

# Making Money

Angelspit

I crushed up Ergot and made it a paste  
I spread it on the dollar bills  
Everyone who touched it caught the disease  
For luscious bits of landfill  
It sparked an epidemic of self hate  
They wanted it so bad they could kill  
Everyone believing everything ain't enough  
Trampling bodies on the treadmill

Makin' money, all things shiny  
(if you do not spend, you are spent)

Bullet into gun  
Barrel, lips pout  
Finger in the ring  
Money into mouth

The first letter in Sydney is a dollar sign  
The first symbol in London is a pound  
Life ain't yours til you fucked it away  
The dream ain't yours until it's burned to the ground  
The city of beauty is built on the dead  
Temple of wealth is built on the poor  
Spend life just passing away  
'Til you get up off your belly and crawl

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You are allowed to burn books, hope can rot  
Dreams go up in flames, that's OK  
We'll turn a blind eye if you burn a poor man  
But if you burn money...you're going to pay  
Anger is a currency, acidically mad  
hatred is the new economy  
I am the inspiration of every wicked woman  
viscously corrupt, greed is monogamy  
All power, all truth, all knowing, all destroying, all dying...not caring

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