

Past is Dead

Bad Religion

Solemn regret, transgressions fill my head
A measure of success is how well to forget
And the past is dead
Strewn about the battlefield of life are the remainders of history
When convenient we exalt them and pay them such respect
As if we're all in an equivalent trajectory
And trash piles high in the rubble we forgot
The angels of our nature just sit and watch it rot
Now, the past is dead
Let's focus on tomorrow instead
Oh the tragic present said
The past is dead
Who can say what constitutes the most important sector of society?
The dominant portion seek an instant gratification
And are proud of intellectual poverty
I'd like to be empathetic but I can't
The jeopardy is too great to make a stand
Now the past is dead
Good deeds won't help you get ahead
The modern signpost read the past is dead
My next great decision is just lying in wait
The action might turn out to be the world's most grievous mistake
The past is dead
More veritable words have never been said
The tragic present said the past is dead

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