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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