

Weta, Calling On

See the light forced from the sun
Can you hear your heartbeat?
Hold the light upon your face
Plant the seed among us

Calling on, calling on, calling on, calling on

Switching off my radio (radio)
Breathless bliss upon me
Sleeping would I see some peace?
In my dreams I'm flying

Calling on, Calling on, Calling on, Calling on,
Calling on, Calling on, Calling on, Calling on,
Calling on, Calling on, Calling on, Calling on,
Calling on, Calling on, Calling on, Calling on

Life is smashing overt
Like a falling angel
Like my paranoia
Like to screen things over
Like a smouldering offering
Like a trying passion
Like I've fallen over
Like I'm suffocated...

So calling on, sending out
I'm calling on, sending out
I'm calling on, sending out
Calling on...

Calling on, Calling on, Calling on,
Calling on, Calling on, Calling on,

Oooh oooh....