

Bad Religion, Henchman

Stranded in a life
In which your struggle for acceptance
Is a never-ending chore
Upbraided for your actions
Past and present and rewarded for ideas
Of the future's bright open door
The henchman, is the human analogue
Of the suffering multitudes
Who like good dogs sit and lick for their reward
So what good advice have I got for you
To insure against your likely
Metamorphosis into this reprobate?
Don't be a henchman
Stand on your laurels
Do what no one else does
And praise the good
Of other men for good man's sake
And when everyone else
In the world follows your lead
Although a cold day in hell
It will surely be
That's when the entire world
Shall live in harmony
Watch out