

# Transmission

[dessa](#)

We, we could fall off the earth  
Between the sheets I know  
I'm having trouble sleeping  
Been counting sheep  
I think I'll miss your supple heart the most  
Feel free  
To push me first  
How else am I supposed to know?  
And your words have been foreseen  
So let's take a moment dear  
Just to find some room to breathe  
But your lips, they feel?

And we, we could fall to the floor  
Between your thighs I know  
This lifestyle has been sleeping  
Been counting hours  
Until the clouds become thick smoke  
Let's just fall... [x3]  
And your words have been foreseen  
So let's take a moment dear  
Just to find some room to breathe  
And your words have been foreseen  
So let's take a moment dear  
Just to find some room to breathe

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