

U.S. Bombs "Monsters"

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was a day when this place had company the place
stays the same the people change everybodys rich
everybodys broke no middle of a class no in between i
look a wreck talkin outta my neck i hate reality
conservatives abusiveness and violence run in my
veins tornado takes its toll we go down the drain were
the dirty wretched ugliest always on the gateway we
have no shame i look a wreck talkin outta my neck i
hate reality conservatives we wanna reap monsters we
are the monsters monsters we gotta get out

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