

Fed To The Wolves

Misery Index

Roll forth the dice, the hourglass tipped
Conformity reigns, soon enough the hammer hits
Imagination crushed, where brilliance once thrived
Predictably they'll serve, as worker bees beneath the hive

Assembly-line indoctrination
Like heads of cattle herded home
Some might call them pioneers
Reality would call them drones

Funneled out fast, from classroom to cancer
Disciples at play, so bland, yet so sincere
Pharmacy-fueled, cavorting as fake friends
Whittled down dull, to shallow, uncreative ends

Work, play and reproduction
The three pronged trident-spear
Impaling deep in wisdom's head
How quickly youth can disappear

Atrophy as institution...dead

Siphon the lifeblood, extract the untapped
Children resolved to uninspired epitaphs
Follow their footsteps, vomit their concepts
Thrown out the front door, fed off to the waiting wolves

Refine their tunnel vision, the best is left unseen
Usher their role as ciphers, tin soldiers bound to the machine

Racing to the end...

Salivating tongues, lycanthropic scents
Detect their future pawns, managers and malcontents
Open doors shut, the canopy is caved
Servility enshrined, next stop: the open grave