

# Fed To The Wolves

## Misery Index

Roll forth the dice, the hourglass tipped  
Conformity reigns, soon enough the hammer hits  
Imagination crushed, where brilliance once thrived  
Predictably they'll serve, as worker bees beneath the hive

Assembly-line indoctrination  
Like heads of cattle herded home  
Some might call them pioneers  
Reality would call them drones

Funneled out fast, from classroom to cancer  
Disciples at play, so bland, yet so sincere  
Pharmacy-fueled, cavorting as fake friends  
Whittled down dull, to shallow, uncreative ends

Work, play and reproduction  
The three pronged trident-spear  
Impaling deep in wisdom's head  
How quickly youth can disappear

Atrophy as institution...dead

Siphon the lifeblood, extract the untapped  
Children resolved to uninspired epitaphs  
Follow their footsteps, vomit their concepts  
Thrown out the front door, fed off to the waiting wolves

Refine their tunnel vision, the best is left unseen  
Usher their role as ciphers, tin soldiers bound to the machine

Racing to the end...

Salivating tongues, lycanthropic scents  
Detect their future pawns, managers and malcontents  
Open doors shut, the canopy is caved  
Servility enshrined, next stop: the open grave