

# The Color of Blood

## Misery Index

What instills fear into the hearts of men  
The pale blank stare of the bastard sons of Sam

Waltons perched on high, big brother Bush's patriot act  
As Fear, the great inhibitor, can motivate the taking of lives  
back

Consume... your empire your tomb

We sold our SUV's  
We bleeding red and black  
We got up from our knees  
And took that shit from Wal-Mart back

And I could give a fuck about this shit robot parade  
Red white and blue and sleep  
And so soundly they shall stay

I'll curse this till my throat will bleed, bleeding red and black  
In the wake of awakening, red and fucking black

Consume... your empire your tomb

Lying to yourself, a state of self delusion  
As commonground with greed is a commonplace illusion

Who should peddle fear onto the hearts of men  
As fear, the great back-stabber, can give one means to stand