

# Joan As Police Woman, Feed The Light

Feed the light

Feed the light  
I want to fight about it now  
You won't be lost  
You won't be found  
You won't be lost  
You won't be called out by me  
For sure  
I love you  
But you still believe  
That blossoms under  
Stand when hit  
With cold hard wind  
It's not the end  
Just changing climate  
For sure  
Be sure  
To feed the light  
Just feel your right to get it wrong  
It's not the end  
It never ends  
You won't be lost  
You won't be found  
Unless you want  
To be  
Found