

# Elective Amnesia

Rise Against

We don't sleep very much.  
These triggers ache for the touch.  
Where's the strength we relied on?  
Here alone, like a crutch  
Maybe that's what keeps us up  
All the night with a light on...

All these screams simulate  
Things that no longer take place  
Can this be what we've become?  
Paper-thin, overweight  
Pills to arouse or sedate  
Still we don't know what we want

We can let go  
Can't you see?  
To lose control  
Is to be  
Falling free

First a spark  
Then a flame  
Now a fire!

We explode!

Into the darkest of nights,  
Disconnect,  
Cut the cord,  
Lights are dead.

Now they'll know,  
With everything comes a price!

And each day we are torn  
Between the right and the wrong  
Between life and convenience,  
Why lose sleep? Why complain?  
There's always channels to change.  
It's like elective amnesia.

As we grow older,  
In this place,  
Let's just start over,

Let's erase.

What they made.

First a spark,  
Then a flame,  
Now a fire

We explode!

Into the darkest of nights  
Disconnect

Cut the cord  
Lights are dead

Now they'll know  
With everything comes a price!

It could be minutes away  
It could be hours or days  
Before the bottom falls out  
Before the ground gives way  
Into this debt we are born  
A debt we try to repay  
And yet we blacken the sky  
Smoke rising out of the flames

Now they'll know...

First a spark!  
Then a flame!  
Now a fire!

We explode!

Into the darkest of nights!  
Disconnect!  
Cut the cord!  
Lights are dead!

Now they'll know  
With everything comes a price!

We explode!  
We explode!