

# The Island

Bad Religion

There's a world outside but I can't really make it  
There's a life to lead but I can't exactly fake it  
Yet the mood feels right  
But my island is sinking out of sight

I made jetties so they'd catch all the sediment  
Removed the rocks and every impediment  
But the tide's rising high to wash away my island in the night

The sheltering sky was to be my everlasting lullaby  
They said that islands were solid as bedrock  
Standing firm forevermore  
But over time even basement wastes away to the unrelenting shore

There's a lonely seed waiting to be planted  
I've instructions but desire is wholly absent  
I'm just a petrel in the storm  
My island can't protect me anymore