

# Demand The Impossible

## Misery Index

Each man can make their difference in life (if someone would even try) for  
each of us lies rotting dead  
Our ideas will never die  
One man can start this fire  
A second can feed the flames  
All of the rest can forward the line, let bourgeois culture burn itself  
alive  
Our frustrations  
give it to them  
together as one...what we have is more then it takes to prosecute the enemy  
in time  
the pessimism breeds and the nihilism feeds off the apathy we're fed  
throughout our lives  
what chance to fight together?  
What chance to tear this world apart?  
Power's drived in numbers  
and numbers are what we have  
yet you complain and choose to abstain  
when we could be fighting back  
vultures will encircle with propaganda streams  
laying the bait and plotting the course as our human spirits die of thirst.  
This is why we're living- for spirits life and blood  
and as sure as the sun will bury the night, we will feed our appetite  
humanity's weapon  
each life's a sharpened blade  
but we're hammered dull till nothing is left- and fed on bread and circuses  
to death  
To climb up off your knees  
and fight for something real...out into the streets of ruined cities they  
will come  
the bane of their existence fueled on battles that they soon will win  
with colors running black and red on hope for future days  
a call forever heard...vae victis!

Songwriters

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