

# Retaliate

## Misery Index

Crawling from the cities the filth chokes me to the taste,  
Feeding the desire to destroy this culture that I hate  
The daily inquisition, the fear that fuels our lives  
Sets each man against the other with the wool upon their eyes  
Chains of command, the weight of wait  
Under their wheels into concrete  
Face off the floor, rise up, retaliate  
The razor blade infections cut caverns deep across my skin  
Reminding me of battles I have lost and will never win  
There are no bullets here, these hands are clenched in fists  
And the promise of another day is all that we have left  
What remains here?  
Bowling to the dollar in their selfish church of capital,  
Where wealth encrusts their bodies, yet cancer fills their hearts?  
Brother will kill brother in this stained-glass abattoir called 'Earth'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>