

# The Great Depression

## Misery Index

Storm clouds spreading  
Black horizons oil slick the southern sky  
What prospects should I gather here to motivate my corpse to rise?  
Bloodshot  
My eyes reject the staleness of this day  
And 'reason' gives purpose for all the pills i have to swallow  
Driving  
My heart is dead and hollow  
Metal boxes racing by  
Ringing out the death of my life  
Machines buzzing  
Towers looming the antithesis of nature  
Entering this asphalt tomb- self - interest my prime dictator. Now that i stand to carry the weight - try to  
conceive me that it's all for  
something?  
Now that i stand to carry the weight  
I lie to myself...am i living-dead? Four walls surround me with wires outstretched- the triumph of time over  
space  
The modus vivendi- each man for himself  
Each alone  
And each an island Get me out of this hole somehow...get me out of this hole right now...my  
great depression

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