

Darkest Hour, The Misinformation Age

So serene is the bleached white scene
Of a thousand crimes you'll never see on TV
Swept away only to pave the new way
This misinformation age is upon us all
Waking up to the sound
Another muffled cry for peace
Waking up to the sound
Another muffled cry for truth
Cut out the eyes
Of anyone and everyone
Who might see through the lie
Ignore the cries
Before it all
Becomes all too clear
Comes crashing down
Fill their heads with a false sense of security
Fill their heads with fear
Embracing ignorance is the new way
Of keeping the huddled masses in line
Silent servants rise up
And make yourselves be heard