

## **Bad Religion**

### **"Victory"**

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The velveteen and oaken fixtures soothed the lonely  
child

The parents watched the escort take him while they  
stood outside

The priest was kind and gentle as he positioned his  
head

The pain was like brimstone, but the kid hardly bled

Victory, instinct over intellect

Victory, it erupts from deep inside

History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery

Victory, victory, blame it on the victory

Among the parade crowd there stands a decorated  
man

Remembering how he helped to save this sacred land

His helpless enemy was wounded, both hands raised  
with hope

He killed him without second thought, with brute force  
and a rope

Victory, instinct over intellect

Victory, it erupts from deep inside

History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery

Victory, victory, blame it on the victory

So many times, so many lives

Test the other side

Waiting to see what the maker has in mind

The unsuspecting commoners hum diligent each day

They wallow in their father's sins, as time passes away

The crimes are without motive but they ignore all  
restraint

The evil sits inside them torpid timing its escape

Victory, instinct over intellect

Victory, it erupts from deep inside

History, history is laughing at us plotting its discovery

Victory, victory, blame it on the victory

Blame it on the victory

Blame it on the victory  
Plotting its discovery  
Victory, victory, blame it on the victory

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