

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Broadcast Quality

How'd you know to find me here?
Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires
And insider information

This manifested destiny
you think you can
bestow on me, and epidemic with allure
that brings intrigue
to the dullest minds.

"Fix your broken eyes on me" she said
As she draped her arms around my head
But her wrist felt just like rope
Like rope, as they grazed my neck
(And her fingers like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't shed)

And on the eve of battle
I lay these arms to rest.
Have my subordinate coordinates
Finally turn themselves in.

Transmitted and encoded,
My encryptions have eroded
Now my whereabouts are
Living in the air waves thanks to me.

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