

# The Resist Stance

Bad Religion

Seeds of rebellion lay outside your front door  
If you nourish them and water them  
They'll grow into a healthy, what for?  
And if revolution isn't what's in store  
How can you care anymore?

It's a dangerous slip, a conscientious shift  
The spirit of resistance, you gotta hold your grip  
Lest the state of your resolve makes you quickly devolve  
To a fundamentalist, yeah

You're an archetype, they can pin to the wall  
When you cling to your convictions like a farm animal in its stall  
Never thinking of the bigger world outside  
As they take you for a ride

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The spirit of resistance, you gotta hold your grip  
Because passion unabated can be readily conflated  
With belligerence, go

It's a dangerous slip, a conscientious shift  
The spirit of resistance you gotta hold your grip  
And the verdict won't be kind  
'Cause they're desperate for a viable alternative

Take a stance, the resist stance  
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