

# Infrared

## Tall Heights

I came along, an empty planet  
Well I was born beside a lake  
The days were long and there was nothing in my eye  
Not a tear, not a bird, not a snake Philip claimed I must have missed him  
At the point of faith and misbelief  
The red man died without a spear there at his side  
I never learned the shape of a maple leaf In infrared is there anyone talking?  
In infrared is there anyone hawking  
a sign of life, something bright throwing heat?  
In infrared in a little black box  
they won't forget, through the ticks and the tocks  
In a little wood chest, a little heart with a beat  
A little heart with a beat  
She awoke the vast reflection  
The way we hold, let go, repeat  
To synthesize a joy in someone's afterlife  
I never knew, I never know, I never try In infrared is there anyone talking?  
In infrared is there anyone hawking  
a sign of life, something bright throwing heat?  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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