

Nuclear Assault, Resurrection

Tell me what I see is not a true reality
But a strange piece of quantum physics fantasy
And if that's not the case then I can't help but laugh
At where the music's going, heading for the past
Stealing bits and parts like a musical Frankenstein
A chorus here, a bass riff there, who wrote it? Never mind
Bend down and pray before the god of sampling
Make yourself by stealing other people's fame

Resurrection
Resurrection

Club mix, dance, rap, don't tell me it's real music
There is no soul to the so-called songs they try to sing
Sure there are a few exceptions to the old rule
They only reinforce what it is I try to prove
Maybe they are the true artists in their field
It's just too bad that they share their space with a bunch of queers
While we're at it, let me please quickly point out
That glorifying racial violence is a stupid f**king thing to do, assholes

Learn to put the past behind you, don't try to bring it back
Don't let your toys confine you until your brain goes slack
Need I remind you, you're doing nothing new
You think that they will sign you, good luck, you'll need it too

I'm only saying what's on my mind this point in time
Don't want to offend anyone unless they've narrow minds
Instead of stealing from the artist of an older age
Creating a brand new sound, a brand new scheme of things
I'm sure that you can see my point of view if you really try
I'd like to see this generation build a thing that shines
Stop digging up the bones of other people's art
You can make your own if you stop and really try

Resurrection
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What the f**k's the matter with you?