

Bad Religion, The Positive Aspect Of Negative Th

Let's gather round the carcass of the old deflated beast
We've seen it through the accolades and rested in it's lea
Syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease
The swath endogenous of ourselves will be our quandary

We've nestled in it's hollow and we've suckled at it's breast
Grandiloquent in attitude, impassioned yet inept
Frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous or threat
Excursive expeditions leave us holding less and less

So what does it mean
When we tell ourselves it's only for a while we've been deceived
And it's only for a moment that the treasures of our day
Make life easier to complicate
The treasure thrown away

I'm so tired of all the fucked up minds
Of all the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines
Of all the hand-me-downs from all industrial crimes
And the weeping mothers and those who are led so blind
From the plastic protests and the hands of time
And the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind