

Red Tape

"Droppin' Bombs on Your Moms"

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Feel this rage, it's coming out
No more fooling myself
I'm disconnecting my head

It seems insane
I'm droppin' bombs on your moms
From my Enola gay

It's like we had to hide inside
This time I refuse to swallow my pride
Bombs, napalm disease

Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us
Praise disaster and say
Blow me up

Woke up today
Reached up and cut the strings
The scene has made me a clown
It's time to burn it all down

It's the only way
I'm droppin' bombs on your moms
From my Enola gay
Your cause is so yesterday

Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us
Praise disaster and say
Blow me away

Mushroom clouds on the ground
Smoke is rising from the sense
Mushroom clouds on the ground
Smoke is rising from the sense

Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us
Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us

Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us
Through the ashes, rise above
Every one of us, every one of us

Praise disaster and say
Blow me up

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