

## 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