

# Pop Cult Crucifixion

Aviators

Culture of the righteous  
A church of stolen souls  
You built a network of the outrage  
To further push your calloused goals  
Wars won on the airwaves  
Battles wage on the screen  
It's like you're hungry for disaster  
Just to be the first one on the scene

Now your ink is bleeding red  
The headlines are going dead  
You're spinning records  
So you can spin the truth a little  
To sell off what's in our heads  
Keep the vultures well fed  
You're playing checkers  
With our ears stuck right in the middle

Built to feed the ego  
Set to starve the mind  
Diluted information  
To sprinkle doubt into a lie  
Dreams implied of riches  
To make us greedy too  
You called your message the messiah  
And the crucifixion's coming soon

Think you can save us  
Make me feel famous  
Free from the dangerous  
All in my head  
Feed on the end times  
Rigging the headlines  
Like we're a goldmine  
To be misled  
It's time we test you  
Let you confess to  
Trying to rescue  
Us from the truth  
Fact versus fiction  
Bloodthirsty visions  
The crucifixion  
Releasing our view

Pop cult crucifixion  
Pop cult crucifixion  
We need a pop cult crucifixion  
Pop cult crucifixion