

Change of Ideas

Bad Religion

Well, the sheaves have all been brought
But the fields have washed away
And the palaces now stand
Where the coffins all were laid And the times we see ahead
We must glaze with rosy hues
For we don't wish to admit
What it is we have to lose Millennia incoming
The modern age is here
It sanctifies the future
Yet renders us with fear So many theories, so many prophecies
What we do need is a change of ideas
When we are scared we can hide in our reveries
But what we need is a change of ideas
Change of ideas, change of ideas
What we need now is a change of ideas

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