

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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Awash in their own filth  
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Corrupt in word and deed  
I hate you for what you represent  
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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

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