

## Supreme Beings of Leisure

### "The Light"

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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 currents 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

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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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