

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Outdated, misguided rage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