Retrovertigo

Mr. Bungle

Before you advertise
All the fame is implied
With no fortune unseen
Sell the right
To your blight
Time-machine
While I'm dulled by excess
And a cynic at best
My art imitates crime
Paid for by
The allies
So invest
Now I'm finding truth is a ruin
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing
Staring into glassy eyes
Mesmerized
There's a vintage thirst returning
But I'm sheltered by my channel-surfing
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo
A tribute to false memories
With conviction
Cheap imitation
Is it fashion or disease?
Post-ironic
Remains some mouths to feed
Sell the rights
To your blight
And you'll live
Now I'm finding truth is a ruin
Nauseous end that nobody is pursuing
Staring into glassy eyes
Mesmerized
See the vintage robot wearied
Then awakened by revision theories
Every famine virtual
Retrovertigo

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