

Your Pain Is Nothing

Misery Index

Bled dry and gutted clean in this maledictive maze.
Assembly lines are full of dreams and promises of cathode rays.
Can I afford a life? The walls are caving in... again.

Gears turn and metal burns in my atavistic daze.
Their pacifistic paramours just sodomize and walk away.
Starving hearts and hollow heads in dialectic dread.
As economistic carnivores bleed the population red.

Standing alone again, eternal wait.
The absence of empathy, so out of date.
The body will age, the mind will rot.
The essence of apathy, we're parasites.

The ending of time has yet to start.
We're standing in line, yet miles apart.
Our will to live, the fate that we share,
Belies the fact that we never care.

Caves of raw steel, the modern graveyard.
What human failures promise for us.
Day turns into night.

Spirits shred and will drains, reinjected fiscal fix.
Cash gods and money whores guarantee the perfect trip.
Hate thrives as stressed lives cultivate their capital.
Cities grow and people die as the rich stuff their guts full.

Sometimes I can never bleed enough to forget that I'm alive.

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