

## Religion Bad

### "Turn On The Light"

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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 made 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, (yeah)  
A beacon in the night,  
I'll burn relentlessly until my juice runs dry, (yeah)

I'll construct a rack of tempered beams and trusses  
And equip it with a million tiny suns,  
I'll install upon the room of my compartment  
And place tinfoil on my floor and on my walls then I'll

Turn on the light,  
Turn on a million blinding brilliant white incendiary  
lights, (yeah)  
A beacon in the night,  
I'll burn relentlessly until my juice runs dry,

And I'll burn like a roman fucking candle  
burn like a chasm in the night  
burn for a miniscule duration,  
ecstatic immolation, incorrigible delight

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