Bad Religion "And Progress Is Not Intelligently Planned;"

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Going through a world of sad debris,

Regard quixoitic reveries of ownership:

The blossoming disease of man called tenure and accretion,

The ancient western treadmill of deception and derision.

But I want something more.

Racing through a life of tragic wastage,

I experience the loss of trust and innocence.

The billowing cyclone of time has blown away our reasons

As we trudge like blind men forward trying to avoid collision.

But I want something...

More.

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