

# The Tea Party, Transmission

We fear what we see in the distance  
We're shattered by life's soft deceit  
Enslaved to our thoughts by our reason  
Refusing to walk with the weak

Betrayed by the past's desolation  
We slept listless nights by the shore  
Searching for signs of salvation  
Hoping to find something more

Tell me what I have when it all slips away  
Tell me what see when the light fades away  
Tell me what I hold in the palm of my hand  
Tell me what I fell, cause I'm trying  
To understand  
I'm sending transmission

Confused by the weight of our virtue  
We follow the paths of the slain  
In silence we walk through these shadows  
Embracing the pleasures of pain  
Once again