

# Victory

## Bad Religion

The velveteen and oaken fixtures soothed the lonely child  
The parents watched the escort take him while they stood outside  
The priest was kind and gentle as he positioned his head  
The pain was like brimstone, but the kid hardly bled  
Victory, instinct over intellect  
Victory, it erupts from deep inside  
History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery  
Victory, victory, blame it on the victory  
Among the parade crowd there stands a decorated man  
Remembering how he helped to save this sacred land  
His helpless enemy was wounded, both hands raised with hope  
He killed him without second thought, with brute force and a rope  
Victory, instinct over intellect  
Victory, it erupts from deep inside  
History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery  
Victory, victory, blame it on the victory  
So many times, so many lives  
Test the other side  
Waiting to see what the maker has in mind  
The unsuspecting commoners hum diligent each day  
They wallow in their father's sins, as time passes away  
The crimes are without motive but they ignore all restraint  
The evil sits inside them torpid timing its escape  
Victory, instinct over intellect  
Victory, it erupts from deep inside  
History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery  
Victory, victory, blame it on the victory  
Blame it on the victory  
Plotting its discovery  
Victory, victory, blame it on the victory

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