## Poor

## **Rotten Sound**

Loss of vitality, collapse of health Lack of food and fresh water Nobody feeds our poor Nobody treats our sick

And the profit-making machines Do not recognize humanity The people who decide how much to give Is giving them no reason to live

Sickness and selfish deeds of The companies in charge of this world Destroy all possible means For the poor to get well

The crime they have done Was to be born in the wrong family Their lives are filled with misery Because of this destiny

Children are starving to death Leaving small with stinking breath Nobody feeds our poor Nobody treats our sick

And the profit-making machines Do not recognize humanity

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