

Rancid, Epiphany

A new age of reason
Brain treason to trick the mind
What good is searching
If nothing's there to find
We arrive at this place
Of no return my brothers
Only to discover that our minds have led us away
So far from the painful truth
Of who we are

What's right is wrong
What's come has gone
What's clear and pure is not so sure
It came to me
All promises become a lie
All that's benign corrupts in time
The fallacy
Of epiphany

Come forth bear witness
See the profit from your loss
Beg for forgiveness
Only after you tally the cost
We arrive at this place
Of no return my sisters
Only to discover that our values ran us aground

On the shoal in the sea of what
We could be

What's right is wrong
What's come has gone
What's clear and pure is not so sure
It came to me
All promises become a lie
All that's benign corrupts in time
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If it's real for me do I have to prove it to you
Why do revelations fade to cold blue untruths
It's oh so relative
Subservient in total to one's perspective

What's right is wrong
What's come has gone
What's clear and pure is not so sure
It came to me
All promises become a lie
All that's benign corrupts in time
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