

## Religion Bad

### "Anxiety"

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It's a love song to the self, a story recapped every day,  
It's a world of bogus feelings and a world of slow  
decay,  
It's a world of laughter hidden by this world of fear and  
torment,  
It's a game of strange compulsion, our visceral  
convulsion:  
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,  
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain.  
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.  
Foundation of society, anxiety. Suppress it if you can.  
The caste of coffee achievers didn't perform like they  
planned.  
The morning rush hour traffic is our play of false elan.  
So run around your frantic track and lay you down to  
sleep;  
Tomorrow's the redemption, we strive for that  
exception.  
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,  
Anxiety, a fear that you have nothing more to gain.  
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.  
Foundation of society, anxiety. Suppress it if you can.  
What are we angry for?  
We all need a common cure.  
That common goal for which you strive:  
To have more than the other (have more than the  
other) guy.  
The quest for truth, the quest for gold, yeah, we end  
up all the same  
The common lie, the righteous cry, we end up all the  
same.  
The angry crowd, those lost and found, everybody's all  
the same.  
The poet's pen, these words I lend, we all bend to  
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,  
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain.  
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.  
Foundation of society, anxiety

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