Partisans Of Grief

Misery Index

The voices clash and debate So many wrongs to right Their bleeding heats flow never-ending (Like their appetites)

"Left" on a front line they can't defend (Why try to pretend?)

Spouting invectives One way directives Sleep well, night-watchman (Privilege has its own objectives)

Blind ambitions Death processions Selling our tragedies (Emotional pornography redeemed)

Partisans, wake the world to sorrow Pantagruels, rouse your buried woe Partisans, face your black tomorrow Swans songs from death's throat

Boiling in a plight of circumstance, dismayed Running off when raging seas get rough to save themselves

We all know this ship is sinking fast The Captain's on his own The devil's die is cast, for Eschaton

You fuel the problems you profess to solve...

Our weary world embedded With avarice and vice Like insects locked in amber, They're corpses locked in ice With silence their companion And death their destination They tread, slogging onward, Callously unchanged