

The Voracious March of Godliness

Bad Religion

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 is there
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
The voracious march of godliness makes us all the same anyway
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 trammelled led astray
The air resounds with thunder as the victors seized the day
And the haunting voice of history lives ignored but not betrayed
The voracious march of godliness will get us close to heaven one day