

The Haves Have Naught

The Dear Hunter

Look at that shopkeeper peddling his wares
Shouting his sales pitch, but nobody cares

Don't you wonder what keeps him there, day after day?
Begging for gold as his hair turns to gray
Blindly they're bounding apace
Starving for mercy in a merciless place

Only a fool would make martyrs from heathens
And find them so lively when they're barely breathing
Just barely breathing

Just look at that toymaker grinding his gears
Turning no profit but he doesn't care

He keeps smiles on faces day after day
The children keep sadness and suffering at bay

Blissfully bounding apace
Searching for mercy in a merciless place

Only a monster makes fodder from saints
And finds them so worthless when they're full of grace
So full of grace

But what better use of hookers and thieves
Then greasing the wheels of perfect machines
That hum into life a harmony of industry?

But what is the use of cutting them down
To smother and choke the soul of our town?
I know there is another way

But, what is so wrong with giving them purpose?
(Just how could you weed them out?)
(Degrading them without doubt)

A man like yourself could give to the worthless
(You're bleeding them dry)
(They live and die like you and I)

Without the guidance of rulers and tyrants
(And under your guidance; the hands of a tyrant)
These people will just tear themselves apart

Just look at that charlatan steeped in deceit
A threat to the young
To the old and the meek
Don't you wonder what made him
So vicious, so sick?
So far out of balance?
So cruel and so callous?
So married to malice?