

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 proles
If there is any hope
It lies with the proles