

Anxiety

Bad Religion

It's a love song to the self, a story recapped every day,
It's a world of bogus feelings and a world of slow decay,
It's a world of laughter hidden by this world of fear and torment,
It's a game of strange compulsion, our visceral convulsion:
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain.
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.
Foundation of society, anxiety. Suppress it if you can.
The caste of coffee achievers didn't perform like they planned.
The morning rush hour traffic is our play of false élan.
So run around your frantic track and lay you down to sleep;
Tomorrow's the redemption, we strive for that exception.
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,
Anxiety, a fear that you have nothing more to gain.
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.
Foundation of society, anxiety. Suppress it if you can.
What are we angry for?
We all need a common cure.
That common goal for which you strive:
To have more than the other (have more than the other) guy.
The quest for truth, the quest for gold, yeah, we end up all the same
The common lie, the righteous cry, we end up all the same.
The angry crowd, those lost and found, everybody's all the same
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The poet's pen, these words I lend, we all bend to
Anxiety for love of life, anxiety for pain,
Anxiety, a feeling that you know you can't contain.
Anxiety destroys us but it drives the common man.
Foundation of society, anxiety.