

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