Elective Amnesia

Rise Against

We don't sleep very much.
These triggers ache for the touch.
Where's the strength we relied on?
Here alone, like a crutch
Maybe that's what keeps us up
All the night with a light on...All these screams simulate
Things that no longer take place
Can this be what we've become?
Paper-thin, overweight
Pills to arouse or sedate
Still we don't know what we wantWe can let go
Can't you see?
To lose control
Is to be
Falling freeFirst a spark
Then a flame
Now a fire!We explode!Into the darkest of nights,
Disconnect,
Cut the cord,
Lights are dead.Now they'll know,
With everything comes a price!And each day we are torn
Between the right and the wrong
Between life and convenience,
Why lose sleep? Why complain?
There's always channels to change.
It's like elective amnesia.As we grow older,
In this place,
Let's just start over,
Let's erase.What they made.First a spark,
Then a flame,
Now a fireWe explode!Into the darkest of nights
Disconnect
Cut the cord
Lights are deadNow they'll know
With everything comes a price!It could be minutes away
It could be hours or days
Before the bottom falls out
Before the ground gives way
Into this debt we are born

A debt we try to repay
And yet we blacken the sky
Smoke rising out of the flamesNow they'll know...First a spark!
Then a flame!
Now a fire!We explode!Into the darkest of nights!
Disconnect!
Cut the cord!
Lights are dead!Now they'll know
With everything comes a price!We explode!
We explode!

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