

# Nuclear Assault, Chaos

The son of families of millionaires is representing the masses  
I thought that most people I know are broke  
Taxation by representation tell me all about it huh  
How does this whole damn trickle down thing work

Don't blame me your sins are on your head  
I won't be accused I'm a product of my times  
I've left your future behind  
Let's talk about hypocrisy  
you supercilious son of a bitch  
You want to talk about the mess I've made  
Well you better check under your bed  
The war on drugs the war on crime  
the war on poverty the war on peace  
It's seems to me we're only fighting ourselves  
Since when did we become the enemy

Don't blame me your sins are on your head  
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Sit back in your easy chair and lecture me on how it was  
You make it sound like the world went to hell exactly on the day I was born  
Open your eyes open your mind and look at thing the way that they are  
Stop looking at the world through a prism of delusional thought