

Sons Of Avarice

American Steel

Speak of heroes
You're swift to nominate them
Oh, darling be a sacrificial lamb
Oh, poor boys fighting peasants in foreign lands

How loudly you praise them
Oh, but where were you then?
Off dancing with your debutante
Her skin is soft and warm
But her eyes are cold and dead

It serves the greedy well
To say men's hearts are dark
But I believe there'll be a light that shines
Which now is just a spark

No gods, no masters
No kings nor their court jesters
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No kings nor their court jesters
Bury the last
Sons of avarice

Tell the teachers and nurses and soldiers
They must be lazy and/or dumb
While you, you earn a hundred to one
Oh, but don't you f**king utter the word
Meritocracy

So what's our priorities
With people or markets being free
I hear Sudan is a dusty place
And every day a few less black faces

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