

# Bad Religion, I Want Something More

Going through a world of sad debris  
Regard quixotic reveries of ownership  
The blossoming disease of man called tenure and accretion  
The ancient western treadmill of deception and derision  
But I want something more  
Racing through a life of tragic wastage  
I experience the loss of trust and innocence  
The billowing cyclone of time has blown away our reasons  
As we trudge like blind men forward trying to avoid collision  
But I want something more