

# Bad Religion, The Grand Delusion

If I could only get the tools  
The stimuli and the molecules  
Frozen moments in time  
I could be the archetype  
A credit to the genotype  
Re-program your mind  
But the storybook sages  
Fill their pages  
Hiding from the warming sun  
Limitless distractions give no pause  
To distort a precious delusion  
Delusion, precious delusion  
Did you see the moralist  
Retort and raise his fist?  
You can't make man a machine  
I can see the edifice  
Crumbling in foggy mist  
Razed by discovery  
But the storybook sages  
Fill their pages  
Hiding from the warming sun  
Limitless distractions give no pause  
To distort a precious delusion  
Delusion, precious delusion  
Delusion