

Kill the Light

Stretch Arm Strong

As we sit around watching days go by
Afraid to ask the questions
Because of the answers we might find
Comfort breeds contentment
Confrontation fosters resentment
And slowly we grow cold
As we watch ourselves implode
Cynicism is not a sign of intelligence
Deny the spirits, a crime of negligence
Pushing back what has been given
Come to terms with the way we're livin'
Observing the light's dying glow
As we watch ourselves implode
Mocking what we don't understand
Biting off the giving hand
Our poorest questions answered in fact
Never think of offering back
We must be scared of contemplation
Our will to search lost in isolation, work
And so it goes and so we go
And so it goes along and so we go along
And so it goes along and so we go
Cut the nose, spite the face
Cut the nose, spite the face
On this road, on this road
Without a trace, without a trace
Without a trace

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