

Misery Index

"Outsourcing Jehovah"

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Their dumped along the coastline on a silent East trade
wind,
Then appearing if by magic, in freight-lined bins,
From labor market hell, straight to well-worn shelves,
Would Jesus shop at Wal-Mart if the crosses were on
sale?
Things upon blessed things,
In idolatry where death is worshiped,
Cash cured sins, in this fetish of the object holy,
Still you put your love in idols built by mortal man,
Now what did God say in that old testament?
And what about those workers, in exotic China-land?
They have your daddy's job, and you're next on the
corporate outsource plan... as serfs born to serve your
Lord in command,
"Now our border's the place where the grace of Christ
ends,
It does not apply to those heathen abroad,
As long as they slave, I'll have them to thank -
It's more cash in hand to spend at the mall",
Woe to the children of God!
O Suffer thy misguided ways!
...you've sold your human essence to the cold world of
dead and empty things...
You're sold.

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