

Jim Woodrow - Echo Chambers

Free to think, bound by denial, see the echo chambers
of the people's fading hope, brought to you live on
a global scale tried and tested, vile.
Raise a glass to our last hope while refusing with a smile,
someone else's nightmares, freedoms, smothered by
our broken dreams.

Pinpointed and picked apart, tangled threads on the internet,
only fed what you believe, separated from a different view,
seldom seen reasoning for someone else's tribal group,
banned and silenced as we're all seen to be stepping out of line,
I wonder who's bank gets bigger from our warring little minds,
can't bring it down, no bridges reaching, we are polarised.