

# Bad Religion, God

Striking at mental apparitions  
Like a drunk on a vacant street  
Silently beset by the hands of time  
And elegant in its fury  
An aberrant crack as skeletons yield  
To unrelenting gravity  
While viruses prowl for helpless victims  
Who succumb rapidly

(Tell me!) Tell me; where is the love?  
In a careless creation  
When there's no above  
There's no justice  
Just a cause and no cure  
And a bounty of suffering  
It seems we all endure  
And what I'm frightened of  
Is that they call it God's love

Well we twist in torment and make believe  
There's a truth and we all submit  
Believe my eyes, my brain replies  
To all that they interpret

&amp;lt;chorus&gt;

I know there's no reason for alarm  
But who needs perspective when it comes to pain and harm  
We can change our minds; there's a better prize

But first you've got to  
&amp;lt;chorus&gt;

They call it God's love  
My pain is God's love