

FallStar**"Salt On Poverty's Wounds"**

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I cannot win, every dollar that leaves me feeds you
I cannot win, every dollar that leaves me feeds
you...more

Wealth reached in your chest and gripped your heart
He whispers in your ear and thrust you into power
He tells you lie, lie, lie or I will leave
He tells you take, take, take or I will leave

And when he's taught you all that he knows, he will
move on

A person only concerning profit
With more power than the state
Above the law
Money talks

They put salt on poverty's wounds
Their mouths are barrels and their words wreak of a
tomb

I cannot win, every dollar that leaves me feeds you
I cannot win, every dollar that leaves me feeds
you...more

Humble yourselves, humble yourselves,
Humble yourselves or your nation will collapse
Your idols will collapse

Greed reached in your chest and gripped your heart
He whispered in your ear and thrust you into power
He tells you lie, lie, lie or I will leave
He tells you take, take, take or I will leave

And when he's taught you all that he knows...he will
move

On, move on
He will move on
Oh!

You were placed here to protect her but you whored her
out (you whored her out)
You whored her out and you sucked her dry
She's left ugly and naked in the gutters with your sons
left to wonder at what you've done.

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