

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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