

Frequencies

The Nearly Deads

Staring into static
Combing through the atmosphere
I lost your frequency, but it was coming through so clear to me
Find you on the other side
A dream so real I swear I died
Stepped away without a trace
A tragedy, a fall from grace
Am I getting through to you?

I've been screaming into emptiness
Trying to find the truth
If you're out there waiting, listening
I am too
Am I getting through to you?

Running out of minutes in the day
Desperate for a soul facing away
I'm calling out "Is everything okay?"
'Cause all I hear are echoes in this place

Am I getting through to you?
I've been screaming into emptiness
Trying to find the truth
If you're out there waiting, listening
I am too
Am I getting through to you?

(Am I getting through) to you?
I've been screaming into emptiness
Trying to find the truth
If you're out there waiting, listening
I am too
Am I getting through to you?
(Am I getting through to you?)
(Am I getting through to you?)
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