

## 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 bread and water never change a thing  
Their words as empty as their heads

As they multiply  
The seeds are sown  
The flames grow high  
The tables turn

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  
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