

Farewell Transmission

Songs: Ohia

The whole place is dark
Every light on this side of the town
Suddenly it all went down
Now we'll all be brothers of the fossil fire of the sun
Now we will all be sisters of the fossil blood of the moon
Someone must have set us up
Now they'll be working in the cold grey rock,
in the hot mill steam... in the concrete
In the sirens and the silences now
all the great set up hearts
all at once start to beat
After tonight if you don't want us to be
a secret out of the past
I will resurrect it, I'll have a good go at it
I'll streak his blood across my beak and dust my feathers with
his ashes
I can feel his ghost breathing down my back
I will try and know whatever I try,
I will be gone but not forever
The real truth about it is
no one gets it right
The real truth about it is
we're all supposed to try
There ain't no end to the sands
I've been trying to cross
The real truth about it is my kind of life's no better off
If I've got the maps or if I'm lost
The real truth about it is there ain't no end to the desert I'll
cross
I've really known that all along
Mama here comes midnight
with the dead moon in its jaws
Must be the big star about to fall
Long dark blues
Will o the wisp
The big star is falling
Through the static and distance
A farewell transmission
Listen