

Tales Of Greed

Sons Of Seasons

Your part in creation is to eat the forbidden fruit,
In a shiny suit.
And we provide the stages for your dance,
Although you miss all elegance.

They say that clothes make the emperor, but I think it's more
About a solid state of mind.
I hoped we've raised above the carnivores,
But when I look at you you're right about that kind.

Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick.

Disgust, spitting out my disgust, showing you my disgust,
My contempt for your small existence.
Disgust, all you get is disgust, that's for kicking my trust,
I will smash your throne.
You alone missed the signs of this system changing.
Tell me your tales of greed.

Seems all you've studied for is how to get the dime.
Well, right this attitude makes you a king of our time.
My consolation is locked secure in my heart and head,
That in the end your wallet's filled, but you're cold and dead.

Who cut the leash, who lost the sense of common men?
Who resurrects the dynasties
And breaks morality?