

Multiply by Fire

Misery Index

What drives the hungry hopeless, who always stand the last in line?

As these iron caverns welcome, another million of their dreams to die

Not the money lender- his pockets lined and fat belly full
who draws up his fiddle high to spin a tune as the city burns

..And they will watch it burn

As they multiply, the seeds are sown, the flames grow high, the tables turn

What moves the toiling masses, to push ahead into another day?
To walk past their dying brothers, to force themselves just to look away

Not their guilty conscience who in token acts toss crumbs in shame

Cause in their spineless hearts they know, their bread and water never change a thing their words as empty as their heads

And faced with a life in absentia, they'll choose to burn their temples down, burn.

If there is any hope it lies with the Prols