

Seven

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I'm keeping my commission to faith's transmission  
Two speakers dream the same and skies turn red  
Satellites flashing down orchard and delancey  
I can't get laid cuz everyone is dead  
Hey - gold connections  
Analog soul waving in yr hair  
Hey - hylozoic directions  
She's talking blue streaks everywhere  
Your spirit is time-reversed to your body  
Stereographic mix-up field on field  
It started growing up the day your body dies  
Only apparently, real to unreal  
Hey - stereo stations  
Perfect image, kneel down  
Hey - hypostatic information  
Come on let's hear you turn it around