

Bad Religion

"Grand Delusion, The"

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If I could only get the tools
The stimuli and the molecules
Frozen moments in time

I could be the archetype
A credit to the genotype
Re-program your mind

But the storybook sages
Fill their pages
Hiding from the warming sun

Limitless distractions give no pause
To distort a precious delusion
Delusion, precious delusion

Did you see the moralist
Retort and raise his fist?
You can't make man a machine

I can see the edifice
Crumbling in foggy mist
Razed by discovery

But the storybook sages
Fill their pages
Hiding from the warming sun

Limitless distractions give no pause
To distort a precious delusion
Delusion, precious delusion
Delusion

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