

## Misery Index "Meet Reality"

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Outside your gated homes,  
The world begins where your street ends  
Yet in time, your demons will come crawling back  
Praise God for what you have in life  
For your wealth is as hollow as the heart you hold  
inside

A nightmare in three dimensions, this opulence  
embraced by man  
Reapers of the peasant's harvest, gorging on the fat of  
the land  
Caged in worldly mansions, picking vassals out from  
the poor  
Worship at the altar of avarice, where Bourgeois man is  
born

As dead men walking spoiled earth, who spend their  
shining coffers dry,  
With thirst never quenched nor quelled, you ever think  
to question why?

Outside your window of comfort, its like night of the  
living dead  
For each dime you bleed from another, the stench of  
your poverty spreads  
Defining the world in equations, commodity prices and  
fees  
You see other humans as cattle, to service the  
gluttonous beast

A werewolf's banquet, of ostentatious parody  
Masquerading fortunes, amassed through servility  
As you eat them alive... now meet your slaves  
Gomorrah caving in, on your precious homes, four  
walls falling fast

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