

Signature of Starving Power

Job for a Cowboy

Let the money glutton kings recommence
Their laws with a hushed signature of starved power.
Silently wielding their supremacy
Blindly over the heads of a shackled empire.

A thirst so immense that it violently chokes the majority rule
To have absolutely no clout.
A nation stripped naked of all rights from the fingertips
Of ravenous dictating wolves.
So simple for them to justify, so utterly effortless to execute
.
The crowned kings spoon feed a crippling and fear mongering agenda.

With new commandments birthed and implanted,
They compose phobias from the running blood of thousands.
Stand before your corporate Gods
Intoxicated on money and power.

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[Solo]

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