

A grip on you like an addiction
A selfish need for something more
Who it hurts is inconsequential
When you get what you're looking for

Avarice, the muse that guides you
You are the sum of what you gain
But it won't buy your soul redemption
The kind of wealth you can't obtain

The pigs are at the trough
Their hunger won't subside
Awash in their own filth
Awash in their own lies

No sense of empathy
Corrupt in word and deed
I hate you for what you represent
I hate for your greed

Think of yourself before all others
To hell with grace and charity
They just impede your blind ambition
They just impede your gluttony

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Step on the necks of those beneath you
And claw your way up to the top
But don't look to me to find compassion
When you inevitably drop

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