Bad Religion, Generator

Like a rock, like a planet Like a fucking atom bomb I'll remain unperturbed by the joy and the madness That I encounter everywhere I turn I've seen it all along In books and magazines Like a twitch before dying Like a pornographic scene There's a flower behind the window There's an ugly laughing man Like a hummingbird in silence Like the blood on my door It's the generator Oh yeah, oh yeah, like the blood on my door Wash me clean and I will run until I reach the shore I've known it all along Like the bone under my skin Like actors in a photograph Like paper in the wind There's a hammer by the window There's a knife on the floor Like termites in darkness Like the blood on my door It's the generator Oh yeah, oh yeah, like the blood on my door Wash me clean and I will run until I reach the shore