

Victims of the Revolution

Bad Religion

What will prove to be our big mistake
Short sighted arrogance all for what sake
Our families to ashes, our ambition to dust
Our progeny in silence thinking, what about us? But don't forget the dance of neglect
The march for empowering prosperity
The pain from loss and want for mere lucidity
Just maternal residue, and I was there too
And may be so were you When something is won, it comes with sacrifice
It's there beneath the joy, the glory and pride
Rarely it's acknowledged but in positive light
Consciously omitting the loser's plight But don't forget the dance of neglect
The craving for community that never was met
The longing for status and the overture of regret
With no one to deter, pathetically unsure
Forgetting who they were

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