

Receiving End Of Sirens, The "Broadcast Quality"

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"How'd you know to find me here?
Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires and
insider information.
This manifested destiny you think you can bestow on
me,
An epidemic with allure that brings intrigue to the
dullest minds.

"Fix your broken eyes on me," she said
As she draped her arms around my neck.
But her wrist felt just like rope
As they grazed my neck,
And her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body
couldn't shed.

And on the eve of battle I'll lay these arms to rest.
Have my subordinate coordinates finally turned
themselves in?
Transmitted, encoded, but encryptions have eroded.
Now my whereabouts are living in the airwaves thanks
to me.

As their signal tested broadcast quality.

Her fingers, like spiders, spun a web my body couldn't
shed"

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