

Eat Your Dog

Bad Religion

Weak and sick, dyin' in the sand
No such things as promised land
Don't lose faith in a better life

Reincarnation, poor excuse You're dyin' you assholes, your religion can't help you now

Dyin' and starvin' in the fields you used to plough Rotting bones in barren fields

Worshipped creature's supposed to heal
He won't save you and he won't save me

See what you wanna see Hindu religion in the mind of a working Joe

Starvin' and dyin' in the fields you used to know You're tied and bound to God's useless advice

Bloated stomachs from achin' diseases hold back the fight

In the end you'll return once more to die again
Go on 'til you can't no more in non-eternal sin

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