

Bad Religion, Anxiety

It's a love song to the self, a story recapped every day
It's a world of bogus feelings and a world of slow decay
It's a world of laughter hidden by this world of fear and torment
A game of strange compulsion, our visceral convulsion
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man
Foundation of society, anxiety, suppress it if you can
The caste of coffee-achievers didn't perform like they planned
The morning rush hour traffic is our play of false elan
So run around your frantic track and lay you down to sleep
Tomorrow's the redemption, we strive for that exception
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain
Anxiety, a fear that you have nothing more to gain
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man
foundation of society, anxiety suppress it if you can
What are we angry for?
We all need a common cure
That common goal for which you strive
To have more than the other guy
The quest for the truth, the quest for the gold
We end up all the same, the common lie
The righteous cry we end up all the same
The angry crowd, those lost and found everybody's all the same
The poet's pen, these words I lend we all bend to anxiety
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man
Foundation of society, anxiety