

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