

Voodoo Glow Skulls, Interstate Disease

My gums bleed for the victims of the bad taste generation
Everyone seems so concerned without motivation

Raise your fist with broken glass and change the t.v. station
I think we've all been hypnotized, processed and desensitized
Don't pray for me because you need a miracle
Rotting from this badland, the Interstate Disease

Telling me...Don't tell me I don't want to know
Showing me...Bad things I don't want to see

Carrying guns, shooting dope, watching MTV
Little girls are singing
what we've been taught for years
The Interstate Disease
Spread across the land
We can't help each other unless we understand

We've made our ignorance acceptable
Apathetic and fashionable
Sit right back and watch it turn
Teach the lids and make them learn
If you promise to be good
I'll give you nothing in return