

The Crüxshadows "Satellite"

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Rolling back towards the continent
Instrumental forces die
Save excitement for line behavior
Signal shifting to enter flight

My back is burning
In the heat of the atmosphere
My engine roars
And the throttle cries
I'm not pulling on my navigation
Bringing me down out of the sky

I've seen the face
It seems they've always been here
Ten thousand years tonight
Copy Houston, request location
Signal over...Satellite

The madness creeping
With system failure
The image scatters
And the comlink fades
The red planet below me hungry
The red planet below me waits

(bridge)

(chorus)

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