

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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I'd save all of my receipts  
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