

# Manufacturing Greed

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Commodify the vision and sanctify the rape with moral antidotes  
.

Wide awake and dead, we consummate the bond, stomach tied in knots.

Driving class relations, engines working hard, this mechanism breeds contradictions.

Bury expectations, nothing's going to last, the tide is turning back -  
revocation.

They can't control us, there's nothing left.

Our thirst for vengeance, your dying breath.

It's a quiet revolution, from the city to the fields.

We're not forgotten, reject this greed machine.

Hope is for the hopeless, dreaming for a life as opiates replace human  
passion.

Advertise our weakness, colonize our space, feed the appetite as  
force fed  
gluttons.

It's life in dead time, it's self-decay.

Their so-called heaven now rots away.

It's a quiet revolution, from the city to the fields.

We're not forgotten, reject this greed machine.

With golden eyes our gods will lead us.

As labor slaves we work away.

Drunk and baited, packaged, processed.

This market orgy fucks for pay.

Cutting through the lies that bind us.

Fist-fucking the status quo.

We loot and burn their paradise.

Burn.

Their planet's just a whorehouse, based on greed and avarice.

Demand your life and take it back, their world is dead and drunk  
on piss.

You're a slave if your collar's white, a slave if your collar's  
blue.

Chains locked around your neck, you'll work too hard, you'll work  
to death.

Tides of human flotsam floating, tired and alone.

The ones who want to fight are the ones that have no hope.

Bury all your trust just like you buried all your dreams.  
The ends that justified their rule will justify our means.