

Bad Religion

"All Fantastic Images"

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England seemed like such a beautiful place from afar
Until one day I saw how miserable things really are

All fantastic images they only are apparent
Propagated just by hope and desire to share it

Beauty was the allure that brought me close to you
Loneliness was the bond that made me stick like glue

All fantastic images they only are apparent
Promoted by desperate hope that things are
somewhere better

I don't have a thing against fantasy
But to chase it down just doesn't make sense to me
If your only hope is simply peace and love
You end up discarding most of what you're made of
What you're made of

All fantastic images they only are apparent
Promoted by desperate hope that things are
somewhere better
All fantastic images

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