

Longwave "Satellites"

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There's a thunder in the distance.
North, South, East, and West.
Your defenses are useless.
Your resistance meaningless.
I've changed my appearance.
I look like someone new.
I've called on my friends for their assistance.
I've called out to you.

(Don't let it go.)
But any colors that you dream about.
(Any words.)
And any words that you tell yourself.
(All turn.)
All turn to something new.

You're looking for allies.
Looking for satellites across the great divine.
Moving in circles.
Turning to someone else with nothing left to hide.

I've run in all directions.
North, South, East, and West.
I ran 'til I, I caught a reflection.
North, South, East, and West.

(Don't let it go.)
But any colors that you dream about.
(Any words.)
And any word that you tell yourself.
(All turn.)
All turn to something else.

You're looking for allies.
Looking for satellites across the great divide.
Moving in circles.
Turning to someone else with nothing left to hide.
These strange conversations, words that you tell
yourself.
Are words that you'll deny.
You're looking for allies.
You're looking for satellites.

To bring you back, bring you back to life.

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