

# 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?

Kaleidoscopic images of love on the way

Brother you'd better get down on your knees and pray

A thousand more fools are bein' born every fuckin' day They try to tell me that the lamb is on the way

With microwave transmissions they bombard us everyday

The masses are obsequious contented in their sleep

(Aah)

The vortex of their minds ensconced within the murky deep So what does it mean when your mind starts to stray?

Kaleidoscopic images of love on the way

Brother you'd better get down on your knees and pray

A thousand more fools are bein' born every fuckin' day

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