

Regurgitated Disinformation

Job for a Cowboy

Falsehood projects from a day-to-day instrumental broadcast that flows through the net of mass media.

The lungs swell as the puppets speak to the public as their words grow limbs to crawl and give birth to ignorance.

Reports endlessly drift and cloak reality leaving mass audiences to believe into layers of fiction.

The hellish elite pill the vulnerable strings of journalism with the mastery of everyday blood money and ultimatums.

The boundless flavor of dominance on the starved tongue gives these kings a mental state of ambitious arousal,

For corruption steadily trickles from their fingertips and showers into the pool of forged mental assurance at their feet.

The sleeping masses live on their so called tranquil lifestyle, they sleep and wake utterly

Blindfolded in a regurgitated fashion money will always equal dominance, above law and above government disinformation will constantly leave a nation as a forever sleeping giant due to the ongoing voice of propaganda.