

# Stone Temple Pilots, Transmission From A Lonely

Miles above your circumstance  
There's water on your mind  
I've wrestled with convictions  
And I've settled with the tide  
It's more or less uncertainty  
But still you play the game  
A pedicure won't change the score  
But all of this will fade  
So low, better get on  
Everything's stopped (down)  
So slow, better get on  
Everything's slowed down  
Take a bath with consecrated water  
From the shrine  
And wash away the mud of all the  
Miles you left behind  
Triplicates and wedding rings  
Both lethal to obtain  
So batten down the credit cards  
The devil's in the den