

# The Voracious March of Godliness

Bad Religion

Since the start of the 17th century  
There's been the scent of unseasoned wood burning in the air  
And the conquest of nature meant nothing at all  
While we betray exception we take all that is there  
Motives are translucent in the reflection of shame  
The actions ghostly remnants of our ancestral ways

And unwittingly, you just take your place in this parade  
The voracious march of godliness makes us all the same anyway  
Since the dawn of our human family  
There's been concentrated sepsis blowing in the breeze  
And we turned on each other with ferocity  
Desperation, forced, without reprieve  
But the missions were misguided and the trammelled led astray  
The air resounds with thunder as the victors seized the day  
And the haunting voice of history lives ignored but not betrayed  
The voracious march of godliness will get us close to heaven one day