

Administer the Dagger

Misery Index

Who are the oppressors?
The few, the king, the capitalist
And a handful of other overseers
And superintendents
Who are the oppressed?
The many, the nations of the Earth
The valuable personages
The workers
Slave and make the bread
The soft-handed and idle eat

We are the ones who plant the burning seed inside your head
A preconception bent, a momentary scent
As skeptics castigate, prevaricate, and connive
Days on end turn to years in time

We offer answers to allay you of this mayhem
Prophetic alchemy, soothing casuistry
You second-guess the truth as shadow agents consort
Fault assigned to the weakened of mind
Each vassal claims what the other denies
The order preserves what the order prescribes
And we, the sinister, administer the dagger

The mind's a prison in this codified disaster
An overarching rule, a caravan of fools
An aristocracy of esoteric origin
Wealth ingests wealth as you swallow our lies
Each will disdain what the other decries
The order preserves what the order prescribes
And we, the sinister, administer the dagger

We echo claims diseased and antiquated
Yet nothing hides the truth of our intent
No hidden cause, no cabal in concealment
We are the ones you choose to rule your wretched lives