

Beyond Decay

"Money Makes Me Sick"

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As we fight back the rich,
The corporate bomb ticks,
Cause money fuels the rich,
Money makes me sick,
As time goes on,
We'll all be done,
One by one,
Burnt out like the sun,
The war will be won,

You got your money in your hands,
And your money feels great,
And I'm laughing in your face cause you're a total
fucking fake,
Capitalism is a thought integrated in our lives,
Just put away those fries cause it's all just full of lies,

Another politician wants to bank his weary eyes,
By infesting us with more of his deadly corporate lies,
If you bomb a country with your bullshit oil drilling,
And your pockets get fatter that's called war
profiteering,

As we fight back the rich,
The corporate bomb ticks,
Cause money fuels the rich,
Money makes me sick,
As time goes on,
We'll all be done,
One by one,
Burnt out like the sun,
The war will be won,

Rolling the dice, in the corporate game of lies,
Speaking through your ass with your freedom fry lies,
Terrorists strike your homeland and you still wonder
why?

I'm a tell you something true and that is you ought to
die.

