

Meet Reality

Misery Index

Outside your gated homes,
The world begins where your street ends
Yet in time, your demons will come crawling back
Praise God for what you have in life
For your wealth is as hollow as the heart you hold inside

A nightmare in three dimensions, this opulence embraced by man
Reapers of the peasant's harvest, gorging on the fat of the land
Caged in worldly mansions, picking vassals out from the poor
Worship at the altar of avarice, where Bourgeois man is born

As dead men walking spoiled earth, who spend their shining coffers dry,
With thirst never quenched nor quelled, you ever think to question why?

Outside your window of comfort, it's like night of the living dead
For each dime you bleed from another, the stench of your poverty spreads
Defining the world in equations, commodity prices and fees
You see other humans as cattle, to service the gluttonous beast

A werewolf's banquet, of ostentatious parody
Masquerading fortunes, amassed through servility
As you eat them alive... now meet your slaves
Gomorrah caving in, on your precious homes, four walls falling fast