

You're the Problem

Voodoo Glow Skulls

Everything goes swell, this is a happy town. I hear the church bells ringing louder. Shopping malls are fun for me and everyone. The air is oh so clear.

Well, can you stand it. Then everyone looks at me. They've never seen individuality. It must be Mom & Dad. They must be oh so sad. They burden everyone. With such a twisted son. Imagine living there. A world based on a state. "AN INDIVIDUAL DIES" is passed to a jock with a car thats fast.

YOU'RE THE PROBLEM!

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