

True North

Bad Religion

Unrepentant vagabond.
Plot the new coordinates and cast the map aside.
Now I gotta ramble on,
Navigate the pitfalls and cross the great divide.

The mapmaker's legend has direction and a key.
He set the declination, but what good is it to me?

I can't see the rationality.
The world's not my responsibility.
And happiness isn't there for me,
But maybe I'll inch closer to the source

When I find true north.
With or without a friend.
Keep searching till the end.

Testing fate and cheating death.
No one ever told me it was gonna be like this.
Contemplate the randomness.
When the mind is willing, it gets downright perilous.

Overburdened, underwhelmed, their ethical decrees.
That's your moral compass, but what good is it to me?

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