

## **Bad Religion "Who We Are"**

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It's cold again, it looks like rain  
A procession of humanity, strikingly simian  
Saunters by, I can't explain  
Why it's troubling to see them so  
Oh better than who we are with mania  
And yearning for and learning from  
Oh better than holiness and candy aisles  
Of loneliness and sweet revenge  
A cigarette, a memory  
All connections to the permanent are burning  
The pedestal gets in the way  
And cannot withstand our honest scrutiny  
Oh better than who we are with mania  
Or standing for or dead against  
Oh better than holiness and candy aisles  
Of loneliness and sweet revenge  
Do you feel the chill of December  
In the rioting of Spring?  
And are we made of something better than clay?  
A leap, a fight, a secret rite,  
The lonely quest for meaning and the universe is  
dreaming oh  
Oh better than who we are with mania  
And yearning for and learning from  
Oh better than holiness and candy aisles  
Of loneliness and sweet revenge  
Oh sweet revenge

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