Rancid "The Voracious March Of Godliness"

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Since the start of the 17th century
There's been the scent of unseasoned wood
Burning in the air
And the conquest of nature meant nothing at all
While we betray exception
We take all that's there

But motives are translucent in the reflection of shame The actions ghostly remnants of our ancestral ways And unwittingly you just take your place in this parade oh

The voracious march of godliness Makes us all the same anyway All the same oh

Since the dawn of our human family
There's been concentrated sepsis
Blowing in the breeze
And we turned on each other with ferocity
Desperation
Forced, without reprieve

But the missions were misguided and the trammeled led astray

The air resounds with thunder as the victor seized the day

And the haunting voice of history lives ignored but not betrayed oh

The voracious march of godliness Will get us close to heaven one day Some day oh

The voracious march of godliness
Makes us all the same anyway

All the same oh

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