

Stretch Arm Strong, Kill The Light

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 spirit-a crime of negligence.
Pushing back what has been given. Come to terms with the way we are 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 move along.
Cut the nose. Spite the face. On this road without a trace. Without a trace.