

More Light

Utopia

I think the last time I was warm was in my mother
Now I'm listening in the darkness
But there's nothing on the wire
I'm locked inside the refrigerator
So while I sit and shiver
I rub the sticks together
And if it takes forever
I will find my way back to the fire

Heat is not enough
More light
Love is strong enough
More light
Faith is not enough
More light
Everybody must be touched

I think that we don't need another great communicator
And there's a million extended mixers we are ready to retire
We all face obsolescence sooner or later
So while we sit and shiver
We rub the sticks together
And if it takes forever
We will find our way back to the fire