

# 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