

Leiahdorus, Transmission

A predestine grey
The leaves were blooming as they die
The wind had blown the solar gain away
Veiled in a silent dream
Permanent things are forgotten
Inevitably stale and rotten

Testing... one two three
Testing... can you receive
Testing... one two three
Testing... signal received

Funny fantasies are never so real
Old style romances
Gone with the wind

I am waiting to see God on TV
I am waiting for the planets to fall like rain
I am waiting for life to begin

...So cold outside
So warm inside
Blind birds sing loud
Lets go from here...