

The Great Depression

Misery Index

Storm clouds spreading
Black horizons oil slick the southern sky
What prospects should I gather here to motivate my corpse to rise?
Bloodshot

My eyes reject the staleness of this day
And 'reason' gives purpose for all the pills i have to swallow
Driving
My heart is dead and hollow

Metal boxes racing by
Ringing out the death of my life
Machines buzzing
Towers looming the antithesis of nature

Entering this asphalt tomb- self - interest my prime dictator.
Now that i stand to carry the weight - try to conceive me that it's all for something?
Now that i stand to carry the weight
I lie to myself...am i living-dead?

Four walls surround me with wires outstretched- the triumph of time over space
The modus vivendi- each man for himself
Each alone
And each an island

Get me out of this hole somehow...get me out of this hole right now...
My great depression