

Bad Religion, Sometimes It Feels Like...

There's a specter in the corner of an illustrated page
And a lonesome muted stripling with a rapt remedial gaze.
The poverty of his language and the wealth of his emotion
Bring him endless murky musings and unexpected frustration
Angst and madness weave the fabric of his life.

Tomorrow might be better but right now it feels like

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There's a panther wild and proud behind the doors of a redolent cage,

And an underdeveloped intellect filled with impotent and static rage.

And don't think you're exempt if you earn good weekly wages,

'Cause you're neighbor's going crazy and insanity's contagious.

I know there's so much you want to say

But your tongue gets in the way and sometimes it feels like

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I know there's so much you want to say

And the tumbrel of your mind gets in the way.

It's the same for everybody to degrees.

We all get that foggy freeze and sometimes it feels like

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