

Monsters

U.S. Bombs

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 h
ate reality conservatives abusiveness and violence run in my ve
ins 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 wa
nna reap monsters we are the monsters monsters we gotta get out