

Money

Choking Victim

I am sick and tired and my money's always spent,
And though their jobs are killing me, their money pays my rent.
The fuel of world hate, although it's just a seed,
But when it grows and flowers, it becomes the world's greed!
Money for the rich, money for the fed,
God supplies the money and god supplies the dead!
And when yer dead and ready, "exploited" be thy name,
'cause after you have money things are never quite the same!
I don't care for money, and money's not for me,
The money fueled this empire and our racist history.
Although I'm forced to use it, the rules have all been set.
But life is not worth living when yer soul is in debt!

Money kills.
Money rapes.
Money lies.
Money hates.