

# Bad Religion, Chimaera

You took a time bomb, and a case of crackers  
And you made a maelstrom of organic debris  
Then you took a work bench, and a rusty anvil  
And you polished them for everyone to see  
You have created an unhealthy monster  
That you're nowhere but nowhere to be found  
So I guess I'll just cope with my provisions  
From now until the day they lay me down  
You took a baboon and made him perfect  
You took a lion and stripped him of his pride  
Then took a million more varieties, a scalpel and a sartory  
And you stitched up a horrible surprise  
You have created an unsocial monster  
Yet you're searched for all over the globe  
And most believe that things would sure be better  
If you'd come down here and tell us what you know  
Who is to blame for this? Someone tell me please  
His handiwork is flawed, and it's there for all to see  
Mutations, aberrations and blatant anomalies  
They multiply and give rise to this monstrosity  
You took the most abundant smallest bits of matter  
And you instilled them with affinity  
And then you stratified accumulations, weeded out bad variations  
And blended up your unique recipe  
You have created a powerful monster  
With direction and purpose all its own  
And if you were here, would things be any different?  
Or are you just a mosaic of thoughts alone?