

The Tea Party, Transmission

We fear what we see in the distance
We're shattered by life's soft deceit
Enslaved to our thoughts by our reason
Refusing to walk with the weak

Betrayed by the past's desolation
We slept listless nights by the shore
Searching for signs of salvation
Hoping to find something more

Tell me what I have when it all slips away
Tell me what see when the light fades away
Tell me what I hold in the palm of my hand
Tell me what I fell, cause I'm trying
To understand
I'm sending transmission

Confused by the weight of our virtue
We follow the paths of the slain
In silence we walk through these shadows
Embracing the pleasures of pain
Once again