

Transmission

Aiden

Radio, live transmission
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Listen to the silence, let it ring on
Eyes, dark gray lenses frightened of the sun
We would have a fine time living in the night
Left to blind destruction, waiting for our sight

And we would go on as though nothing was wrong
And hide from these days we remained all alone
Staying in the same place, staying out the time
Touching from a distance, further all the time

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio
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Well, I could call out when the going gets tough
The things that we've learned are no longer enough
No language, just sound, that's all we need know
To synchronize love to the beat of the show
And we could dance

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