

I Disavow

Misery Index

Sycophants storm the gate
In vermin-hordes they swarm
Contorted faces gripping torches in the afterglow
First they castigate, then they obfuscate
Truth is the void where reality will end

The foulest walk among us
Janus-faced and starry-eyed
March to the piper's tune
Like rats they'll follow - you just need a song to lead them

Servants fawning, I disavow
This vile calling - I disavow

Who fears the anarchist? Who fears the terrorist?
Truth is the void where reality will end

Fictionaries fabricate
And fascinate the minds of youth
Posturing partisans
Who fuel this nightmare with their solipsistic bullshit

Servants fawning, I disavow
This vile calling - I disavow

Swastikinder, casualties of reason—your god's a man of straw

Ventriloquists, veritas in absentia
Archetypes of a species yet to come
The die is cast—no questions ever answered
A downward spiral into vertigo's arms

Who fears the anarchist? Who fears the terrorist?
Truth is the void where reality will end

A dialectic death-waltz
Called 'cards against reality'
A game we each play alone
As gas-lit martyrs for the overlords that feed us

Servants fawning, I disavow
This vile calling - I disavow and repudiate in full

These jackals spit the venom of deception

Sleep walk, no rest for the ignorant
Who cry wolf as they're dragged from the womb
Dry-dox, the pitchfork procession trolls on... and you are next