

# Bad Religion, Grains Of Wrath

Back in '83, a man came to me  
And he told me, "Son  
Our way of life is done"  
But I was only young  
With an eye to the fields  
Speculators and yields rotten to the core  
Monoculture whores  
Entered the bidding wars from distant shores  
I don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea  
Oh, the sinuous trails of concrete and rails  
And exhausted roars  
Population wars setting our future course

Yeah, is profit and greed  
The only conceit on a scale between  
Mere prosperity and inhumanity?  
It may well be but  
I don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea  
Shine on, I don't wanna be in the land  
Known as destitute and free  
With the grains of wrath  
Blazing a path from sea to shining sea  
Oh, oh, oh, shine on