

Broadcast Quality

The Receiving End of Sirens

How'd you know to find me here?

Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires and insider information.

This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on me,
An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the dullest minds.

"Fix your broken eyes on me," she said

As she draped her arms around my head.

But her wrist felt just like rope,

Like rope, as they grazed my neck,

And her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't shed
.

And on the eve of battle I'll lay these arms to rest.

Have my subordinate coordinates finally turned themselves in?

Transmitted, encoded, but encryptions have eroded.

Now my whereabouts are living in the airwaves thanks to me.

As their signal tested broadcast quality.

Her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't shed.