

Bad Religion "Pity The Dead"

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There's a boy in crimson rags with a grimace and a spoon
And a little sullen girl face-up staring at the moon
And there's no one around to hear their lonesome cries
Then they pass away alone into the night

Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh, why do we pity the dead?

Well, you've seen the disease, suffering and decay
And you whisper to yourself blissfully, "It's okay"
And you still refuse the possibility
(That the dead are better off than we)

Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh, why do we pity the dead?
Pity the dead

Tell me what you see
Tell me what you know

Is there anyone who lives a painless life? If there is
show me so
The destitute and famished, demonic and the
banished
Dejected and the ostracized, the brainwashed and the
paralyzed
The conquered and objectified, the few who see the
other side

Tell me what you see!
It's a mortal wretched cacophony
Let's go

In the end you may find there's no guiding subtle light
No ancestors or friends, no judge of wrong or right
Just eternal silence and dormancy
And a final everlasting peace

Why do we pity the dead?
Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?
Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why
Oh why do we pity the dead?
Why do we, why do we pity the dead?

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