

## Retrovertigo

Mr. Bungle

Before you advertise  
All the fame is implied  
With no fortune unseen  
Sell the rights 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 a mouth to feed  
Sell the rights  
To your blight  
And you'll eat

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