

# I Want Something More

Bad Religion

Going through a world of sad debris,  
Regard quixotic reveries of ownership:  
The blossoming disease of man called tenure and accretion,  
The ancient western treadmill of deception and derision.  
But I want something more.  
Racing through a life of tragic wastage,  
I experience the loss of trust and innocence.  
The billowing cyclone of time has blown away our reasons  
As we trudge like blind men forward trying to avoid collision.  
But I want something...  
More.