

Demand The Impossible

Misery Index

Each man can make their difference in life (if someone would even try) for each of us lies rotting dead
Our ideas will never die
One man can start this fire
A second can feed the flames
All of the rest can forward the line- let bourgeois culture burn itself alive

Our frustrations
Give it to them
Together as one...
What we have is more than it takes to prosecute the enemy in time
The pessimism breeds and the nihilism feeds off the apathy we're fed throughout our lives
What chance to fight together?
What chance to tear this world apart?

Power's driven in numbers
And numbers are what we have
Yet you complain and choose to abstain
When we could be fighting back
Vultures will encircle with propaganda streams
Laying the bait and plotting the course as our human spirits die of thirst.

This is why we're living - for spirits life and blood
And as sure as the sun will bury the night- we will feed our appetite
Humanity's weapon
Each life's a sharpened blade
But we're hammered dull till nothing is left- and fed on bread and circuses to death

To climb up off your knees
And fight for something real...out into the streets of ruined cities they will come
The bane of their existence fueled on battles that they soon will win
With colors running black and red on hope for future days
A call forever heard...vae victis!