

## **Tissue Issue**

### **"Blessed Are The Rich"**

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(I'd give what I possess. Just name your price, I'll pay  
I ask for nothing more than redemption in return)

End is near, lay down your gold  
Hide your face (and) your bloody hands in the mud  
How much money will buy you forgiveness?

I'll take you in to my realm of darkness  
Where the acid forever rains  
Stricken goats play the tunes of death

I'll make you bleed, (I'll) alter your soul  
In the ashes venom burns your throat  
Obey my will, submit yourself  
As your silver turns to sand

Build your pile higher and higher  
Reach for the sky, become immortal  
Smite whoever stands in your way

I'll make you bleed, (I'll) alter your soul  
In the ashes venom burns your throat  
Obey my will, submit yourself  
As your silver turns to sand

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