

# The Brat Attack, Your Comfort Is Killing Me

They would never predict the fall  
The one that destroys us all  
The revolution never came to a crawl  
Burning cocktails for broken dreams  
Your comfort is killing me  
It is that now dead at your door  
Are screaming for class war  
So many wars we have won  
But the battle has just begun  
Our anger burns hotter than the sun.  
Storm the streets into the night  
A blood spilled corporate fight  
As we unite they are full of fright.  
City by city, we take it all back  
Set for the next waves of attack  
This is the new plague with cold eyes  
Staring behind a black mask  
Gone are the days of a passive yesterday  
Never no more will we see a government betray  
Corporations of nations, their moneys foundation  
Big business giving politicians a wealthy masturbation