

Bad Religion, Strange Denial

A mutinous enemy
Carved a nascent country
Sweat, blood, and valor
Forms the grit of our history
Bequeathed to everyone
Chance and free expression
Substance was restrained
And the spirit was broken
I feel a strange denial
Rhythmic as a change
Constance as time
Lonely insistent whispers
Somber as a wave bye bye, bye bye
Searching for solution
Without constitution
Blackcoats by our sides
Promising salvation
Advocating dogma
As tickets to hereafter
Mortals in their prime
With their desperate hands in the air
Daunting complex and burning
Rhythmic as change
Constant as time
Conflicts, craving approval
Weighted as a murder trial
Oh I feel a strange denial
Correct is consensus
Everything else, nonsense
Forward is the hope
Forget recompense
Peace and tranquility
Is only for the wealthy
Dearth for the masses
And inequality
I feel a strange denial
Rhythmic as change
Constant as time
Lonely insistent whispers
Dissipating in the night
Like a lone forgotten light
And no one is helping me
It's a strange denial