

# Bad Religion, Individual

Individuals run for cover, for the multitudes of thoughtless clones  
Have reached a critical mass, have reached a critical mass  
Individuals hide in fear, under cover, sheltered by the wafer thin  
Veil of intelligence, thin veil of intelligence  
Individuals, nowhere to be seen  
Urbana is oozing, like a bloated carcass with maggots  
Cooking in the desert heat, cooking in the desert heat  
Oozing, with progeny writing and desperate for input from  
Someone more determined, someone more determined  
Congregating in invisible circles  
Half a part and half apart  
All too aware of the insignificance  
Pushing on with soul and heart  
Individuals don't pray for forgiveness, when pinned up against the wall  
Under siege of persecution, under siege of persecution  
Individuals command exception, and accept dichotomy  
Maybe you can't choose anymore, maybe you can't choose anymore  
Procreation without gain or purpose  
Languid wills and torpid minds  
Catapulted ever faster by the arrow of time  
You take yours and I'll keep mine  
Individual