

Who We Are

Bad Religion

It's cold again, it looks like rain.
A procession of humanity, strikingly simian,
Saunters by, I can't explain
Why it's troubling to see them so.

Better than who we are with mania
And yearning for and learning from,
Better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge.

A cigarette, a memory,
All connections to the permanent are burning.
The pedestal gets in the way
And cannot withstand our honest scrutiny.

Better than who we are with mania
Or standing for or dead against,
Better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge.

Do you feel the chill of December
In the rioting of Spring?
And are we made of something better than clay?
A leap, a fight, a secret rite,
The lonely quest for meaning and the universe is dreaming.

Better than who we are with mania
And yearning for and learning from,
Better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge.
Oh, sweet revenge...