

Resurrection

Nuclear Assault

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

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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 q
ueers
While we're at it, let me please quickly point out
That glorifying racial violence is a stupid fucking 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 to
o

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

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What the fuck's the matter with you?