

The Weakener

Misery Index

Why should I care:

The writings on the wall - no future

Cynics sow disdain, as pious retroverts unrestrained

What vision can ever rise from this worthless human waste?

Like ghosts from '68, a generation still lost in space

Narcissistic automatons, caressing techno-fetishes unknown

Maybe I'm deranged - a Herbert West inside of me

Hoping to raise the dead - to find some life in this species selfish-bred

Atavist!

As I watch your

Institutions decay, contradictions remain

Institutions decay, weakeners... so weakening

They bait, cast and reel, to the passive so ready to kneel

With hooks so firm in mouth, they carry forth on this path unbo wed

So quick to turn away, so quick to unleash the blade

As cracks across the dam, still hold back a world we can't comprehend

Atavist!

Institutions decay, contradictions remain

Institutions decay, weakeners... so weakening

Cut the cord and start the fire

Ass seers of oblivion, all color turns to black

Forfeit the unknown, upon the rack of circumstance

So goes the folly of man, a fool in a forest of fear

"As you like it," they will say, "... there's plenty more just like you here"