

## Pain Confessor

### "Dea Pecuniae"

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Music, lyric and arrangements by Daniel Gildenlöw

I. Mr. Money

Miss Mediocraty:

"Hey there sweetie. Don't I know you? I swear I recognize your face... and those beautiful eyes... You know, they say the eyes are the doorway to ones soul... There's a smile. A little shy, aren't we? Hey, do you wanna get out of here

Mr. Money:

Hey Miss Mediocrity, gee, I'm sorry  
You've seen me on TV, I'm Mr. Money  
Now you want someone to hold you  
And call when you're in town  
Someone to calm you and confirm you  
Well, I'm here...

...to let you down

'Cause outside these sexy cars  
And far from my trendy bars  
Behind these smiles...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...maybe go someplace..."

Mr. Money:

...And sunscreen...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...more quiet, where we could... you know... talk!"

Mr. Money:

...And "Live the Dream!"s...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...and get to know each other..."

Mr. Money:

I am cold!

Miss Mediocraty:

"...no?"

Mr. Money:

And mean!

Miss Mediocraty:

"How about a ride in that Bentley up front? It's yours

isn't it? I'll be a good girl, I promise!  
...or bad...  
...whatever you like!"

Mr. Money:  
Daily Finance - that's me in the Armani  
Got  
Three Mercedes 350, two Ferraris  
I Could have bought a Third World country  
With the riches that I've spent  
But hey  
All modern economics claim that I deserved  
Every single cent  
And the one time I'm the lesser half  
Is when we split the tab  
So here's to Friends, Family and Liberty, Genuinity,  
here's to Happiness, Success, Good Press, No Stress...  
But most of all...

Here's to Me!  
Here's to Me!  
Here's to Me!  
There will be nothing left...  
So...  
Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: Oh baby, baby)  
Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: I'll take care of you)  
Here's to Me!  
There will be nothing left...  
Nothing left...  
...for you

Dea Pecuniae:  
"If you're looking for fulfillment  
A Kingdom and a Crown  
A Paradise of Free Rides  
I am here...  
...to let you down  
I'll get you the sexy cars  
And a taste of divinity  
A glimpse of the Stars  
Immortality  
But then Vanity  
Will leave you dried and scarred  
(Mr. Money: That's right, oh, give it to me!)

Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: Oh baby, baby)  
Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: You'll take care of me)  
Here's to Me!  
To me"

II. Permanere

Mr. Money:  
But then when it's silent  
And the lights from the bars go down  
I need comforting  
'Cause somewhere there deep inside  
Feelings of loss arise  
And I hate to lose!

### III: I Raise My Glass

They say it's lonely at the top  
Then I'm as lonely as can be  
But I am not too sorry  
You see, I've chosen this company  
I got myself a winning team  
It's Me, Myself and I  
You bet it's lonely at the top old friends  
And I'm here today to tell you suckers why!  
(Dea Pecuniae!)  
Dea Pecuniae  
Money rules...  
They claim that I get paid for my big Responsibility  
But hey, you know...  
That is just a lame excuse  
For my egocentricity  
They say that we're really the same you and I  
And I truly do agree  
You see  
Just like me  
You live for me  
Until the day you die  
And so I raise my glass to all of you who really believe  
that I get paid for my big responsibility  
To all of you who suck it up and pay my debts  
To all of you who think that my lifestyle does not affect  
the environment  
Or the poverty  
Well, maybe not more than marginally anyway  
Good for you!  
And you know what?  
Here's to you...  
And I raise my glass, to those of you who give their  
piece of the cake for free, for me to throw in the face of  
democracy  
For those who help making solidarity ideologically  
untrendy  
And charity individualistically idiotic, unsmart and  
characteristically bendy  
I salute thee you poor bastards 'cause you all nod while  
I sit at your table

So let's raise our glasses one last time, to give you all  
the greatest recognition and credit of all times - cause  
after all, let's face it; that's the only "thank you" you will  
ever get  
So come on now - raise your glasses!  
Here's to YOU  
There will be nothing left - no!  
Nothing left...  
...but money

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