

Religion Bad

"Part IV The Index Fossil"

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We're widespread and well fed,
The earth's rotating fate is in our head, oh yeah.
We're dominant and prominent,
And our diety's omnipotent, oh yeah.
And immortality's in our mastermind,
And we destroy everything we can find.
And tomorrow when the human clock stops and the
world stops turning,
We'll be an index fossil buried in our own debris.
We're listless, promiscuous,
And life to us is either hit or miss, oh yeah.
We're savoir faire and debonaire
And things we do are done with pride and care, oh
yeah.
And immortality's in our mastermind,
And we destroy everything that we find.
And tomorrow when the human clock stops and the
world stops turning,
We'll be an index fossil buried in our own debris.
See, immortality's in our mastermind,
And we destroy everything that we find.
And tomorrow when the human clock stops and the
world stops turning,
We'll be an index fossil buried in our own debris.
In our own debris

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