

The Marketsquare of Dooley

Vexillum

We crossed the line, in this famous square we arrived
A place of swap, forbidden to the cash

Hundreds of stands, here you can find what you search
Advice or wine, drugs or jewels which shine

All rely on all, nothing can be stolen

Leave the dough, leave it to the fools!
I hope they can eat it instead of food!
No more Slaves of this shining gold!
This is the faith, of the market square!

There are no ranks, no way for the banks
You'll have no debt, and nothing more to ask

Your skill as writer for a piece of fresh bread
New shoes to your horse, exchanged for a dress

Out of this wall, every one believes they can
They can do anything, they have no more to learn!

You can't hoard, you can't try to resell
Your commitment decides your success
Have just an hammer it's not enough
You are not a blacksmith, you are a bluff!
There is no place for those
Who only want to teach and earn