

Bad Religion, Individual

Individuals run for cover, for the multitudes of thoughtless clones
Have reached a critical mass, have reached a critical mass
Individuals hide in fear, under cover, sheltered by the wafer thin
Veil of intelligence, thin veil of intelligence
Individuals, nowhere to be seen
Urbana is oozing, like a bloated carcass with maggots
Cooking in the desert heat, cooking in the desert heat
Oozing, with progeny writing and desperate for input from
Someone more determined, someone more determined
Congregating in invisible circles
Half a part and half apart
All too aware of the insignificance
Pushing on with soul and heart
Individuals don't pray for forgiveness, when pinned up against the wall
Under siege of persecution, under siege of persecution
Individuals command exception, and accept dichotomy
Maybe you can't choose anymore, maybe you can't choose anymore
Procreation without gain or purpose
Languid wills and torpid minds
Catapulted ever faster by the arrow of time
You take yours and I'll keep mine
Individual