Doing Time

Bad Religion

See the fight, old men crying, deny their ruin.
Watch them try. the cynic laughs at the optimist's closed eyes.
Darkness falls, curtain calls, the cynic's beer soon overflows.
Other watches, has a drink, and from the same cup,
They drink
I'm doin' time, how long I don't know.
William had twenty six, blew his brains out, now look at him.
John had only one, watch the mother mourn her only son.
I'm doin' time, how long I don't know.
I'll kiss goodbye my brain and body
And go to sleep for generations.
And go to sleep for generations.
Salvation:
Cease concentration.
You'll only lose the fight.
Don't tell me what's wrong or right!
You're losing sight.
You're just gonna die anyway!

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