

Bad Religion, Social Suicide

Right now, well, it's finally time to face my fears
Gonna get the hell out of here
And create a fresher atmosphere
But the consequence is clear
There's a furnace set on high
And a yearning undefined
But it's time to turn the tide
It's social suicide
Like you, perseverance is a useless tool
Just a patron on a ship of fools
Feigning interest in the cast and crew
Why you've broken every single rule
There's a furnace set on high
And a yearning undefined
Now it's time to turn the tide
It's social suicide
Shadows entertain the unwashed masses
Scholars explain their known reactions
I don't even know if I can ever find truth
But I'm sure it won't come from following you
There's a furnace set on high
And a yearning undefined
But it's time to turn the tide
It's social suicide