

# Positive Aspect Of Negative Thinking

## Bad Religion

Let's gather 'round the carcass of the old deflated beast,  
We have seen it through the accolades and rested in it's lea,  
Syntactic is our elegance, incisive our disease,  
The swath endogenous of ourselves will be our quandary, We've nestled in it's hollow and we've suckled at it's  
breast,  
Grandiloquent in attitude, impassioned yet inept,  
Frivolous gavel our design, ludicrous or threat,  
Excursive expeditions leave us holding less and less, So what does it mean?  
When we tell ourselves it's only for a while we have been deceived  
And it's only for a moment that the treasures of our day  
Make life easier to complicate,  
The treasure thrown away, I'm so tired of all the fucked up mind  
Of all the terrorist religions and their bullshit lines,  
Of all the hand-me-downs from all industrial crimes  
And the weeping mothers and those who are led so blind,  
From the plastic protests and the hands of time  
And the pursuit of mirth and all hating kind

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>