

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