

# Emergency Broadcast Syndrome

## Every Time I Die

I hate this city  
Reposition the phantom rigged, reflective tape  
Situating like a makeshift antenna, grinning like tinfoil  
We're losing reception, we can't pick up the game  
I should be discontinued, I am a broadcasting embarrassment  
Hiss like the damned  
Decoding the transmitted pulse that dispatch from her lips  
I am not receiving a sign that says I am still here anymore  
Do you hear me? Am I coming through at all?  
Is any of this making sense?  
Is any of this making sense?  
Is any of this making sense to you?  
You've got a ghost on your hands  
A televisual image only partially clear  
(I wish we'd all just stop talking at once)  
Scrambled phantom  
Spitting and cursing from the scrapheap we were on  
You should have lost your cool  
You should have lost your cool

Lyrics provided by

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