

## Resurrection

### Nuclear Assault

Tell me what I see is not a true reality  
But a strange piece of quantum physics fantasy  
And if that's not the case then I can't help but laugh  
At where the music's going, heading for the past  
Stealing bits and parts like a musical Frankenstein  
A chorus here, a bass riff there, who wrote it? Never mind  
Bend down and pray before the god of sampling  
Make yourself by stealing other people's fame

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Club mix, dance, rap, don't tell me it's real music  
There is no soul to the so-called songs they try to sing  
Sure there are a few exceptions to the old rule  
They only reinforce what it is I try to prove  
Maybe they are the true artists in their field  
It's just too bad that they share their space with a bunch of q  
ueers  
While we're at it, let me please quickly point out  
That glorifying racial violence is a stupid fucking thing to do  
, assholes

Learn to put the past behind you, don't try to bring it back  
Don't let your toys confine you until your brain goes slack  
Need I remind you, you're doing nothing new  
You think that they will sign you, good luck, you'll need it to  
o

I'm only saying what's on my mind this point in time  
Don't want to offend anyone unless they've narrow minds  
Instead of stealing from the artist of an older age  
Creating a brand new sound, a brand new scheme of things  
I'm sure that you can see my point of view if you really try  
I'd like to see this generation build a thing that shines  
Stop digging up the bones of other people's art  
You can make your own if you stop and really try

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What the fuck's the matter with you?