

Servants of Progress

Misery Index

Bred for the wheel...

Running like a dog far too long

Waiting for a chance to 'be'

Learning your lessons with pride then fall into line Your class inclination is to work

Consume

And breed

You bury your dead where you eat But never forget this world is infinite

Work another day

Punch that clock

Watching your life pass by Sucking all flesh from the bone

Your fruit all but rotten

A spectar comes haunting again as Babylon sleeps

Your enemies once were your friends Your lovers

Your life... all dead

You are your own destroyer...

Hang the masters from the highest tree and let their dead eyes stare back at Their children

... is this how we want to live...?

Songwriters

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