

October Crisis, A Message From Our Sponsors

Fill my Head, Fill my Head, with shallow dreams and hopes of things that I can not achieve
Sixteen minutes for every sixty is devoted to the selling of me

(I'm hating it!)

You best drive a fast car or a big bad SUV you best not be going bald or dealing with impotency...
Feel my arteries hardening, speeding up my death, let's hope the funeral parlor commercial is next
Or life insurance at freedom by age fifty-five, so I'll get thirty more years to consume before I die!

- Four out of Five Doctors prefer selling prescriptions for commission then helping the health care s
News Flash! Our culture is dying This new god is lying.
Technology is raping us all for the taking! -
Feel my status growing, now this is success.
I can only hope that my ego can handle this made from magazine cut-outs and your stupid f**king s
Telling me what products I need to consume so that I can get laid.

(- Four out of Five)

(We're all dyingFace it This is the best that we could Is this the best that we could do?)
Why Isn't this more sad? I'm sure you could but the cure to a broken heart. Consume!
And now, a message from our Sponsors.