

Bad Religion, 1,000 More Fools

I heard them say that the meek shall reign on earth
Phantasmal myriads of sane bucolic birth
I've seen the rapture in a starving baby's eyes
Inchoate beatitude the lord of the flies
So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
Kaleidoscopic images of love on the way
Brother you'd better get down on your knees and pray
A thousand more fools are bein' born every fuckin' day
They try to tell me that the lamb is on the way
With microwave transmissions they bombard us everyday
The masses are obsequious contented in their sleep
(Aah)

The vortex of their minds ensconced within the murky deep
So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
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