

Media

Sol Invictus

Here we go again: the same old lies again
The empty words again, the pigs can fly again
From Wall Street to your heart
Neon Hollywood lights the dark,
Hear the bleating of the sheep
At the jokes of a media creep

And there's nothing I can say
See a world of tanks, ruled by a world of banks
Turn up you TV set, forget the chains of debt
See it all go down the drain
Switch channels, do you think it'll change?
Lapping prole food in the sun
Hail the masses-ugly and dumb

And there's nothing I can say