

# Bad Religion, The Positive Aspect Of Negative Th

Let's gather round the carcass of the old deflated beast  
We've seen it through the accolades and rested in it's lea  
Syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease  
The swath endogenous of ourselves will be our quandary

We've nestled in it's hollow and we've suckled at it's breast  
Grandiloquent in attitude, impassioned yet inept  
Frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous or threat  
Excursive expeditions leave us holding less and less

So what does it mean  
When we tell ourselves it's only for a while we've been deceived  
And it's only for a moment that the treasures of our day  
Make life easier to complicate  
The treasure thrown away

I'm so tired of all the fucked up minds  
Of all the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines  
Of all the hand-me-downs from all industrial crimes  
And the weeping mothers and those who are led so blind  
From the plastic protests and the hands of time  
And the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind