

# The Grand Delusion

Bad Religion

If I could only get the tools, the stimuli and  
Molecules, frozen moments in time  
I could be the archetype, a credit to the  
Genotype, re-program your mind

But the storybook sages fill their pages  
Hiding from the warming sun  
Limitless distractions give no pause to distort a  
Precious delusion

Did you see the moralist retort and raise his fist  
"You can't make man a machine!"  
I can see the edifice crumbling in foggy mist,  
Razed by discovery

But the storybook sages fill their pages  
Hiding from the warming sun  
Limitless distractions give no pause to distort a  
Precious delusion