

Bats

Frameshift

In the dark of night a shadow flying
Far above our range can't hear them crying

When the dawn approaches
They're headed to their home
Sleep through the day
To then awake at sunset

They may not see
But they can hear in color
Paint a sonic picture in their heads
So they can survive

Eyes never seemed to be an option
Left completely blind to hunt in darkness

Their world it has no light
And they don't need it
An image made of sound
To hear around

They may not see
But they can hear in color
Paint a sonic picture in their heads
So they can survive
Experience with hearing eyes
Light is not the only way to see

Use a different wave
See another way

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