

## Misery Index

# "Pulling Out the Nails"

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Falling fast through cracks in heaven, carnivores in search of meat.

The prophets of the moral order lead their herds of silent sheep.

Architects of social breeding propagate their promised faith.

Fascist seed is firmly planted, loving hands now turn to rape.

Armies of the middle class embed their youth with reason's tools.

What callous ill-begotten race could build a nation born of fools?

Pulling your nails... outward.

Pulling your nails.

Resurrect the age-old weapon, keep them drunk so no one thinks.

Sciences of mass deception, global propaganda schemes.

Liberate the dead among us, history's not preordained.

Anarchistic undertakers overthrow their overlords.

Black sheep soon all grow in number, congregations multiply.

Shepherds of the dead world order watch their flock collapse and die.

What does it take for a nation to believe,

To die on its feet instead of living on its knees?

What will it take for a conscious working class,

To put the greedy in their graves with their money up their ass?

The story of the year is the story of the day.

The people never change they just look the other way.

The world doesn't wait for the bodies of the weak.

The enemy is time, freedom's never free.

