

Bullshit Broadcast

Conflict

You don't care about people's thoughts. You probe into the mind
, then you haunt
What you print, people believe, complicating lives, what the fuck
does that achieve?

Now you're looking for some news, changing around facts and views
Receiving money for empty lies. Sly reporters I despise you

Will there be that extra in this week? Now you're climbing to the
journalist peak
Sitting at the typewriter making more lies up. Rearranged to suit
you, then fuck me up

Now I'm getting sick of you. Coming around here, making news
Whatever you print, you can't lose. But can't you see the damage
that you do?