

Religion Bad

"No Control"

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No Control
by Bad Religion

Culture was the seed of proliferation but it has gotten
melded
into an inharmonic whole Consciousness has plagued
us and we
cannot shake it though we think we're in control
Questions that besiege us in life are testament of our
helplessness
There's no vestige of a beginning no prospect of an
end (Hutton, 1795)
When we all disintegrate it will all happen again
Time is so rock solid in the minds of the hoards but
they can't
explain why it should slip away
History and future are the comforts of our curiosity but
here we
are rooted in the present day
If you came to conquer you'll be king for a day
But you too will deteriorate and quickly fade away
And believe these words you hear when you think your
path is
clear...
We have no control We do not understand
You have no control You are not in command

[typed by btanaka@well.sf.ca.us]

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