

New Sun

As Cities Burn

We can always expect to lose radio, radio contact.
Radio transmission every time that,
I let our fair moon.
Lay her body between us,
I need her now that you're breaking up.

Soon she'll become my new sun.
Soon she'll become.
She's stealing her light from the old one.

Fast receiving but slow responding,
To your signals reading "Son, come home."
But I still believe it.
My God, I still need it.
But I'm just tired of walking upright.
When I don't mean right,
I just want to look right.

We can always expect to lose radio, radio contact.
Radio transmission.

Soon she'll become my new sun.
Soon she'll become dim reflected love,
To light my way,
After I trade loving you for loving to obey.

'Cause even with my feet on the path,
Our quite hearts lost contact.
So now I'm wandering off,
Just to hear you calling me back.

We can always expect to lose.