

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 wil
l, 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 yo
u 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, y
ou 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 h
ead
The kids are out drunk, the wife's in bed, pop a few pills to f
orget 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