

Your Personal Religion

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Your personal religion
Your enthusiastic expression
Your daring clothes, your overdose
Your intimate songs
Your broken vows, your divorces
Your forced sexual discourses
Your tight jeans, your sun cream spirituality
It doesn't speak, doesn't speak
Your anti-depressant breakfast table
Your MTV porn feeding the children
How did your dad think you're worth the war?
Your clever quotes on independence
Your independent of loneliness
Your massive, massive lack of self control
It doesn't speak, it doesn't speak for me
It doesn't speak, it doesn't speak for me
Yeah
You're taking care of your body
You're taking care of your soul
You're psycho, your psychoanalysis
Your T-shirt says punk, you're so rock and roll

You do whatever you want, oh I know I know
You're individual, individual-al-al vomit
It doesn't speak, it doesn't speak for me
It doesn't speak, it doesn't speak for me
With the sound of my city
With the blowing of the wind
And the silence of our children sleeping
Have I come to understand
With the pushing of the rivers
With the falling of the rain
With the dusting way it's drifting
I will sing and sing again
It's never gonna die, it's never gonna die, oh no
It's never gonna die, it's never gonna die
It's never gonna die, it's never gonna die, oh no
It's never gonna die, it's never never gonna die