

## Misery Index "Pandemican"

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...And through all our failed attempts we still proclaim  
our opinions law,  
One small step into life and your taken,  
Taken by a storm of fear,  
You can't stop the fleeting of the years,  
I sing a song of myself through the gaze of Narcissus,  
A reflection of inert violence,  
As your average American crusading in the name of  
man,  
My reality is life in the backseat riding into foreign  
lands,  
In my million dollar box of regret,  
I'll spread disease to protect it,  
My reality is life in the backseat,  
Gorging on the blood of nations, gluttonous as I eat  
myself alive,  
Heed the call of the Suicide Shepard,  
When they jump I know I'll follow,  
Is that our echo screaming down from the tower, now  
the martyr is your pilot,  
The Captain is in his quarters, the Navigator's throat is  
slit,  
A 7.mile stare with your eyes on the deep, feeding  
from their trough full of sheep,  
Proclaiming your opinions law,  
As your average American, always doing all I can,  
My reality is life in the backseat, spiraling into the gyre,  
With me my brand old weapon- It's called my clenched  
fist.

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