

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 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

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