

## **Bad Religion**

### **"Tiny Voices"**

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The brown and orange sky holds its breath  
As the sun retreats to the distant horizon  
And our hearts palpitate anxiously as we soon will lay  
supine  
And wait for sleep to overcome us

And from somewhere in our dark  
Subconscious minds when we're asleep  
Comes a haunting swirling mass of voices resonating  
It screams of forgotten victims and their cries of  
innocence  
And their desperate plea for recognition and  
recompense

Tiny voices  
Echoes of our heritage  
Our long and sallow faces turn the other way  
Tiny voices  
Harbored deep within  
As we outwardly deny that they have something to say  
And if we don't confront them, they will never go away

The billions of tiny pinhole embers fade into a morning  
sky  
Filled with poignant morose wonder  
Waking a bear a cosmetic peace that verifies the  
turmoil  
That we carry deep inside

And from somewhere in our dark  
Subconscious minds when we're asleep  
Comes a haunting swirling mass of voices resonating  
It screams of forgotten victims and their cries of  
innocence  
And their desperate plea for recognition and  
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Tiny voices  
Echoes of our heritage  
Our long and sallow faces turn the other way  
Tiny voices  
Harbored deep within

As we outwardly deny that they have something to say  
And if we don't confront them, they will never go away

Go away  
Go away

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