Bad Religion, Recipe For Hate

Can't you feel it, can't you see it? The promise of prosperity It's overwhelming you and me It afflicts us like a disease Ubiquitous compelling too We cling to you like crazy glue And inject such a potent seed It's best for all humanity The spread of culture The sword of progress The vector of suffrage a warm and Septic breeze The pomp and elation The duty and vocation The blood of the hybrid It's just a recipe Re-living our ancestry The frightful lack of harmony Our fore-fathers who led the way Their victims are still here today Now it's time to erase the story Of our bogus fate Our history as it's portrayed It's just a recipe for hate, a recipe for hate The spread of culture The sword of progress The vector of suffrage a warm and Septic breeze The pomp and elation The duty and vocation The blood of the hybrid It's just a recipe Hate