

The Receiving End Of Sirens "Broadcast Quality"

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How did you know to find me here?
Tipped off you tiptoed to the tune of tapped wires
And insider information

This manifested destiny
You think you can bestow on me
And epidemic with allure
That brings intrigue to the dullest minds

"Fix your broken eyes on me," she said
As she draped her arms around my head
But her wrist felt just like rope
Like rope, as they grazed my neck

And her fingers like spiders
Spun a web my body couldn't shed

And on the eve of battle
I lay these arms to rest
Have my subordinate coordinates
Finally turn themselves in

Transmitted and encoded
My encryptions have eroded
Now my whereabouts are
Living in the air waves thanks to me

[Incomprehensible]

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