

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