

# 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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