

Job For A Cowboy

"Tarnished Gluttony"

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A monetary plague is digging the world
Into an economic culmination tomb.
Sculpted by the Gods who have built their throne
Upon a foundation of falsity.

An elastic currency uncoils and is extracted
From the benumbed fingers of millions.
Papered bills are lessened as they tarnish with
gluttony,
A mute nation walks blindfolded.

As anarchism rears its face,
They are answered by an iron fist.
Fixed media's arousal,
For hypocrisy has its own elegant symmetry.

Let an empire cease to exist,
Entomb the masses as they persist to resist.
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