

Bad Meets Evil

"Progress"

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And progress is not intelligently planned;
It's the facade of our heritage, the odor of our land.
They speak of
Progress, in red, white and blue.
It's the structure of the future as demise comes
seething through. It's
Progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain,
As the dearth of new ideas makes us wallow in our
shame.
So before you go contribute more
To the destruction of this world you adore,
Remember life on Earth is but a flash of dawn
We're all part of it as the day rolls on.
And progress is a message that we send.
One step closer to the future, one inch closer to the
end. I say
That progress is a synonym of time.
We are all aware of it but it's nothing we refine,
And progress is a debt we all must pay.
Its convenience we all cherish, it's pollution we disdain
And the cutting edge is dulling,
Too many folks to plow through.
Just keep your fucking distance
And it can't include you.
It's
Progress, 'til there's nothing left to gain, it's
Progress, it's a message that we send.
And progress is a debt we all must pay.

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