

# Bad Religion, Adam's Atoms

Some live, some die  
Everybody wonders why we're here  
Should we even try?

Philosophers lost in the night  
A beacon in the distance  
You gotta turn around  
Its vestige dimly flickers in elocution sound  
The modernist chronometer uptight and underwound  
Pretensions of a higher ground

Higher ground  
Introspective paradise found  
Adam's atoms resound

Economy of nature  
The dead and shallow graves  
The particles of happiness elude us in their names  
A psychosymbiotical reflection on the waves  
Eternal as the night and day

Night and day  
Omnipresent ???? of fate  
Adam's atoms remain

The righteous opposition has led us all astray  
One side against the other  
One loses, one reclaimed  
And if reconciliation eludes us every day  
Then will we ever find a way?

Find a way  
Not with our allogeneous gaze  
Adam's atoms remain  
Adam's atoms betray  
Adam's atoms remain