

1000 More Fools

Bad Religion

I heard them say that the meek shall reign on earth,
Phantasmal myriads of sane bucolic birth.
I've seen the rapture in a starving baby's eyes,
Inchoate beatitude, the Lord of the Flies.
So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
Kaleidoscoping images of love on the way.
Brother you'd better get down on your knees and pay.
1,000 more fools are being born every fucking day.
They try to tell me that the lamb is on the way,
With microwave transmissions they bombard us every day.
The masses are obsequious, contented in their sleep.
The vortex of their minds ensconsed within the murky deep.
So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?
Kaleidoscoping images of love on the way.
Brother you'd better get down on your knees and pay.
1,000 more fools are being born every fucking day.