

# 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