

Buddhuza, Mission

I gather I was told I gotta mission to fly,
I took a chance to pick a plane so I looked around,
I ran into a mirror, saw a couple of curious eyes,
I gotta hail old lordie, sign is so better than sight.

We launched quite slow, the plane was heavy enough,
At least they say it's well-equipped, it's something they really like,
There was this old transceiver that nobody told me about,
I played a lot with tuning, strange but they called it a heart.

And it plays me songs that travelers cast,
That I can tune in,
From all around the globe, from different times,
It's all-consuming,
When you hear that tone, you wanna listen and pass.

In the middle I heard someone ask me: where do you fly?
Well all this time I thought I knew it, now I can't see the path,
I spent my years reading mission papers, there's no command,
And then I saw an old paper said: son, listen to your radio hum.