Broadcasting

The Damage Manual

Fractured signs, they waste my time
They concentrate, they take what's mine
Lost they move like fractured ghosts
To empty heads in empty linesTrapped in frames of empty films
A war is flat, in frames they kill
Light will char and edits cut
They broadcast stare, they know they mustFaded raids before they fold
Into themselves it's done I'm told
Acting last repeats to last
And beats you back when credits rolledBuild yourself a fame through fire
And douse it out when you require
List your age on lilac page
Strength in a crawl back to the stageWhen it's obvious they're not scared of us
They will drag you back to cold
All film burnt at source, much too fast of course
They will drag you back for moreWhen your wish runs out they will make you doubt
They will drag you back for more
When your frame runs dry minds will start to fly
They will break before they foldBroadcasting once, broadcasting twice
Broadcasting one, two, three, four, five

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