

Red Tape, Droppin' Bombs on Your Moms

Feel this rage it's coming out
No more fooling myself
I'm disconnecting my head
It seems insane
I'm droppin bombs on your moms
From my enola gay

It's like we had to hide inside
This time I refuse to swallow my pride

Bombs
Napalm
Disease

Through the ashes
Rise above
Every one of us
Praise disaster and say
Blow me up

Woke up today
Reached up and cut the strings
The scene has made me a clown
It's time to burn it all down
It's the only way
I'm droppin bombs on your moms
From my enola gay

Your cause is so yesterday

Blow me away
Mushroom clouds on the ground
Smoke is rising from the sense