

# Bad Religion, In So Many Ways

I can see the shadows on the wall  
Drifting as the leaves start to fall  
Unfaded by rugosity, the objects yield to gravity  
And depict the destiny of us all  
All, all  
No one really knows why we die  
No one gets a break so we try  
Ignoring mortality, we worship mediocrity  
And wait to see what happens up on high  
High, high  
In so many ways we live to follow the sun  
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one  
In so many ways we want so bad to be done  
In so many ways we show our pain in unison  
Unison, unison  
Something in you is busy counting days  
Catapulting you through the haze  
Blind to virtuosity, ignorant of your sanctity  
Revealing you in so many ways  
Ways, ways  
In so many ways we live to follow the sun  
In so many ways we tend to rise and fall as one  
In so many ways we want so bad to be done  
In so many ways we show our pain in unison  
Unison, unison  
In so many ways we live to follow the sun  
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one  
In so many ways we want so bad to be done  
In so many ways we show our pain in unison  
Unison, unison