

Tysta Mari

"Greed"

Visit "[Greed](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Vain inside, and forced to lie, on the edge of the world,
now you stand so proud and grow
The sensation of the fortune on you, won't help you to
grow stronger, but to grow all your wealth, not your
heart

So hate me when you want
Join with the spite of luck
Thus do I die and gather day by day your own greed
lies

You spent time to get rich
You spent your life alone
Thus do I die and gather day by day your own greed
lies

I'm filling my moods with my rage for your
overwhelming wins
You have all, you've always won

So are you to my thoughts
As flies swallow in mud
You win the ticket, the million dollar you love

You'd hate me now
My hands won't hold up your ass

Breed in greed, and lie again, 'till the end of your
world, 'till the soil brings up your corpse
In the end of time, you will rise, facing a world you'll
never know, 'cause you're dead to my eyes, a waste of
time

I know that you've got friends
But they stab in your back
You'll realize this when you'll lie down dead on your
rich ground

I've asked your help sometimes,
You turned your back with lies,
But all you've wanted was to keep your treasures safe

from men

I'm filling my moods with my rage for your
overwhelming wins
You have all, you've always won
I'm the only you closed out at the door of your life... you
forget me

So are you to my thoughts
As flies wallow in mud
You win the ticket, the million dollars you love

You'd hate me now
My hands won't hold up your ass

Please drink from
My potion
I'll help you, my dear
This potion
Will stick you
Then you will be free

Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better provide...
I'll pity you then, dear friend,
My pity is enough to cure you

Please drink from
My potion
I'll help you, my dear
This potion
Will stick you
Then you will be free

Whilst, like a willing patient, you will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst your strong infection;
I'll pity you then, dear friend,
My pity is enough to cure you.
This is for you

Vain inside, and forced to lie, on the edge of the world,
now you stand so proud and grow
The sensation of the fortune on you, won't help you to
grow stronger, but to grow all your wealth, now you're
dead, buried alive.

Visit [Tysta Mari](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

