

I Want Something More

Bad Religion

Going through a world of sad debris,
Regard quixotic reveries of ownership:
The blossoming disease of man called tenure and accretion,
The ancient western treadmill of deception and derision.
But I want something more.
Racing through a life of tragic wastage,
I experience the loss of trust and innocence.
The billowing cyclone of time has blown away our reasons
As we trudge like blind men forward trying to avoid collision.
But I want something...
More.