

# The Positive Aspect of Negative Thinking

Bad Religion

Let's gather 'round the carcass of the old deflated beast, we have  
seen it through the accolades and rested in its lea, syntactic  
is our  
elegance, incisive our disease, the swath endogenous of ourselves will  
be our quandary, we've nestled in its hollow and we've suckled  
at its  
breast, grandiloquent in attitude, impassioned yet inept, frivolous  
gavel our design, ludicrous our threat, excursive expeditions leave us  
holding less and less, so what does it mean? when we tell ourselves  
it's only for a while we have been deceived and it's only for a moment  
that the treasures of our day make life easier to complicate, the  
treasure thrown away, i'm so tired of all the fucked up minds of all  
the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines, of all the hand-me-  
downs from all industrial crimes and the weeping mothers and those who  
are led so blind, from the plastic protests and the hands of time  
and the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind