TV On The Radio, Golden Age

Heartbeats soundin'
Ricocheting in their cage
Thought I'd lose my balance
With the ground's bounce and sway

And all this violence And all this goes away And the vibes that rise like Fireflies illuminate our play

Some light being Pulled you up from night's party Said, ""Clap your hands If you think your soul is free""

And the silence was astounding 'Cept some, ""Oh lord mercy m-e""'s And oh you can't stop what's comin' up You're never gonna stop gonna live it up And oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup And oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup

The age of miracles
The age of sound
Well there's a golden age
Comin' round, comin'round, comin' round

Give it up
'Stead of grabbin' for decay
What we viewed as gold
I believe pollutes this space

And its grace ascending Like a snake up your tree Up your happy ending understanding All you're s'posed to be

Let it move right in Let it kiss your face Let it sow your skin In perpetual embrace

Like I said, love's light as laughter Like the sun spittin' happiness into the hereafter Oh here it comes like a natural disaster Ah blowin' up like a ghetto blaster Oh here it comes, bring it faster Oh here it comes, bring it faster

The age of miracles
The age of sound
Well there's a golden age
Comin' round, comin' round,

Love, don't you falter Burnin' hearts dragged behind The horses dancing on the altar

Hooves breakin' gods To diamond dust and stars And there you are

Now we're all allowed to breathe Walls dissolve

With the hunger and the greed Move your body You've got all you need And your arms in the air stir a sea of stars And oh here it comes and it's not so far

All light beings Come on now make haste Clap your hands If you think you're in the right place

Thunder all surroundin'
Oh feel it quake with the joy resounding
Palm to the palm you can feel it poundin'
Never give it up you can feel it mountin'
Oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup and
Oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup

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