

The Resist Stance

Bad Religion

Seeds of rebellion lay outside your front door
If you nourish them and water them
They'll grow into a healthy, what for?
And if revolution isn't what's in store
How can you care anymore?

It's a dangerous slip, a conscientious shift
The spirit of resistance, you gotta hold your grip
Lest the state of your resolve makes you quickly devolve
To a fundamentalist, yeah

You're an archetype, they can pin to the wall
When you cling to your convictions like a farm animal in its stall
Never thinking of the bigger world outside
As they take you for a ride

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The spirit of resistance, you gotta hold your grip
Because passion unabated can be readily conflated
With belligerence, go

It's a dangerous slip, a conscientious shift
The spirit of resistance you gotta hold your grip
And the verdict won't be kind
'Cause they're desperate for a viable alternative

Take a stance, the resist stance
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