Bad Religion, Grand Delusion, The

If I could only get the tools, the stimuli and
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

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