Sonic Youth, Stereo Sanctity

Seven
Seven

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 irreal
Hey - stereo stations
Perfect image, kneel down
Hey - hypostatic information
Come on let's hear you turn it around