

# Absence of Light

## Maximum Balloon & Tunde Adebimpe

and when the lights go low oh you know we can't hold  
to the feeling that haunts you  
so now we let it go head to toe open glow  
to the rhythm that wants you  
to move like a human and be where you are  
glide like an eagle and die like a star  
ready and able and bristled and primed  
move like an ocean and run over time  
catch my dying breath  
i suppose it could go to the soul that controlled you  
that did something cold to you  
i would hope that the night time would gently unfold you  
shift up your point of view  
i'll be your messenger your minister your morbid curiosity  
in the hands of the night you're a plaything  
i'll be your passenger your pleasurer your terminal velocity  
in the absence of light we're the same thing animals all you're a breed of distinction  
animals onto the edge of extinction  
catch my dying breath  
i suppose we could go to the souls that control you  
what are they holding to?  
i would hope that the night time would gently unfold you  
show you a thing or two  
i'll be your messenger your minister your morbid curiosity  
in the hands of the night you're a plaything  
i'll be your passenger your pleasurer your terminal velocity  
in the absence of light we're the same thing  
i'll be your altitude your attitude the victim of your vanity  
in the hands of the night you're a plaything  
i'll be your come-what-may, your tried-and-true, i'll help you shake your sanity  
in the absence of light it's the same thing  
in the absence of light it's the same thing  
in the absence of light it's the same thing

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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