

Misery Index

"The Great Depression"

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Storm clouds spreading
Black horizons oil slick the southern sky
What prospects should I gather here to motivate my
corpse to rise?
Bloodshot
My eyes reject the staleness of this day
And 'reason' gives purpose for all the pills i have to
swallow
Driving
My heart is dead and hollow
Metal boxes racing by
Ringing out the death of my life
Machines buzzing
Towers looming the antithesis of nature
Entering this asphalt tomb- self - interest my prime
dictator.

Now that i stand to carry the weight - try to conceive me
that it's all for
something?
Now that i stand to carry the weight
I lie to myself...am i living-dead?

Four walls surround me with wires outstretched- the
triumph of time over
space
The modus vivendi- each man for himself
Each alone
And each an island

Get me out of this hole somehow...get me out of this
hole right now...my
great depression

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