

The D.O.C. "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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