

Thursday, In Transmission

This sunlight cutting through the open fields.
Can't be communicated by radio waves.
And through this flashlight keyhole memory.
Receive a thousand signals and can't respond.

So keep your hands to yourself.
And relay the message to your friends that nothing's wrong.
Reverse reception on this lifeless satellite.
Push this button.
End the transmission.

So keep your hands to yourself
In this transit station reconnection to our lives.
In transit like my voice cutting through this line.

It's the same old song broadcasted on the radio.
Saying I'm not worth your time.
End the transmission.

This absence is making relations come undone
it's breaking air waves I'm losing you in the transmission..