

I want to keep my money
And give away absolutely nothing
To the government who moderates my spending
and obliterates depending on what time of the year
brutality is near

In the form of income tax
I'd rather take a fucking axe
to my face, blow up this place

With you all in it, I'd do it in a minute

If I could write off your murder
I'd save all of my receipts
because I'd rather you be dead
than lose a tiny shred of what I made this fiscal year

I'd rather you be dead than ponder parting with my second home
I'd rather you be dead than consider not opening a restaurant

I'd rather you be dead
I'd rather you be dead

Prepare the laser-beam
I'm gonna use it tonight

Engage the laser-beam
It's gonna end your life

I'm gonna use it tonight

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