

## Misery Index

### "Partisans Of Grief"

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The voices clash and debate  
So many wrongs to right  
Their bleeding hearts flow never-ending  
(Like their appetites)

"Left" on a front line they can't defend  
(Why try to pretend?)

Spouting invectives  
One way directives  
Sleep well, night-watchman  
(Privilege has its own objectives)

Blind ambitions  
Death processions  
Selling our tragedies  
(Emotional pornography redeemed)

Partisans, wake the world to sorrow  
Pantagruels, rouse your buried woe  
Partisans, face your black tomorrow  
Swans songs from death's throat

Boiling in a plight of circumstance, dismayed  
Running off when raging seas get rough to save  
themselves

We all know this ship is sinking fast  
The Captain's on his own  
The devil's die is cast, for Eschaton

You fuel the problems you profess to solve...

Our weary world embedded  
With avarice and vice  
Like insects locked in amber,  
They're corpses locked in ice  
With silence their companion  
And death their destination  
They tread, slogging onward,  
Callously unchanged

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