

At the Mercy of Imbeciles

Bad Religion

What you do is what you are
And wishing upon distant stars
Won't improve the hole you're in
Won't absolve your deepest sin
But action is no gift from some covert and lofty god
It's dependant and weighty all the same
And it is oh so easy just to keep to yourself
But then you're at the mercy of imbeciles
Now I didn't make up the rules
But clearly we are led by fools
It is wise to know their ways
So you know how not to behave
But sometimes we find ourselves in desperate need
And we look to those with privilege and power
It's then we learn compassion sits inert on their shelves
We're at the mercy of imbeciles
NO Actions is no gift from some masked spirit in the sky
It's reducible to flesh, mind, and bone
And it is oh so easy just to keep to yourself
But then you're at the mercy of imbeciles
Imbeciles
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