

Bad Religion, At the Mercy of Imbeciles

What you do is what you are
And wishing upon distant stars
Won't improve the hole you're in
And won't absolve your deepest sin
But action is no gift from some covert and lofty god
It's dependent and weighty all the same
And it's oh so easy just to keep to yourself
Then you're at the mercy of imbeciles
Now I didn't make up the rules
But clearly we are led by fools
It is wise to know their ways
So you know how not to behave
But sometimes we find ourselves in desperate need
And we look to those of privilege and power
It's then we learn compassion sits inert upon their shelves
And we're at the mercy of imbeciles
No action is no gift from some masked spirit in the sky
It's reducible to flesh, mind and bone
And it's oh so easy just to keep to yourself
But then you're at the mercy of imbeciles
Imbeciles, imbeciles, imbeciles