

Tiny Voices.

Bad Religion

The brown and orange sky holds its breath
As the sun retreats to the distant horizon
And our hearts palpitate anxiously as we soon will lay supine
And wait for sleep to overcome us And from somewhere in our dark
Subconscious minds when we're asleep
Comes a haunting swirling mass of voices resonating
It screams of forgotten victims and their cries of innocence
And their desperate plea for recognition and recompense Tiny voices
Echoes of our heritage
Our long and sallow faces turn the other way
Tiny voices
Harbored deep within
As we outwardly deny that they have something to say
And if we don't confront them, they will never go away The billions of tiny pinhole embers fade into a morning
sky
Filled with poignant morose wonder
Waking a bear a cosmetic peace that verifies the turmoil
That we carry deep inside And from somewhere in our dark
Subconscious minds when we're asleep
Comes a haunting swirling mass of voices resonating
It screams of forgotten victims and their cries of innocence
And their desperate plea for recognition and recompense Tiny voices
Echoes of our heritage
Our long and sallow faces turn the other way
Tiny voices
Harbored deep within
As we outwardly deny that they have something to say
And if we don't confront them, they will never go away Go away
Go away

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