

i think you've broken in  
i think you've reached intersection  
i think you've loaded the gun  
past formalities into action  
the way you stand there  
face facing right, eyes locking in  
i am your target  
pupils dilate to take the hit

no dish. no cable. simply an aerial.  
i've got it.

i take the liberty  
i take the bait and place the bait  
i take all the tools on my belt  
sharpen them up and set them out

i've come to notice  
i've come to know you  
been feeling way too centered  
now i'm reaching out of this lazy middle

no dish. no cable. simply an aerial.  
i've got it.

now you've locked me straight in the doorway  
now you've locked me foreign language  
now it's missed what i feared missed  
how beside you i am sharing i am

f\*\*k dim shouldered and your  
your, you're boredom  
boredom boredom babies