

Pity the Dead

Bad Religion

There's a boy in crimson rags with a grimace and a spoon
And a little sullen girl face-up staring at the moon
And there's no one around to hear their lonesome cries
Then they pass away alone into the night Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh, why do we pity the dead? Well, you've seen the disease, suffering and decay
And you whisper to yourself blissfully, "It's okay"
And you still refuse the possibility
(That the dead are better off than we) Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh, why do we pity the dead?
Pity the dead Tell me what you see
Tell me what you know Is there anyone who lives a painless life? If there is show me so
The destitute and famished, demonic and the banished
Dejected and the ostracized, the brainwashed and the paralyzed
The conquered and objectified, the few who see the other side Tell me what you see!
It's a mortal wretched cacophony
Let's go In the end you may find there's no guiding subtle light
No ancestors or friends, no judge of wrong or right
Just eternal silence and dormancy
And a final everlasting peace Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh why do we pity the dead?
Why do we, why do we pity the dead?

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