

Bt **"Satellite"**

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See here, we have a beautiful view of the earth down
below

As the satellite [incomprehensible] departs

She smells of the sun

And she's constantly saying that's it's all a lie

Because lies sound so nice

And like soil to seed goes, casting my fears aside

She says, "The satellite is coming

I pray, the wrecking ball is waining"

She says, "The satellite is coming

It's come to take us home"

Satellite

Still smells of the sun

And the light that brings healing is burning my eyes

And the dark seems so nice

And I'm choking on blessings that I can receive, I hide

She says, "The satellite is coming

I pray, the wrecking ball is waining"

She says, "The satellite is coming

It's come to take us home"

She says, "The satellite is coming

I pray, the wrecking ball is waining"

She says, "The satellite is coming

It's come to take us home"

Satellite

She

(The satellite is coming)

It's come to take us home

[Incomprehensible] required to bring us in proximity

Of the, with the satellite

[Incomprehensible]

It's been a good trip

