

Victims Family, Ungowa!

Wake up to the nagging of the clock radio and the sick world news starts to pour and flow. Got yer murders, rapes and stabbings, and yer child abuse, some guy's trying to tell you how to clean yer tooth. Drive to work make yer way trough the billboard maze, try to catch yer breath in the smog and haze, there's signs to sell you sex and drugs to ease the pain and more TV shows to numb yer dead brain. Read the paper, catch the latest body count score, turn the page and find out 'bouth Zsa Zsa Gabor. Look down and see another pantyhose ad, flip the page and find out why Johnny can't add. Everything's the same when you see it on TV. So why the heck should you even listen to me? United States of Generica. Drive home, listen to the gab gab gab, evening news makes it all seem so drab, acid rain into a cat food commercial, every day's just another boring rehearsal. Eat a TV dinner from a microwave oven. Geraldo's got a satanic witchcraft coven sponsored by Lysol to keep you germ-free. Why the heck should you even listen to me? See the half-naked girl for the TV tease. AIDS is the ultimate media disease. It's got sex and death and drugs to keep the ratings high. Change the channel, belch and fart and don't ask why. Never expect the whole story. 'cause everything's the same when you see it on TV. UNGOWA! Kiss the wife goodnight and dream of endless hysteria. Welcome my friends to the United States of Generica. UNGOWA!