

Good news is not news to you,
Not without evil, or pain.
Well, watch out before your life
Seeps itself right down the drain.
Soon you'll be a bloodless soul
Bitter tears is all you'll sweat
Groaning over what you got;
Sad for what you'll never get.

Kvetch, bitch, and complain all day.
God forbid Life runs it's course!
You can't hope without regret.
You don't dream without remorse.
If you only knew your lot,
How it stands in space and time,
You'd be glad for what you got.
You'd see good news ain't no crime.

Amplify trivial events
Just to win the pity game.
Shape frustrating incidents
So there's someone you can blame.
Call bearers of all offense
Some banal, derisive name.
Hate can make such simple sense:
Those different from you are all the same.

No news is good news no more.
It's all part of their grand plan;
Broadcasting "Killers Roam the Streets!"
Helps you fear your fellow man.
That way you will never dare
Harvesting a common ground,
Joining forces with his flock,
Building louder powers with Love's Sound.