

## **Inexist** **"Fashion Death"**

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A man was craved for money all the times  
And he could do everything for it  
But nowadays this bias  
Overstepped all lines of decensy

Small creature roamed around the hills  
Looked for female in the woods  
Suddenly something flapped him for worse  
And his hide was expended for fur

Hey Madam, quite enough fun  
The glasses of wine, admirers are here  
I want you to choke down the caviar  
For you to know worth of luxury

Was a businessman, was very wealth  
Was honest, paid taxes (to treasury  
But someone disliked for his grip and his vim  
No longer can live, decided within)

The prise for his life less then for car  
At home there are child, the wife and comfort  
Someone can say it is a new natural selection  
But It's difficult for me to live with you, people

I never thought that: it could be real!  
But I forgot that: world lives with deals...  
Now I am asking why:  
For money; is it fashion to die?

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