

Hymn

"Corporate Bollocks"

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In the distant past, very long ago,
Leaders took care of the members of the tribe.
Many centuries passed then in 1773.
You could only make the team,
If you had the green.
And from that the Shareholder clan was born.

Now the tribal chief,
Had dissolved into a different beast.
He is known as the MD, or CEO.
Now these guys are farmers not leaders.
They grow the wealth with noxious pesticide.
They strive to inflate the share & stock price.
They turn a blind eye to human sacrifice.

The big cheese has to please,
All of his shareholder masters.
But he can't achieve,
Financial prosperity,
Without his faithful employees.
So let's look back through history,
And see what these pillars of the community,
Think about their "greatest assets".

"Coal Dust?
Don't make a fuss,
Collapsed mines,
Broken lives,
Pockets of gas,
People dying on mass,
They know the risks can be insurmountable,
I will not be held personally accountable"

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Don't make a fuss,
Collapsed mines,
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People dying on mass.
They know the risks can be insurmountable,
I will not be held personally accountable".

"Padlocks on the fire doors?
I just have the cause,
To believe employees are stealing my stock.
If they burn,
What the hey!
I'll be OK.
I'll buy myself a new workforce!"

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I have just cause!
To believe employees are stealing my stock.
If they burn,
What the hey!
I'll be OK... !
I'll buy myself a new workforce!"

"Employees are a great resource,
Much like computers & photocopier ink.
If you want to increase your gross margin,
Then you need to cut back, just a little bit.
A person's pay will save you more,
Than having one less photocopier"

"There's only one disdain,
Which causes me more pain.
Than those ungrateful, always right customers,
And that's my employees,
And having sick & holiday leave,
Burdening their poor employer".

"A woman? Doing my job?
Don't be a tedious bore.
I'm on the ball 24/7.
Not three weeks out of every four!"

"In all my years,
If I have learned one thing,
And that's to ensure,
That you place your office,
On the very top floor.
That way all the employees will look up to you,
Even if you treat them like poo!"

"For my employees I have to give thanks,
For they are the perfect human shields,
We will grease the tracks,
Of our corporate tanks,
With the blood of the employees."

We have the power,

To make the shareholders cower,
With the power, of the wallet.
We can kick them right in the profits.
And not support the corporate machine!

We have the power,
To make the shareholders cower,
With the power of the wallet.
We can kick them in the profits,
And not support the corporate machine.!

Why would you want to?
Support the Corporate MACHINE?
When you consider, it's a rich FUCKERS dream... !
CUNTS.

In the distant past, very long ago,
Leaders took care of the members of the tribe.
Many centuries passed then in 1773,
You could only make the team,
If you had the green.
And Guess what?
From that the Shareholder clan was born...
Satan Had Spawned.

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