

# Bad Religion, Victims of the Revolution

What will prove to be our big mistake  
Short sighted arrogance all for what sake  
Our families to ashes, our ambition to dust  
Our progeny in silence thinking, what about us?  
But don't forget the dance of neglect  
The march for empowering prosperity  
The pain from loss and want for mere lucidity  
Just maternal residue, and I was there too  
And may be so were you  
When something is won, it comes with sacrifice  
It's there beneath the joy, the glory and pride  
Rarely it's acknowledged but in positive light  
Consciously omitting the loser's plight  
But don't forget the dance of neglect  
The craving for community that never was met  
The longing for status and the overture of regret  
With no one to deter, pathetically unsure  
Forgetting who they were  
Just maternal residue, and I was there too  
And may be so were you