

Piolo Pascual

"Transmission"

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Within a vision state.
Eyes of glass sending back what we say.
Blue event, sound the gun.
Fallen black, what we say.
Sedendate, sutured wirse.
Wake up in a wasted grave yell.
Do you waste inside output the fuse.
To terrorizing mass tap dance to lose.
You're willing on the meager.

We want to know.
What the pictures say.
We want to know.
Vindictive blood, sounds of gray, pressing ways.
Now we say.

Spinning us, nothing lasting past us.
When we feel the pain.
Break away, exploding hearts inside.
We see a brand new total.
Do we waste our lives, input the fuse.
We're terrible, we fight reclaim the proofs.
With death before you see us.

We want to know.
What the pictures say.
We want to know.
How to shut it down.

You're penitent, you stand accused.
You wanna wage this war.
No atoning sins, world with lies, world with anger.
This is war.
Tyrannical you'll stand accused, suffer with no refrain.
Empirical the masses use, reclaiming souls.
Now what we say.
Break yourself out of it!

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