

## **Bad Religion**

### **"Empty Causes"**

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Everywhere you looked there was  
Confusion, violence, drama and drugs  
So many righteous revolutionaries  
Spouting Utopian love

Everyone shrouded in purple haze  
Then one day they woke up from their dream state  
They found themselves no more at peace than before  
Older, meek, and conformed

Empty causes  
A bluster for the soul, a fix for the mind  
Empty causes  
Cling to everything you find

Well, the shots rang out like popcorn  
And the Chief was hit and rushed out of sight  
The Mohawk-chain, leather brigade  
Rejoiced maliciously on that night

Someone cried out 'Fuck the government'  
His mates couldn't define what he meant  
So no one gave him the time of day  
And the scene died away

Empty causes  
A war for the body, an army in the mind  
Empty causes  
Losing steam as time goes by

Could it be that everybody selfishly  
Desires their own personal retinue?  
And that causes are just manifestations  
Of too much time and far too little to do

Empty causes  
Direction for the soul, conviction for the mind  
Empty causes  
Cling to it all everything you find

Empty causes  
A war for the body, an army in the mind

Empty causes  
You've got yours and I've got mine

Alright

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