

# 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  
No gods, no masters  
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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