

Bad Religion, Empty Causes

Everywhere you looked there was
Confusion, violence, drama and drugs
So many righteous revolutionaries
Spouting Utopian love
Everyone shrouded in purple haze
Then one day they woke up from their dream state
They found themselves no more at peace than before
Older, meek, and conformed
Empty causes
A bluster for the soul, a fix for the mind
Empty causes
Cling to everything you find
Well, the shots rang out like popcorn
And the Chief was hit and rushed out of sight
The Mohawk-chain, leather brigade
Rejoiced maliciously on that night
Someone cried out 'Fuck the government'
His mates couldn't define what he meant
So no one gave him the time of day
And the scene died away

Empty causes
A war for the body, an army in the mind
Empty causes
Losing steam as time goes by
Could it be that everybody selfishly
Desires their own personal retinue?
And that causes are just manifestations
Of too much time and far too little to do
Empty causes
Direction for the soul, conviction for the mind
Empty causes
Cling to it all everything you find
Empty causes
A war for the body, an army in the mind
Empty causes
You've got yours and I've got mine
Alright