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 construckt 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