

Bad Religion, Adam's Atoms

Some live, some die
Everybody wonders why we're here
Should we even try?

Philosophers lost in the night
A beacon in the distance
You gotta turn around
Its vestige dimly flickers in elocution sound
The modernist chronometer uptight and underwound
Pretensions of a higher ground

Higher ground
Introspective paradise found
Adam's atoms resound

Economy of nature
The dead and shallow graves
The particles of happiness elude us in their names
A psychosymbiotical reflection on the waves
Eternal as the night and day

Night and day
Omnipresent ???? of fate
Adam's atoms remain

The righteous opposition has led us all astray
One side against the other
One loses, one reclaimed
And if reconciliation eludes us every day
Then will we ever find a way?

Find a way
Not with our allogeneous gaze
Adam's atoms remain
Adam's atoms betray
Adam's atoms remain