

Bad Religion, Turn On The Light

Bad Religion

Against The Grain

Turn On The Light

i had a friend who kept a candle in his pocket, he used to touch it
when the wind was blowing high, i guess it mad him feel like he could
buck the system and when it flickered out we laid him down to die,
turn on the light, turn on a million blinding brilliant white
incendiary lights, a beacon in the night, i'll burn relentlessly until
my juice runs dry, i'll construct a rock of tempered beams and
trusses and equip it with a million tiny suns, i'll install upon the
roof on my compartment and place tinfoil on my floor and on my walls
then i'll turn on the light... and i'll burn lika a roman fucking
candle, like a chasm in the night, for a miniscule duration, ecstatic
immolation, incorrigible delight