## **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

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