

# 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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