

Last Transmission

Cemetery

cannot ease the fever flaming in your eyes
can't close out the frequency lusting for the lie
when your depression slowly leaves
the world around you starts to burn
won't feel it coming
won't feel anything at all
last transmission way down in seclusion - the icon of your fear
let your eyes believe you see it all so clear
desperation is the only thing you couldn't live without
can you hear them screaming?
no, can't hear anything at all

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