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