

Bad Religion

"Postive Aspects Of Negative Thinking"

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Let's gather 'round the carcass of the old deflated
beast,
We have seen it through the accolades and rested in
its lea,
Syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease,
The swath endogenous of ourselves will be our
quandary,

We've nestled in its hollow and we've suckled at its
breast,
Grandiloquent in attitude, impassioned yet inept,
Frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous our threat,
Excursive expeditons leave us holding less and less,

So what does it mean?
When we tell ourselves it's only for a while we've been
deceived
And it's only for a moment that the treasures of our day
Make life easier to complicate, the treasure thrown
away,

I'm so tired of all the fucked up minds
Of all the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines,
Of all the hand-me-downs from all industrial crimes
All the weeping mothers and those who are led so
blind,
From the plastic protests and the hands of time
And the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind

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