

Hondo Maclean, Lola's Pictures

Deciphering the codes
From transmissions hardly sent
Leads us to misinterpretation
Of shadows dancing in the shade

We've been chasing angels
Halfway across the hall
Every time we catch one
You can guarantee she'll fall
Into our hands - into our laps

There lies your shattered arrest
Where lips left tattoo prints on you
We're perfecting the art of dreaming
We're collecting memories

Transmissions need replacing
Decipher and dissect the codes we've been sent

Your fruits have over ripened
Rip it open - rip it out

Why are you hiding?
When you could be dancing