

## Spectator

### Misery Index

On your knees, look at yourself, a corporation cog with a head  
No original thought, a product of things, that consume your will,  
and define your dreams

When you were young, you took on the world, remember how you'd  
laugh and sing?  
You've replaced it all with an IRA, internet porn, and a job you  
hate

Spectator on your own life  
Watching and cheering goodbye  
Sinking into endless night  
Serving your slave design

Giving in without a fight  
Passion resonates no more  
A goal that never comes in sight  
Til they close the coffin door

Fenced-in yard, that screen on your wall, books on the shelf, you  
never have read,  
Suburban right turns, amassing your wealth, a middle-class  
pawn, in love with himself

Lock the doors, set the alarm, another weekend, alone in your head  
The kids are out drunk, the wife's in bed, pop a few pills to forget  
again

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Inside your homemade prison, an average life lived and died

Rules deftly followed  
Boss' ass, firmly kissed  
Bound in by possessions  
...And overpowering emptiness