

Seven

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I'm keeping my commission to faith's transmission
Two speakers dream the same and skies turn red
Satellites flashing down orchard and delancey
I can't get laid cuz everyone is dead
Hey - gold connections
Analog soul waving in yr hair
Hey - hylozoic directions
She's talking blue streaks everywhere
Your spirit is time-reversed to your body
Stereographic mix-up field on field
It started growing up the day your body dies
Only apparently, real to unreal
Hey - stereo stations
Perfect image, kneel down
Hey - hypostatic information
Come on let's hear you turn it around