

Bad Religion, All Good Soliders

all good soldiers crack like boulders,
the sun climbs up to a razor,
violins, new boots, and numbers on a chain,
all good soldiers
all good soldiers fall in line,
when they march and shout
are a spectacle,
marching and singing
will go anywhere the president says,
because the president believes in god,
like all good soldiers should

all good soldiers wait like warheads,
when the fighting starts,
who will be accountable,
a cannibal, a cannonball,
six a.m. I can see my breath
and the clay dirt
is laughing at he weakling boy,
today is the day
that I'll write my friends
something I've been trying to remember,
I had a dream of a wall
that was twenty-one stories tall...

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