

Rob Zombie, Dead City Radio And The New God

Radio has changed our lives and practically saved our lives
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I want to tell you about Dead City Radio man
and the New Gods of Supertown.
A world of Magic Lanterns and Chemical Blues.
A world where X stands of the unknow and Y is the zero

Sluggish drones assault my Radio
20 mortal lashes of Grotesque Audio
Glittering fountains
Misspent youth
I'm a Rhinestone Tiger in a Leisure Suit

Turn it up! Turn it up! Turn it up! Oh Yeah!

We listen to the Radio - Dead Radio

I'll tell you one thing man:
nothing ever happens until you medicate
the Witch Queen of Mongo
and Hail the passing of King George.
Everybody is eating on behalf of the Gods
with their Plastic Necks and Silver Teeth.

Is there life beyond what you know?
Hallucination thrives on my stereo
Astonishing Skeptics
Wasted Youth
She's and Angel of Odd in her Birthday Suit

Turn it up turn it up turn it up Oh Yeah

We listen to the Radio - Dead Radio
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It's right here now that we best serve the Beast of Trasmission
and the cool passing wave of ignorance.
They say the heart is a lonely hunter
and the hardbox comes with a crime inside.

We listen to the Radio - Dead Radio
We listen to the Radio - Dead Radio