

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

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Their malfeasance and their sophistry
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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