

Who We Are

Bad Religion

It's cold again, it looks like rain
A procession of humanity, strikingly simian
Saunters by, I can't explain
Why it's troubling to see them so Oh, better than who we are with mania
And yearning for and learning from
Oh, better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge A cigarette, a memory
All connections to the permanent are burning
The pedestal gets in the way
And cannot withstand our honest scrutiny Oh, better than who we are with mania
Or standing for or dead against
Oh, better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge Do you feel the chill of December, in the rioting of Spring?
And are we made of something better than clay?
A leap, a fight, a secret rite
The lonely quest for meaning and the universe is dreaming oh Oh, better than who we are with mania
And yearning for and learning from
Oh, better than holiness and candy aisles
Of loneliness and sweet revenge, oh, sweet revenge

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