

## A Broadcast

Touché Amoré

It's that special kind of quiet  
Where One might be concerned  
But even with this silence  
My voice can be misheard  
So I'll sweep the floors  
For the ghosts who now reside  
The ones who came before  
Who never chose a side

I'll power through the night  
For some kind of victory  
It's not pretty, this vulgar life  
I'm airing constantly  
I'll get my fill of praise  
And taste that bitter love  
I guess I'm still afraid  
For when you've had enough

The sooner my senses leave  
The burden I have will go  
And the golden boy can be  
Paraded down below  
...And down, I'll go