

Pity the Dead

Bad Religion

There's a boy in crimson rags with a grimace and a spoon, and a
little sullen
girl face-up staring at the moon
and there's no one around to hear their lonesome cries
then they pass away alone into the night

Why do we pity the dead?
are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
(are you scared of the logic that swirls within your head)
look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
oh why do we
pity the dead?
pity the dead!

Well, you've seen the disease, suffering and decay,
and you whisper to yourself blissfully "it's okay"
and you still refuse the possibility
that the dead are better off than we

Tell me what you see, tell me what you know
is there anyone who lives a painless life?
if there is show me so
the destitute and famished, demonic and the
banished, dejected and the ostracized, the
brainwashed and the paralyzed, the conquered
and objectified, the few who see the other side
tell me what you see! It's a mortal wretched cacophony

In the end you may find there's no guiding subtle light,
no ancestors or friends, no judge of wrong or right
just eternal silence and dormancy
and a final everlasting peace