

Bad Religion, Grains Of Wrath

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