

# Tarnished Gluttony

## Job for a Cowboy

A monetary plague is digging the world into an economic culmination tomb

Sculpted by the cods who have built their throne upon a foundation of falsity

An elastic currency uncoils and is extracted from the benumbed lingers of millions

Papered bills are lessened as they tarnish with gluttony, a mute nation walks blindfolded

As anarchism rears its face, they are answered by an iron fist

Fixed media arousal, for hypocrisy has its own elegant symmetry

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