

The Voids "Capitalist"

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Your upright position and your elegant pose
Showing signs of money and who knows
Living your whole life just to make a dollar more
Fancy houses, big cars lined up in rows
A member of society that all the elite know
A man of such high respect because his wallet's full

Blood of a worker
Oil of machinery
Plight of the commoners
Money in your pocket
Capitalism, slavery, genocide
Red blood stains the fucking flag!

Work all day, giving orders, taking breaks
Upset getting up from your chair today
Laughing at the poor
Nothing more to you than jokes
Even though their the ones
That help your wealth grow
Pay them small wages
They'll stay, they have no choice
Talk about family
But never hear a voice

Blood of a worker
Oil of machinery
Plight of the commoners
Money in your pocket
Capitalism, slavery, genocide
Red blood stains the fucking flag!

Some may look up to you
And envy what you have
But my hard working hands
Are more dignified than that
Working 9 to 5 in a job that's not so great
Working 5 to 5 for their family's dinner plate
Staying years with you without a little praise
Staying years with you without a little raise

Blood of a worker

Oil of machinery
Plight of the commoners
Money in your pocket
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