

## Misery Index

# "Blood on Their Hands"

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One time, the last rendition, too long I've sacrificed.  
Dead stones in walls of freedom, built high with filth  
and vice.

So blind you walk into their chapels, morality  
enthroned.  
What price this god of mass invention extracts to make  
you whole?  
Your crimes defy your wisdom, no faith can set you  
free.  
Unleashed through vile maxims, your doctrines bleed  
deceit.

Mental crucifixion, what flesh can serve your needs?  
Unchained, I crawl to exit your shrine of rotting  
dreams.

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