

# Breathing Pestilence

## Misery Index

Looking in from the outside,  
Each city pukes its wounded forth,  
A world that time forgot,  
Along 95 from south to north,  
From gray to greener lands,  
To exurb, suburb, in-between,  
Some choke and some breathe,  
A fact of life in this plutocracy,  
As the best of the worst plan our lives,  
A mass murder of the spirit cuts the vine bearing wisdom's fruit,  
Brother, wave your trust in faith goodbye,  
When it's man against man, the culture consecrates the code of spite,  
So this is the ideal system -  
Millions shunned in urban tombs,  
Easy for the rich to suffer,  
As they smile, wave, and lock their doors,  
Driving away from the failures,  
So trivial and so normalized,  
Back to their pristine pastures,  
To forward and secure their perfect lives,  
This nation blood-bound with its ties,  
Gives not a fuck for its children or the toils of their wasted labor,  
Flood pouring gates open wide,  
Upon this fiction of a state, and the excess it expels and justifies,  
Ghosts in concrete veils, haunt Katrina's winds,  
Gasp, as charcoal air, fills lungs as black as tar  
And they drown...