

Blackened blood that stains this bed
My sweet addiction I thee wed
You will work
I will win
I will drink in all your sin
Till gallon drunk I hit the ground
Your reason rhymes with pence & pounds
Money makes morality
Your dividends
My decency

Your cheapest cut is sweet corrosion
The interest due is never frozen
Pass the bill
Have your thrill
There's a pill for all your ills

You will condemn
I'll convert
You will preach
I will pervert

Lay on your face
And beg
That the mercy of god
Will come upon you