

The Face Of Poverty

From Ashes Rise

The face of poverty, as willing subjects we all spectate your demise.

You can wash away the filth but not the calluses
That keep the devils down beneath the status quo.

Our sacred symbols are for you to use, before your face, we hang the gold.

The face of poverty, with 60 seconds left your fame is slowly running scarce.

You can wipe away the tears but not the images
That formed the mannequin behind the shattered glass.

Our sacred forms beg you trust, before you face we hang your gold.