

Sheogorath

"God Rest You Merry, Gentlefolk"

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God rest you merry, gentlefolk, let nothing you dismay
Loads of impoverished pensioners have died for you
this day
Those poor blighters froze to death, "Heat or eat," they
did say
All to provide you with your bonuses, 'cos you're fatcats
To provide you with your banking bonuses

God rest you merry, gentlefolk, let nothing you dismay
Loads of blameless disabled people died for you this
day
Those poor souls' conditions worsened once they'd lost
their pay
All to provide you with your bonuses, 'cos you're fatcats
To provide you with your banking bonuses

God rest you merry, gentlefolk, let nothing you dismay
Reflect upon how lucky you are on this winter's day
No need to live in the Third World to toil to make our
way
All to provide you with your bonuses, 'cos you're fatcats
To provide you with your banking bonuses, 'cos you're
fatcats
To provide you with your banking bonuses

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