

# Heavy News

Bear Ghost

(We interrupt your death metal to bring you some heavy news)

(We're live in 3, 2, 1)

A passing asteroid's been glancing at our atmosphere  
The experts estimate collision any day  
This beckons questions, tune in at eleven, keep it here  
What's our disaster correspondent have to say?

There's wildfires walkin' tirelessly this way  
But lucky us, there's flooding coming from a hurricane

Well, thank you. Next there's a systemic epidemic too  
That's not to mention growing tension and dissent

I see you people out there clapping your hands  
The streets are paved with your atrocious behavior  
A silent violence made its way through the stands  
A riot quietly amassed in the graveyard

Hey Mr. Radio, you got it twisted  
Let me whisper shady o'l truths

I know  
Better than the vile  
Demons and their lies  
Spittin' la da da da die  
Oh no  
I won't  
Be a player in your puppet show  
Shove your conformation bias  
La da da da die

Just in, there's massive massacres occurring here and there  
And krakens attacking capitals  
Shit's gone wacky everywhere

I can't believe you people clapping your hands  
A bunch of brazen bastards bumpin' your politics  
No longer silent and the violence expands  
Parade your petty pride above the apocalypse

Hey Mr. Radio, you got it twisted  
Let me whisper shady o'l truths

I know  
Better than the vile  
Demons and their lies  
Spittin' la da da da die  
Oh no  
I won't  
Be a player in your puppet show  
Shove your conformation bias  
La da da da die

God damn  
You can't win my silence  
Sovereign defiance

Swelling up to suffocate the truth

Choking down your blue pill  
Crawl back in your molehill  
Gallows are beckoning you

Hey Mr. Radio, you might have missed it  
But your dirty tricks are there for all to see

A bloody torrent in the forecast for the rest of time  
An arthropod eclipse, a colossal frog and it's hopping mad  
Maintaining this is fictitious political hogphooey  
Even as you wallow in sorrow 'cause that frog swallowed up your fam

Egregious lies, you say? It's right in your face  
A mass extinction affair that's passed the brink of repair  
And now there's polliwogs the size of ships and covered in spikes  
Swimming in crimson rivers flowing through cities, even still you deny

(The good news is we're the coolest people in the world  
The bad news is the world is over)

Hey Mr. Radio, we'll never listen  
We got intuition and that's all we need

Now all that's left is just a hellish scene of endless bones  
Scowling survivors shriek with glee as we eviscerate our own

Then parts the sky as the messiah rises through the crowd  
He pleads for peace and lo we weep as freedom guns him down

Hey Mr. Radio, you've decommissioned  
Our humble perdition upon your grave