

Bad Religion, Bad Religion - 08 - Sorrow

Father can you hear me?
How have I let you down?
I curse the day that I was born
And all the sorrow in this world
Let me take you to the herding ground
Where all good men are trampled down
Just to settle a bet that could not be won
Between a prideful father and his son
Will you guide me now for I can't see
A reason for the suffering and this long misery
What if every living soul could be upright and strong
Well, then I do imagine
There will be sorrow
Yeah, there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow, no more

When all soldiers lay their weapons down
Or when all kings and all queens relinquish their crowns
Or when the only true messiah rescues us from ourselves
It's easy to imagine
There will be sorrow
Yeah, there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow, no more
There will be sorrow
Yeah, there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow, no more
Yeah, there will be sorrow
Yeah, there will be sorrow
And there will be sorrow, no more