

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'
My arteries are boiling with a hatred
undefined
For this colonizing monolith that suffocates our lives
A bastard congregation runs the head of this machine
Our hands will gut its gears 'til their blood runs cold and we are free

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