

## Songs: Ohia

# "Farewell Transmission"

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The whole place is dark  
Every light on this side of the town  
Suddenly it all went down  
Now we'll all be brothers of the fossil fire of the sun  
Now we will all be sisters of the fossil blood of the  
moon  
Someone must have set us up  
Now they'll be working in the cold grey rock,  
in the hot mill steam... in the concrete  
In the sirens and the silences now  
all the great set up hearts  
all at once start to beat  
After tonight if you don't want us to be  
a secret out of the past  
I will resurrect it, I'll have a good go at it  
I'll streak his blood across my beak and dust my  
feathers with his ashes  
I can feel his ghost breathing down my back  
I will try and know whatever I try,  
I will be gone but not forever  
The real truth about it is  
no one gets it right  
The real truth about it is  
we're all supposed to try  
There ain't no end to the sands  
I've been trying to cross  
The real truth about it is my kind of life's no better off  
If I've got the maps or if I'm lost  
The real truth about it is there ain't no end to the desert  
I'll cross  
I've really known that all along  
Mama here comes midnight  
with the dead moon in its jaws  
Must be the big star about to fall  
Long dark blues  
Will o the wisp  
The big star is falling  
Through the static and distance  
A farewell transmission  
Listen

