

# Broadcast Quality

## The Receiving End of Sirens

How did you know to find me here?  
Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires  
And insider information This manifested destiny  
You think you can bestow on me  
And epidemic with allure  
That brings intrigue to the dullest minds "Fix your broken eyes on me," she said  
As she draped her arms around my head  
But her wrist felt just like rope  
Like rope, as they grazed my neck And her fingers like spiders  
Spun a web my body couldn't shed And on the eve of battle  
I lay these arms to rest  
Have my subordinate coordinates  
Finally turn themselves in Transmitted and encoded  
My encryptions have eroded  
Now my whereabouts are  
Living in the air waves thanks to me [Incomprehensible] "Fix your broken eyes on me," she said  
As she draped her arms around my head  
But her wrist felt just like rope  
Like rope, as they grazed my neck Her fingers like spiders  
Spun a web my body couldn't shed Her fingers, like spiders  
Spun a web my body couldn't shed

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