

Grains of Wrath

Bad Religion

Back in '83, a man came to me
And he told me, "Son
Our way of life is done"
But I was only young

With an eye to the fields
Speculators and yields rotten to the core
Monoculture whores
Entered the bidding wars from distant shores

I don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea

Oh, the sinuous trails of concrete and rails
And exhausted roars
Population wars setting our future course

Yeah, is profit and greed
The only conceit on a scale between
Mere prosperity and inhumanity?
It may well be but

I don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea

Shine on, I don't wanna be in the land
Known as destitute and free
With the grains of wrath
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea

Oh, oh, oh, shine on