

Last Light Radio 11:01 pm

Shooter Jennings

From the center of nowhere
Atop the shoulders of giants
Above the creeping fog of disinformation that clouds the American union
This is Will 'O the Wisp
And this is The Last Light Radio
Your last beacon of truth and defiance

I've always started my shows by saying that: All ships lost in the night search for the lighthouse on the rock of the enlightened
But, for truth seekers out there, the battery is fading and the light is dying
I see that freedom has failed us and with no light the night's going to be a long one
Woody Guthrie said: "This land is your land, this land is... my land"
Great words, but this land is their land now

This will be the last time your ears and my voice will be getting together
Because, as of midnight tonight, the previously public airwaves will be commandeered for government approved and regulated transmission
The last breath of free speech will blow itself out
What rises in its place is going to be the wind of thought control
Bad guys win folks!

You know I don't always play a lot of music on the show, as most of it these days is processed, bubble gum bullshit - churned out by the overlords of doublespeak and made to turn a gray world gray
But tonight I won't go without leaving a message

Tonight I've chosen to play the one band the American Fascists don't want me to play
Tonight I'm going off the air with the music of Hierophant
For those of you not familiar, you'll get a taste of Hierophant's music tonight
Their message, their light

I started you off with Wake Up from their 2009 album Bohemian Grove, their first and most radical
Remember what the song says: Don't let 'em get you down
The most important truth is love, all you know and all you need to know, as the poet says
What was that beauty, what's the difference?

Love your family, love your neighbor, love your enemy as yourself
Go on loving, it's what humans do best and the one thing they can't kill
Got it?

This is Will 'O the Wisp
The time now is no time
The temperature is cold
And the news is blue
But for now the light still shines

Off the same album, this is Triskaidekaphobia
That's fear of thirteen my sons and daughters, as in thirteen o'clock
You're listening to the last night on The Last Light