

## Golden Age

### TV on the Radio

Heart beat sounding  
Ricocheting in their cage  
Thought I'd lose my balance  
With the grounds bounce and sway  
And all this violence  
And all this goes away  
And the vibes that rise like  
Fireflies illuminate our play

Some light being  
Pulled you up from night's party  
Said clap your hands  
If you think your soul is free  
And the silence was astounding  
'cept some "Oh Lord!! Mercy Me's"  
And oh you can't stop what's comin' up  
You're never gonna stop gonna live it up  
And oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup  
And oh it's gonna drop gonna fill your cup

The age of miracles  
The age of sound  
Well there's a Golden Age  
Comin' round, comin' round, comin' round

Give it up  
'stead of grabbing for decay  
What we viewed as gold  
I believe pollutes this space  
And its grace ascending  
Like a snake up your tree  
Up your happy ending understanding  
All your s'pposed to be

Let it move right in  
Let it kiss your face  
Let it sow your skin  
In perpetual embrace  
Like I said "Love's Light is Laughter"  
Like the sun spitting happiness into the hereafter  
Oh here it comes like a natural disaster  
Ah blowing up like a ghetto blaster  
Ah here it comes, bring it faster  
Ah here it comes, bring it faster

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Love, don't you falter  
Burning hearts  
Dragged behind  
The horses dancing on the altar  
Hooves breaking Gods  
To diamond dust and stars  
And there you are...

Now we're all allowed to breathe  
Walls dissolve  
With the hunger and the greed  
Move your body  
You've got all you need  
And your arms in the air stir a sea of stars  
And oh here it comes and it's not so far

All light beings  
Come on now make haste  
Clap your hands  
If you think you're in the right place  
Thunder all surrounding  
Aw feel it quake with the joy resounding  
Palm to the palm you can feel it pounding  
Never give it up you can feel it mounting  
Oh its gonna drop gonna fill your cup and  
Oh its gonna drop gonna fill your cup

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