

# Retaliate

## Misery Index

Crawling from the cities the filth chokes me to the taste,  
Feeding the desire to destroy this culture that I hate,  
The daily inquisition,  
The fear that fuels our lives,  
Sets each man against the other with the wool upon our eyes.

Chains of comman  
The weight of wait  
Under their wheels into concrete  
Face off the floor  
Rise up  
Retaliate

The razor blade infections out caverns deep across my skin  
Reminding me of battles I have lost and will never win  
There are no bullets here  
These hands are clenched in fists  
And the promise of another day is all that we have left

What remains here...?  
Bowling to the dollar in their selfish church of capital  
Where wealth encrusts their bodies  
Yet cancer fills their hearts?  
Brother will kill brother in this stained-  
glass abattoir called 'earth'

My arteries are boiling with hatred undefined for this colonizi  
ng monolith that suffocates our lives  
A bastard congration runs the head of this machine  
Our hands will gut it's gears 'til their blood runs cold and we  
are free.