

# Swing Of The Airwaves

Demians

Standing at the edge of the world  
I still fail to see what's out there for me  
Screaming at the top of my lungs  
Is there anybody listening?

We're all emotional radios  
Human aerials in oblivion  
Calling all stations until transmission ends  
I am here

Standing in the swing of the airwaves  
Circling the square I was locked in  
Step right in, it feels like being born again

Waving down the drain through static and chatter  
Peel away the shame and noise will surrender  
Disconnection failure and no consolation  
When nothing could avail your misinterpretation  
Link the dots between my dashes and your silences  
Your time is running out as you are running out of promises  
Read between the lines

We're all emotional radios  
Human aerials in oblivion  
Calling all stations until transmission ends  
I still hear the chokes on your shotguns  
Your back's to the wall we are all a loss of signal  
An oblivious call to all stations until transmission ends  
I am here

Standing in the swing of the airwaves  
Circling the square I was locked in  
Step right in, it feels like being born again