

The Eaters and the Eaten

Misery Index

Ancient ways ensnared in the monetary grip
Sons and daughters slaved by the wage and the whip
Our way of life crushed, as our lives drown in work
Is this what we're to think, that a human life is worth?

Burned out fields and broken, black factories
Echoing names of the dead who came before me
Who yearns to breathe this acrid, acid air?
Who among us bleeds for a better life beyond despair?

Eaters and eaten - deathwork, so nauseating
Master and servant - deathwork immisertating

The eaters and the eaten - eaten alive
Hours spent in the shadow of the mill
Days turn to weeks as our lifeblood spills

Burned out fields and broken, black factories
Echoing names of the dead who came before me

Eaters and eaten - deathwork, so nauseating
Master and servant - deathwork immisertating

From the rare earth mine, to the longshore line
Survival is a burden, that we can not relent

The eaters and the eaten - eaten alive
Hours spent in the shadow of the mill
Days turn to weeks as our lifeblood spills

Falling through the cracks, we bring down the anvil of dissent
From ash-caked eyes, thousand-mile stares
Gaze upon a world where this system is extinct and nevermore