

## Religion Bad

### "Progress"

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And progress is not intelligently planned;  
It's the facade of our heritage, the odor of our land.  
They speak of  
Progress, in red, white and blue.  
It's the structure of the future as demise comes  
seething through. It's  
Progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain,  
As the dearth of new ideas makes us wallow in our  
shame.  
So before you go contribute more  
To the destruction of this world you adore,  
Remember life on Earth is but a flash of dawn  
We're all part of it as the day rolls on.  
And progress is a message that we send.  
One step closer to the future, one inch closer to the  
end. I say  
That progress is a synonym of time.  
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine,  
And progress is a debt we all must pay.  
Its convenience we all cherish, its pollution we disdain  
And the cutting edge is dulling,  
Too many folks to plow through.  
Just keep your fucking distance  
And it can't include you.  
It's  
Progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain, it's  
Progress, it's a message that we send.  
And progress is a debt we all must pay

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