

The Island

Bad Religion

There's a world outside but I can't really make it
There's a life to lead but I can't exactly fake it
Yet the mood feels right
But my island is sinking out of sight I made jetties so they'd catch all the sediment
Removed the rocks and every impediment
But the tide's rising high to wash away my island in the night The sheltering sky was to be my everlasting lullaby
They said that islands were solid as bedrock
Standing firm forevermore
But over time even basement wastes away to the unrelenting shore There's a lonely seed waiting to be planted
I've instructions but desire is wholly absent
I'm just a petrel in the storm
My island can't protect me anymore

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