

## Misery Index "Retailiate"

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Crawling from the cities the filth chokes me to the  
taste, feeding the  
Desire to destroy this culture that I hate, the daily  
inquisition, the fear  
That fuels our lives, sets each man against the other  
with the wool upon our  
Eyes.  
Chains of command  
The weight of wait  
Under their wheels into concrete  
Face off the floor  
Rise up  
Retaliate  
The razor blade infections out caverns deep across my  
skin  
Reminding me of battles I have lost and will never win  
There are no bullets here  
These hands are clenched in fists  
And the promise of another day is all that we have left  
What remains here...?  
Bowling to the dollar in their selfish church of capital  
Where wealth encrusts their bodies  
Yet cancer fills their hearts?  
Brother will kill brother in this stained-glass abattoir  
called 'earth'  
My arteries are boiling with hatred undefined for this  
colonizing monolith  
That suffocates our lives  
A bastard congregation runs the head of this machine  
Our hands will gut it's gears 'til their blood runs cold  
and we are free.

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