

# Bad Religion, Pity The Dead

There's a boy in crimson rags with a grimace and a spoon  
And a little sullen girl face-up staring at the moon  
And there's no one around to hear their lonesome cries  
Then they pass away alone into the night

Why do we pity the dead?

Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?

Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why

Oh, why do we pity the dead?

Well, you've seen the disease, suffering and decay

And you whisper to yourself blissfully, "It's okay"

And you still refuse the possibility

(That the dead are better off than we)

Why do we pity the dead?

Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?

Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why

Oh, why do we pity the dead?

Pity the dead

Tell me what you see

Tell me what you know

Is there anyone who lives a painless life? If there is show me so

The destitute and famished, demonic and the banished

Dejected and the ostracized, the brainwashed and the paralyzed

The conquered and objectified, the few who see the other side

Tell me what you see!

It's a mortal wretched cacophony

Let's go

In the end you may find there's no guiding subtle light

No ancestors or friends, no judge of wrong or right

Just eternal silence and dormancy

And a final everlasting peace

Why do we pity the dead?

Are you churned by emotion from voices in your head?

Look at all the living and you'll ask yourself why

Oh why do we pity the dead?

Why do we, why do we pity the dead?