

Misery Index

"Servants of Progress"

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Bred for the wheel...

Running like a dog far too long
waiting for a chance to 'be'
learning your lessons with pride then fall into line
your class inclination is to work
consume
and breed
you bury your dead where you eat
but never forget this world is infinite

Work another day
punch that clock
watching your life pass by
sucking all flesh from the bone
your fruit all but rotten
a spectar comes haunting again as Babylon sleeps
your enemies once were your friends
your lovers
your life...all dead

You are your own destroyer...

Hang the masters from the highest tree and let their
dead eyes stare back at
their children

...is this how we want to live...?

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