

# Bombshell Rocks, I've Got Reasons

Mr, I spit on your intentions  
Well, I've got reasons and reasons is all I need  
And mr, I spit on your protection  
Stroke by the madness I'm about to proceed

With pure insanity and insensibility  
You take business to a totally different level  
Pure misery, it's an industry  
An industry

And mr, I laugh at your attempts  
To tell it's chaos a thousand miles away  
When you celebrate the victory, we suffer defeat  
Mr, I won't kneel to pray