

Jello Biafra

"Pets Eat Their Master"

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Your least favorite video game
Is about to come to life
Homeless hordes crash downtown barriers

Desks are flying through the glass
Precious software everywhere
Sorcerer's apprentice has returned

Tried to kill them off with crack
Never quite prepared
For when untouchables touch back
New Rome is falling, let's dance

The pets
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Desperate hungry cannibals
Barbecue executives
Slowly on rotisseries in the street

"3 strikes you're out" Prisoners
Bustin' loose, headin' for the burbs
With wicker men
For upper crust dessert

Everything that grows is gone
Freeways jammed
Sewers all clogged

One by one
Toilets blow to smithereens

Doctors by the meat machine
Say, "You're no good for Soylent Green
But prime for a McDonalds happy meal"

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Sewage blows
From barges back to shore
Hissing germs
Shellac the beachfront homes
Confused fundamentalists
Look up, "Is this the rapture?"
President peers out and says
"Have you got some grey poupon?"

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