

Honeycut

"Fallen To Greed"

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The king sits on a throne
The king sits on alone
At the snap of a finger
The kingdom grows bigger
The king sits on a throne
That the merchant and baker own
At the snap of his finger
Their kingdom grows bigger
Miss Justice she can preach
She's the jester on a leash
She jumps on the table
Proceeds with a fable
Cheered by the people
Miss Justice on a leash
Has no choice but to preach
A fable of conquest
At the king's request
Bugles were sounding through the land
But they never ever sounded so sad
The king says he brings the sun
At the tip of his gun

We'll do as he bankrolls
Up in the barrens
Can you really bring the sun
At the point of a gun
Or do I see bankrolls
Fueling the missiles
Soldier you got to know
What you're dying for
It's the merchant and the baker
Who you to your maker
Brother you got to know
What you're killing for
It's the merchant and the baker
Who pulled your trigger
Bugles were sounding through the land
But they never ever sounded so sad
Bugles are buried in the sand
Graveyard sound the bell
For all the men who fell
The epitaphs read
Fallen to greed
Graveyards sound the bell
For someone else as well
The jester was buried
Fallen to greed

Fallen to greed

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