

Open up
Transmit to all receivers
Woe to the disbelievers
We create the truth

Alchemy
Spinning lies to fool's gold
Believe what you've been told
With or without proof

Word like orphans lost among the crosstalk
Meaning torn from truth's decrepit hands
Propaganda packaged for the masses
Pure disinformation on demand

Be afraid
Just like some panicked insect
Only we can protect
You from certain doom

Live in fear
With no real understanding
Of what you're demanding
You are not immune

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Tell a lie
Enough and it becomes fact
If only in the abstract
Still, the job is done

Full control
No need to fire a weapon
Just make them feel threatened
And you've already won

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