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 betweens 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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