

In So Many Ways

Bad Religion

I can see the shadows on the wall
Drifting as the leaves start to fall
Unfazed by rugosity, the objects yield to gravity
And depict the destiny of us all
No one really knows why we die
No one gets a break so we try
Ignoring mortality, we worship mediocrity
And wait to see what happens up on high
In so many ways we live to follow the sun
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one
In so many ways we want so bad to be done
In so many ways we show our pain in unison
Something in you is busy counting the days
Catapulting you through the haze
Blind to virtuosity, ignorant of your sanctity,
Revealing you, in so many ways
In so many ways we live to follow the sun
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one
In so many ways we want so bad to be done
In so many ways we show our pain in unison