

End of History

Bad Religion

Halcyon days are not a thing
Nostalgia is no excuse for stupidity
I don't believe in golden ages
Or presidents that put kids in cages
America awaits on bended knee
Can't you see

Sweet children, Locke's burden
Why did mother draw the curtains
Free will is your dilemma, (what will the dust remember)
Tell me where do you really want to be?
At the end of history?

Utopia is an opiated dream
What we want is an open society
One torn and frayed at the edges
With pages of imperfect changes
And every hallmark of rationality
Can't you see

Sweet children, Locke's burden
Why did mother draw the curtains
Free will is your dilemma, (what will the dust remember)
Tell me where do you really want to be?
At the end of history?

At the end of history nobody will be innocent
Of naked crimes against eternity
We're in the last second of our December
Tell me how do you want to be remembered
For generosity or a fucking monstrosity

Tell me where do you really want to be?
At the end of history?