

Rituals of Power

Misery Index

Smell the fear, the coming decay of all, rites of spring gone rotten
High priests, lords of artifice, lead their flocks into harm's way

Welcome all to the new inquisition, the last shriek from the tomb
Nothing left but to burn it all down, rub the salt in the open wound
Destroy, delete, rebuild, repeat, another name carved into stone
Falsify, then pretend, as we cut the cord and wait for the end

With a concrete stare - rituals of power
The dead eyes of the past - rituals of power
Up to the gates of armageddon - rituals of power
Until we're all one with the dust - rituals of power

Still they cling to the old superstitions, the elders speak in tongues
The spit words their words and they wither and wait, as Cronus eats the young
Destroy, delete, rebuild, repeat - another name carved into stone
As they rot away, 200 years - straight to the grave

With a concrete stare - rituals of power
The dead eyes of the past - rituals of power
Up to the gates of armageddon - rituals of power
Until we're all one with the dust - rituals of power

No one cares who lives or dies, no empathy, no compromise
The crows descend, the children mourn, the ichor spills and the crosses burn
Like Visigoths at the gates of Rome, a great decline into a great unknown
Marble eyes, obelisks, cenotaphs, Bolsheviks
Cities burn and ashes rain, no one speaks of us again
Each and all, swept away...like grains of sand on the shore of time

Greed shrines, halls of emptiness, blight and shame rewarded
Cowardice with no consequence, thieves-as-gods exalted
Parasites, endless appetites, drag them to oblivion
Subjects fill the empty nest, mouths open...waiting for worms