

Religion Bad

"Television"

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television, television, television, television
oh yeah! i want to bask in your golden light,
submerge in electric waves,
i need my connection to the world outside
the world outside is buzzing like an angry wasp in
summer,
the candidates are running, and soon the son of god is
coming,
crackle mental convolutions tune in to the revolution,
whereby everyone's included so we'll never have to be
alone
every atom of my body, blood and sinew, bone and
fibre,
i can't distil you from my blood,
you're a hungry germ inside of me,
you're my lover, you're my heroine,
my conscience and my voice,
and i know that i have learned to let you in i
will never have to be alone
i'd take after my mother but she's from a different
generation,
i prefer my big brother he's so gentle and
understanding,
and i learn what i can from him by the television light,
so that when i'm all alone i know everything's gonna be
alright

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