

## Propheteering

Adestria

You fed them your lies and you stole all their earnings away.  
You made a market for those that want to be saved.  
What you're doing isn't something new. Religion is an ancient form of revenue.  
Your pockets fill as you betray their trust. Your gaudy cross encased in rust.  
The needy starve while you take your fill. Eyes to the sky with your hand in the till.  
You spread the plague while you sell the cure, a modern day zealot entrepreneur.  
You take advantage of those who seek the help, by selling pardons from hell.  
Your scripture says give up what you own, but yet you preach from a golden throne.  
Without sin, they'd have no reason to buy into belief turned enterprise.  
You lie. You steal. You'll be dragged down by your greed. You're nothing more than a pious thief.  
You'll never admit, you only bow to the gilded profit.  
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You hoard every dollar you find, but if you practiced what you preached you'd leave it all behind.  
You can't pull your riches through a needle's eye. You can't save us from a falling sky.  
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