

## Bullshit Broadcast

### Conflict

You don't care about people's thoughts. You probe into the mind  
, then you haunt  
What you print, people believe, complicating lives, what the fuck  
does that achieve?

Now you're looking for some news, changing around facts and views  
Receiving money for empty lies. Sly reporters I despise you

Will there be that extra in this week? Now you're climbing to the  
journalist peak  
Sitting at the typewriter making more lies up. Rearranged to suit  
you, then fuck me up

Now I'm getting sick of you. Coming around here, making news  
Whatever you print, you can't lose. But can't you see the damage  
that you do?