

## October Crisis

### "A Message From Our Sponsors"

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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 system.  
 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 fucking surveys  
 Telling me what products I need to consume so that I  
 can get laid.

(- Four out of Five)

[We're all dying Face it This is  
 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.

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