

# No Risk

The Armed

Smoke from an ignition  
Confined to a room  
Scared to tear the walls down  
The oxygen consumed

Back draft  
Flashover  
Don't risk it  
Ride it  
Let it burn

Rust in the gears  
Dusty from age  
Stuck in a track that is left on repeat  
What once was fresh has become spoiled  
The rotten old guard

No way  
Go away  
Don't let it out

Year after year  
Repeating the  
Same old thing  
How can you be so afraid  
So neophobic

Outdated, misguided rage  
Confused ethics  
The sounds of a formula  
Made before  
You were born  
Per conservative tradition