

# Supreme Beings Of Leisure, The Light

Morning breaks the kettle's on  
I'm not awake there's no alarm  
The hills aflame behind me  
As the ash seeps through my window  
My mother's voice spills out of me like vinegar  
Seems I just can't stop  
My fight a burning beacon  
Dare I let it shine this bright

If you could take my youth  
And hold it in your hand  
Then you'd understand  
It falls through it's just sand  
No sense in holding on  
The current's much too strong  
Extinguish all those silly dreams

\*\*Did you turn out the light?  
You wonder through the day  
Did you turn out the light?

I used to be consumed for hours  
Without consequence  
Burning at both ends  
With blasphemous indifference  
Yes just like you  
I was just like you

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