

Anchors Away

Five Iron Frenzy

An idea dies, in the same slight way, that we lose track of the facts. Slowly, unseen, slipping silently, through some fabricated cracks. And now the freedom of the press, has turned to freedom to impress. Perfect hair, sells product well, like suffocating, sickly smells, the make-up smears, like false pastels, like glossy, sugarcoated, shells.

Tune in, tune out, goodbye, goodnight. They're buying you with fear and lies. Turn it off until it's right, that's the news, that's all, goodnight.

The advertising dollars buy, the right to stifle antonyms, to sterilize the truth with fiction, so we can sing their corporate hymns. And all of us were cowed and bought it, hardly anybody got it. While mergers made their spires grow taller what they let you know grew smaller. And we were scared, or too bemused, and so we still turned on the news.

Are you afraid yet? They want you to be. It will keep you coming back. You are a loyal customer. Are you afraid yet? You should be.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>