

Victims of the Revolution

Bad Religion

What will prove to be our big mistake?
Short-sighted arrogance all for what sake?
Our families to ashes, our ambitions to dust
Our progeny in silence thinking "what about us?"
But don't forget
The dance of neglect
The march for empowering prosperity
The pain from loss and want for mere lucidity
Just maternal residue, and I was there too
And maybe so were you
When something is won it comes with sacrifice
It's there beneath the joy, the glory, and pride
And rarely it's acknowledged but in positive light
Consciously omitting the losers plight
But don't forget
The dance of neglect
The craving for community that never was met
The longing for status and the overture of regret
With no one to deter, pathetically unsure
Forgetting who they were