

# The Lottery

## The Afghan Whigs

Let it be light, baby  
Where there's none  
Memories bite, baby  
Never done  
I control, collect, collide  
Come in slow  
But that's alright  
Let it be night, baby  
Come undone  
NowLet it be night, baby  
Watch them run  
The enemy lies waiting for the sun  
I control, collect, collide  
To let go is to bet your life  
Let it be light, baby  
Til there's noneThe lottery, the ritual  
The consequence, the criminal  
Come back to me, I've been them all  
Come bedtime, come bad timesLet it be night and then I'm born again  
Remedy disguise the poison pen  
You let her slip out of the tourniquet againThe lottery  
Still waiting for the show  
A part of me can't let it go  
I'll fade to black  
A parable  
Incognizant, incomparableAnd now we've reached the end  
One for now  
One for always  
One for me  
One for yourselfI'm ready.

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