

Gallows Humor

Misery Index

Are you laughing now?
We are the ones that live and breathe
Vermin on the streets below
You are the ones shrink and hide
Cowering away inside your tombs
Shifting eyes, sleight of hand
Architects elite
Comedies, tragedies
Never out of reach
Äppäräts, lurking stats
Prodigals unleashed
Surf and ride, open skies
The slaughter never ends...

When our dead pile high
And our fear multiplies
You will say, "so it goes."
And the crowd will chant in exaltation

Parasites, archetypes
Atrocity en vogue
Causalities, ironies
Laughter fills the room
Class defined, peace of mind
A caravan of fools
Anesthetized, paralyzed
The pacifist relents...

As our dead pile high
And our fears multiply
You will say, "so it goes,"
And the crown will chant in exaltation
Cross the divide
And their gods will decide
What is flesh, what is false
As the demons swarm in exaltation

Line them up and open fire
Castigate, memento mori
In this dead tradition
Servility and guilt
Bind us all together
In this ever-present filth
Everything is art
And nothing ever dies
In this neo-fascist paradise
Bred from reproduction
Nothing in between
Death and revelation
Bought and sold equally
Past devours present
Present eats past
In these gallows, nothing's meant to last
The air is thick with fear and wonder
A blaze burns in Vonnegut's eyes
His Dresden reeks beyond what words describe
"All time is all time," the grand, absurd leveler, by design

Still, we're just insects in amber
Minions of the modern, your final act is yet to come

We are the ones that live and breathe
Vermin on the streets below
You are the ones that shrink and hide
Cowering away inside your tombs