

Losing Generation

Bad Religion

The systems of life hum accordingly every day, every year, every century but, everywhere humans go things get worse can't you tell through the smoke in the dirty city the jungle was once a tranquil hideaway for the kind of trees and the mountains themselves but man those things sell a million dollars a pound cut them up, dry them out, good display for the shelves why can't we just leave them alone? who is the animal? who is that dangerous beast? why were the other ones made? i know it wasn't just for our feast and now they're down to 250 lone souls they're a breed of a losing generation it seems the killers are ourselves so you know who to blame it was man with his plan and his frightening greed i don't think we'll ever leave them alone.