

BT, Satellite

See here we have a beautiful view of the earth down below,
As the satellite departs.

She smells of the sun,
And she's constantly saying,
That's it's all a lie,
Because lies, sound so nice,
And like soil to seed goes,
Casting my fears aside...

She says: "The satellite is coming."
I pray, the wrecking ball is waiting,
She says: "The satellite is coming."
It's come to take us home."

Satellite...

Still smells of the sun,
And the light that brings healing,
Is burning my eyes,
And the dark, seems so nice,
And I'm choking on blessings, that I can receive
I hide.

She says: "The satellite is coming."
I pray, the wrecking ball is waiting,
She says: "The satellite is coming."
It's come to take us home."

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She says: (Satellite)
"The satellite is coming"
I pray, (She)
The wrecking ball is waiting,
She says: "The Satellite is coming,
It's come to take us home."