

Sonic Youth, Stereo Sanctity

Seven

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I'm keeping my commission to faith's transmission

Two speakers dream the same and skies turn red

Satellites flashing down orchard and delancey

I can't get laid cuz everyone is dead

Hey - gold connections

Analog soul waving in yr hair

Hey - hylozoic directions

She's talking blue streaks everywhere

Your spirit is time-reversed to your body

Stereographic mix-up field on field

It started growing up the day your body dies

Only apparently, real to unreal

Hey - stereo stations

Perfect image, kneel down

Hey - hypostatic information

Come on let's hear you turn it around