

Crisis Time

Bad Religion

There's a feeling about myself that I can't understand
It's a foreboding sense that I see all around the land

When the wheel of fortune turns progressively depraved
It's the manifestation of a biospheric decay

Keep yourself in line, there's no design
The new paradigm is crisis time

Luxury was privilege and I knew it all along
But to let human reason get trumped by emotion is wrong

All the bonds were broken when I said I loved you so
But rejection of a fantasy is just a way to help you grow

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There's a feeling about myself, I feel it oh so strong
It's a romantic notion and I've cared about it far too long

On the crest of progress we can't balance on the wave
If the measure of success is only tallied in the lives we save

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