

# In So Many Ways

Bad Religion

I can see the shadows on the wall  
Drifting as the leaves start to fall  
Unfazed by rugosity, the objects yield to gravity  
And depict the destiny of us all  
No one really knows why we die  
No one gets a break so we try  
Ignoring mortality, we worship mediocrity  
And wait to see what happens up on high  
In so many ways we live to follow the sun  
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one  
In so many ways we want so bad to be done  
In so many ways we show our pain in unison  
Something in you is busy counting the days  
Catapulting you through the haze  
Blind to virtuosity, ignorant of your sanctity,  
Revealing you, in so many ways  
In so many ways we live to follow the sun  
In so many ways we exalt and fail as one  
In so many ways we want so bad to be done  
In so many ways we show our pain in unison