

# Transmission

Aiden

Radio, live transmission  
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Listen to the silence, let it ring on  
Eyes, dark gray lenses frightened of the sun  
We would have a fine time living in the night  
Left to blind destruction, waiting for our sight

And we would go on as though nothing was wrong  
And hide from these days we remained all alone  
Staying in the same place, staying out the time  
Touching from a distance, further all the time

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance to the radio  
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Well, I could call out when the going gets tough  
The things that we've learned are no longer enough  
No language, just sound, that's all we need know  
To synchronize love to the beat of the show  
And we could dance

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