

Misery Index "Retaliate"

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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 comman
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...?
Bowing 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 congration 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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