

Bad Religion - Positive Aspect

Tom: G

let's gather 'round the carcass of the old deflated beast,
 we have seen it through the accolades and rested in its lea,
 syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease,
 the swath endogenous of ourselves will be our quandary,
 we've nestled in its hollow and we've suckled at its breast,
 grandiloquent our attitude, impassioned yet inept,
 frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous our 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 have 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

Acordes

