

Anathema

"Last Transmission"

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So this is my last transmission the words that will soon
fall to dust no I won't be home on this day and in these
fists was held questions unanswered and it's killing me
chamber clicks pin breaks the shell kiss of black on our
lips lungs breaking so cave in don't forget these words
spoken in sequence won't be our last plain wrapped
brown package (placed in our arms) tied up with string
explodes while scanning horizon feel skin get numb as
begins the fall all waking up on the day before we were
handed the open book when hands fell from mid face
to block our eyes from seeing more fingers make a
picket fence holding what we know fading slowly from
our eyes to white lights this was all climbing up the
misplaced spires in our hopes they would find us wait it
out drop the satellites for just tonight give it up

Thanks to **Seanfat** for these lyrics

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