

# Complete Control

## Misery Index

No hope nor reason  
Just thirteen years against the grain  
Broke, burned and branded  
No greater cause, called my name  
Caged like a cipher  
Doomed to dwell a dead-end life  
The 'way it is'? Or conspiracy?  
Wherefore and why this world should be?

Now through wool-encrusted eyes I see  
Their malfeasance and their sophistry  
As the tentacles of lies unfold  
In this complete control

Rife with division  
Shreds of truth, infect the maze  
Prophets spew derision  
As empires wax and wane  
Who am I in this?  
A hero's song, or Caliban?  
Plant the seed, pull the strings  
My will is all that's left of me

Now through wool-encrusted eyes I see  
Their malfeasance and their sophistry  
As the tentacles of lies unfold  
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Now killers walk among us  
And skeptics blindly stare  
As power grips insidious  
All that's real fades into the air