

# History Is Rotten

## Misery Index

Sleepwalking through our spoon-fed lives  
As evidence of times before  
In chapters long forgotten  
The rotting tombs of history are written by the victors  
Empty words are staring back as paragraphs of power leave  
No traces of the toiler's fate (just one massacre to many, and none too late)  
All glory comes from death  
Desensitized in unreal fiction forms  
Our leaders never die, it's the working poor that fight their wars  
It is written? It is rotten, their truth is dead and rotting  
With decades passing and nothing changing  
The hourglass grows empty again  
Tunnel visions and career clowns  
Send ivory towers crumbling down  
The pulse is fading  
The axe is falling  
Another tragedy unfolds  
The moral standard  
The status quote  
The carcasses of millions left in their wake  
The paper bound in books that glorify the acts of murderers will burn just  
Like all empires that have come before  
Five hundred years dead, cold and efficient they carry out their plan, indoctrinate  
The youth to the textbook wasteland  
As patriots empowered  
They coronate themselves  
Breed us on their lies  
And they feed us to the wolves

Lyrics provided by

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