic phrases, dynamic swells, graceful original melody, 32-count instrumental adage sections, clear downbeats, no drums, no pop beat, no EDM, no excessive vocal runs.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A slow adage about the kind of ghost that comes to remind you, not frighten you: a younger self asking you to stay, breathe, and reach.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It supports a flowing, unhurried phrase (breathe and reach, let it flow) and treats past work as light instead of weight. Teachers can use it to close the technical part of class in a long, lyrical phrase.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The music teaches patience and kindness toward the dancer you used to be, which is still technique, just turned inward.

INTRO — SOLO CELLO

Soft female soprano

Some ghosts
Don't come to frighten us.
Some come
To remind us.

VERSE 1

There's a shadow
By the door.
Someone I
Was once before.
A younger voice.
A smaller dream.
A version of me
I almost couldn't see.

CHORUS — FLOATING

STAY WITH ME.
THROUGH THE NIGHT.
TEACH MY FEET
TO FIND THE LIGHT.

BREATHE AND REACH.
LET IT FLOW.
SOME THINGS STAY
SO WE CAN GROW.

VERSE 2

I used to think
That letting go
Meant leaving everything
I used to know.
But every fall,
And every try,
Became a reason
I could rise.

Instrumental — 32 counts

BRIDGE — ALMOST WHISPERED

I don't need
To forget who I was.
To become
Who I am.

FINAL CHORUS — FULL STRINGS

STAY WITH ME.
THROUGH THE NIGHT.
LET THE PAST
BECOME MY LIGHT.
BREATHE AND REACH.
LET IT FLOW.
I AM MORE
THAN I USED TO KNOW.

OUTRO — SOLO CELLO

Whisper

Thank you...
For bringing me here.

19 FINALE
The Dead Can't Dance Like Us

3:06

STYLE

126 BPM original supernatural 1980s comedy-funk anthem, strict 4/4, infectious slap bass, syncopated funk guitar, punchy analog synth brass, bright saxophone stabs, vintage electronic drums, cowbell, handclaps, playful spooky sound effects, charismatic male lead, energetic mixed ensemble responses, ghostly background choir, theatrical spoken comedy, irresistible original chant chorus, polished retro-funk production, dynamic instrumental dance breaks, 32-count across-the-floor combinations, precise eight-count phrasing, triumphant finale, dramatic final countdown, original melody and hook, no recognizable existing song references.

WHAT IT'S ABOUT A finale that looks back on the night (turns, jumps, isolations) and boasts, with a grin, that the dead can't keep up.

BENEFITS & INSIGHTS It recaps the class in call-and-response (can you isolate, elevate, turn and land, make it rad) and sends the room out on five, six, seven, eight. Teachers can use it as a last combination and a Halloween bow.

WHY IT'S RADISMS The album ends the way it began: technique, but make it rad, with every mistake and every try counted as a reason the class is still dancing.

INTRO — GHOSTLY LAUGHTER

Deep narrator

The dead have watched us
All night long.
They've seen the turns.
They've seen the jumps.
And now...
They have one question.

Ghost

HOW ARE THEY STILL DANCING?!

Beat drops

VERSE 1

The skeleton tried
To steal our groove.
The vampire tried
To copy our moves.
The witches watched
From way up high.
The ghosts just floated

Wondering why.

CHORUS

THE DEAD CAN'T DANCE LIKE US!
NO!
NO!
THEY CAN'T KEEP UP
WITH THE WAY WE GO!
SLIDE TO THE LEFT!
JUMP TO THE RIGHT!
WE'RE STILL DANCING
THROUGH THE NIGHT!
THE DEAD CAN'T DANCE LIKE US!
OH!
OH!
WE'VE GOT PLACES
LEFT TO GO!

VERSE 2

We learned to bend.
We learned to rise.
We learned to see
Through our own disguise.
We faced the monster.
We faced the fear.
And somehow
We're still standing here.

BRIDGE — CALL AND RESPONSE

Lead

CAN YOU ISOLATE?

Ensemble

YES WE CAN!

Lead

CAN YOU ELEVATE?

Ensemble

YES WE CAN!

Lead

CAN YOU TURN AND LAND?

Ensemble

YES WE CAN!

Lead

CAN YOU MAKE IT RAD?

Ensemble

YES WE CAN!

Instrumental Funk Break — 32 counts

FINAL CHORUS

THE DEAD CAN'T DANCE LIKE US!
NO!
NO!
WE'VE STILL GOT
SO FAR TO GO!
EVERY MISTAKE!
EVERY TRY!
EVERY MOMENT
WE FEEL ALIVE!

Music suddenly stops

Deep narrator

And now...
One final question.

Whisper

Are you afraid?

Silence

Full ghost choir

FIVE!
SIX!
SEVEN!
EIGHT!

Explosive final chorus

TECHNIQUE...
BUT MAKE IT RAD!

Final funk brass hit

SFX: Haunted theater doors closing

Deep narrator

Until next Halloween.