

Partisans Of Grief

Misery Index

The voices clash and debate
So many wrongs to right
Their bleeding heats flow never-ending
(Like their appetites)

"Left" on a front line they can't defend
(Why try to pretend?)

Spouting invectives
One way directives
Sleep well, night-watchman
(Privilege has its own objectives)

Blind ambitions
Death processions
Selling our tragedies
(Emotional pornography redeemed)

Partisans, wake the world to sorrow
Pantagruels, rouse your buried woe
Partisans, face your black tomorrow
Swans songs from death's throat

Boiling in a plight of circumstance, dismayed
Running off when raging seas get rough to save themselves

We all know this ship is sinking fast
The Captain's on his own
The devil's die is cast, for Eschaton

You fuel the problems you profess to solve...

Our weary world embedded
With avarice and vice
Like insects locked in amber,
They're corpses locked in ice
With silence their companion
And death their destination
They tread, slogging onward,
Callously unchanged