

Bad Religion, All There Is

This song goes out
To all the hopeless sinners
With grave allegiances
So meaningless and vain
The walking wounded
In a pageant of contenders
Who balance on a rail of pain
For just a pail of rain
And everything is barely mist
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract a lesson more than this
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is?
In my rectory of doubt
I kneel to pray like one devout
As time the great gray dreamless sleep
Of a useless modern God
Erodes away, each storied day as
Quenched Adams, with hell to pay
Content upon a rail of pain
For just a little rain

And everything is dearly missed
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract a lesson, more than this
Once again, like a bullet as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is?
There's an endless disposition
And it doesn't mean a goddamn thing
There's space for a paper airplane race
In the eye of a hurricane
And if pigs could fly, then surely so could I
But this pedestrian knows better than to even try
And my divinity is caught between the colors of a butterfly
And everything is dearly missed
Blood relations and bricks
My expression, my confession, add it up
Extract duress and more than this
Once again, like a bullet, as a friend
Tell me, can that be all there is?
All there is?