

## Kill the Rich

No Use for a Name

The sky is still falling, is there any end in sight?  
And some are talking to themselves as missiles fly  
Through the night  
But in the beginning there were words with half a cause  
Now everyone is singing it and waiting for the applause

They don't think about you when the payments keep on coming  
But only to use you for a way

To make themselves appear like an angel in the room  
They soothe their guilty conscience and tell it what to do  
Synthetic compassion and some poor-mouth bad advice  
To get ahead they lay in bed and sleep safe all through the night

A million to nothing, like zombies they are frightening  
Just smile and wave and pass on by  
Denial is so strong but the guilt just keeps it going  
And give them a reason to say "hi"