

Bad Religion, Protrait Of Authority

Nothing more, nothing less,
In icon on the wall decoration and duress,
Which many strive to be,
It's the marble statue standing over me,
And nobody has the will to tear it down,
It determines wrong and right,
But to me it's just a stereotype
And it makes us lose our sight

The portrait of authority,
You tell me that's what I'm supposed to be
(it embodies what he cannot be)

Another time, another man,
An oppressive intrusion
And a plague across his land,
And it haunts him every day,
It tells him he has no chance
His hopes just fades away,
And he lives his life prepared to tear it down,
But he can't muster the support,
And to him it's just a stereotype
Of his life-long fight