

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?