

Bad Religion, Progress

And progress is not intelligently planned
It's the facade of our heritage
The odor of our land
They speak of progress
In red, white and blue
It's the structure of the future
As demise comes seething through
It's progress 'til there's nothing left to gain
As the dearth of new ideas
Makes us wallow in our shame
So before you go to contribute more
To the destruction of this world you adore
Remember life on earth is but a flash of dawn
And we're all part of it as the day rolls on

And progress is a message that we send
One step closer to the future, one inch closer to the end
I say progress is a synonym of time
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine
And progress is a debt we all must pay
It's convenience we all cherish, it's pollution we disdain
And the cutting edge is dulling, too many people to plow through
Just keep your fuckin' distance and it can't include you
It's progress 'til there's nothing left to gain
It's progress, it's a message I'll send
It's progress, it is a debt we all must pay