

Misery Index

"Plague Of Objects"

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Disembodied, our consciousness
Explodes and fragments, into streams of sleek illusion
Our ambitions, they intertwine
Across these wires, where imagery and circuitry
conceive your dreams inseparable from mine

One part desire, and one part capital, fuel delusion,
For all these pointless things we'll never need

Glaring facades, fade to mirage, coaxing in culture
benign
Hunting for bliss, yet none can exist, where no wit nor
wisdom thrives
Soma-sedate, running in place, dimensions
compressing with time
Dreaming in code, sleeping awake, spiraling into an
endless night

A plague of objects, ephemeral, hallucinations,
consensual...invite them in

Feeding online, absent of mind, a chorus of billions
thrive
Drifting away, cascade and fade, where desire comes
pre-made
Click and delete, end and repeat, no world beyond that
door
Troll and evade, lurk and persuade, the worst you'll
find's an error 404

A plague of objects, ephemeral, hallucinations,
consensual...
invite them in...
let them build your castles in the air

Through deserts dry hypnotic, the dreams of man will
crawl
Parched with thirst and dying, into waiting corporate
claws
Youth flows here forever, from fountains spewing
terabytes
Why believe in heaven, when all that's solid melts to air

in life?

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