

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 clock reality leaving mass audiences to believe into layers of fiction
The hellish elite pull 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 in 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

Lyrics submitted by Cookie.

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