

## Misery Index "Theocracy"

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Their pious iconography, seductive and sublime  
Artifacts from allegoric myth  
Crucifix, testaments - seemingly benign  
What havoc have they wrought upon this earth

Stalking, these jackals never cease  
Clawing at our gates  
With nebulous beliefs, apocryphal  
Born from the callow minds of men  
Not resting till they have theocracy in hand  
And Church molesting State

Their laughable liturgies  
Intelligent design?  
Mortify the blind faithful flock  
Comedies canonical, this spectacle divine  
Mesmerizing millions over naught

Slowly, they pander their disease  
With secrecy enshrined  
At the table of deceit, the faithful dine  
Born from the callow minds of men  
Not resting till they have theocracy in hand  
And Church molesting State

To break the secular conduct  
To rule with piety perverse  
While the shit of the State fucking reeks  
Only they could make it even worse

Yet they stand in fear,  
Petrified in the face of science,  
Where evidence stands to contradict,  
And deny their faith of servility  
Defined, by myth  
It's a fable that should never burden man

And the church, with power replete,  
Would sanction the very rule of myth over man  
As insidious agents of faith,  
Still lost in the ether (Amen)

So we sing the agnostic's song  
In spirit and mind we govern ourselves  
We need not their catechist codes  
To live out our days, and make our tomorrows

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