

Bad Religion, The Voracious March of Godliness

Since the start of the 17th century
There's been the scent of unseasoned wood
Burning in the air
And the conquest of nature meant nothing at all
While we betray exception
We take all that's there
But motives are translucent in the reflection of shame
The actions ghostly remnants of our ancestral ways
And unwittingly you just take your place in this parade oh
The voracious march of godliness
Makes us all the same anyway
All the same oh
Since the dawn of our human family
There's been concentrated sepsis
Blowing in the breeze
And we turned on each other with ferocity
Desperation
Forced, without reprieve
But the missions were misguided and the trammeled led astray
The air resounds with thunder as the victor seized the day
And the haunting voice of history lives ignored but not betrayed oh
The voracious march of godliness
Will get us close to heaven one day
Some day oh
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The voracious march of godliness
Makes us all the same anyway
All the same oh