

Empty Causes

Bad Religion

Everywhere you looked there was
Confusion, violence, drama and drugs
So many righteous revolutionaries
Spouting Utopian love Everyone shrouded in purple haze
Then one day they woke up from their dream state
They found themselves no more at peace than before
Older, meek, and conformed Empty causes
A bluster for the soul, a fix for the mind
Empty causes
Cling to everything you find Well, the shots rang out like popcorn
And the Chief was hit and rushed out of sight
The Mohawk-chain, leather brigade
Rejoiced maliciously on that night Someone cried out 'Fuck the government'
His mates couldn't define what he meant
So no one gave him the time of day
And the scene died away Empty causes
A war for the body, an army in the mind
Empty causes
Losing steam as time goes by Could it be that everybody selfishly
Desires their own personal retinue?
And that causes are just manifestations
Of too much time and far too little to do Empty causes
Direction for the soul, conviction for the mind
Empty causes
Cling to it all everything you find Empty causes
A war for the body, an army in the mind
Empty causes
You've got yours and I've got mine Alright

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