

# My Untold Apocalypse

## Misery Index

Out of the past, fall the bodies  
That have come before me  
Following your path  
They're just slaves, in need of life  
No ending in sight  
The rape of another lover  
Satisfies the thirst  
Until you find another high  
Branded and exiled  
The silence as you dive  
Headfirst into this wasteland  
This coffin, so warm and waiting  
Boxed up and nailed down  
You suffocate on words unspoken  
Shut down and choked up  
Your mind so brilliant and so broken  
Demand your life and  
(I'll)  
Fucking take it back  
Arms stretched, your clutching  
Handfuls of air as you go falling back  
To your abyss  
You'll never drag me down there with you  
Foucault is laughing  
This tragedy that you created  
So young, yet rotting  
Your beauty burned, your body wasted  
Hours too late  
As the sands tick away upon us  
Guts, half strewn  
Across the floor of my life  
No project of fate  
All bonds cut and abolished  
Carry your disease  
Like the other parasites

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