

Damage Manual, The "Broadcasting"

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Fractured signs, they waste my time
They concentrate, they take what's mine
Lost they move like fractured ghosts
To empty heads in empty lines
Trapped in frames of empty films
A war is flat, in frames they kill
Light will char and edits cut
They broadcast stare, they know they must
Faded raids before they fold
Into themselves it's done I'm told
Acting last repeats to last
And beats you back when credits rolled
Build yourself a fame through fire
And douse it out when you require
List your age on lilac page
Strength in a crawl back to the stage
When it's obvious they're not scared of us
They will drag you back to cold
All film burnt at source, much too fast of course
They will drag you back for more
When your wish runs out they will make you doubt

They will drag you back for more

When your frame runs dry minds will start to fly

They will break before they fold

Broadcasting once, broadcasting twice

Broadcasting one, two, three, four, five

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