

Dea Pecuniae

Pain Of Salvation

"Hey there sweetie. Don't I know you? I swear I recognize your face... and those beautiful eyes... You know, they say the eyes are the doorway to one's soul... There's a smile. A little shy, aren't we? Hey, do you wanna get out of here

Hey Miss Mediocrity, gee, I'm sorry
You've seen me on TV, I'm Mr. Money
Now you want someone to hold you
And call when you're in town
Someone to calm you and confirm you
Well, I'm here...
...to let you down
'Cause outside these sexy cars
And far from my trendy bars
Behind these smiles...
Miss Mediocrity:
"...maybe go someplace..."
Mr. Money:
...And sunscreen...
Miss Mediocrity:
"...more quiet, where we could... you know... talk!"
Mr. Money:
...And "Live the Dream!"s...
Miss Mediocrity:
"...and get to know each other..."
Mr. Money:
I am cold!
Miss Mediocrity:
"...no?"
Mr. Money:
And mean!

Miss Mediocrity:
"How about a ride in that Bentley up front? It's yours isn't it? I'll be a good girl, I promise!
...or bad...
...whatever you like!"

Mr. Money:
Daily Finance - that's me in the Armani
Got
Three Mercedes 350, two Ferraris
I Could have bought a Third World country
With the riches that I've spent
But hey
All modern economics claim that I deserved
Every single cent
And the one time I'm the lesser half
Is when we split the tab
So here's to Friends, Family and Liberty, Genuinity, here's to Happiness, Success, Good Press, No Stress...
But most of all...

Here's to Me!
Here's to Me!
Here's to Me!
There will be nothing left...

So...

Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: Oh baby, baby)

Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: I'll take care of you)

Here's to Me!

There will be nothing left...

Nothing left...

...for you

Dea Pecuniae:

"If you're looking for fulfillment

A Kingdom and a Crown

A Paradise of Free Rides

I am here...

...to let you down

I'll get you the sexy cars

And a taste of divinity

A glimpse of the Stars

Immortality

But then Vanity

Will leave you dried and scarred

(Mr. Money: That's right, oh, give it to me!)

Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: Oh baby, baby)

Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: You'll take care of me)

Here's to Me!

To me"

II. Permanere

Mr. Money:

But then when it's silent

And the lights from the bars go down

I need comforting

'Cause somewhere there deep inside

Feelings of loss arise

And I hate to lose!

III: I Raise My Glass

They say it's lonely at the top

Then I'm as lonely as can be

But I am not too sorry

You see, I've chosen this company

I got myself a winning team

It's Me, Myself and I

You bet it's lonely at the top old friends

And I'm here today to tell you suckers why!

(Dea Pecuniae!)

Dea Pecuniae

Money rules...

They claim that I get paid for my big Responsibility

But hey, you know...

That is just a lame excuse

For my egocentricity

They say that we're really the same you and I

And I truly do agree

You see

Just like me

You live for me

Until the day you die

And so I raise my glass to all of you who really believe that I get paid for
my big responsibility

To all of you who suck it up and pay my debts

To all of you who think that my lifestyle does not affect the environment
Or the poverty
Well, maybe not more than marginally anyway
Good for you!
And you know what?
Here's to you...
And I raise my glass, to those of you who give their piece of the cake for free,
for me to throw in the face of democracy
For those who help making solidarity ideologically untrendy
And charity individualistically idiotic, unsmart and characteristically bendy
I salute thee you poor bastards 'cause you all nod while I sit at your table
So let's raise our glasses one last time, to give you all the greatest recognition
and credit of all times - cause after all, let's face it; that's the only "thank you"
you will ever get
So come on now - raise your glasses!
Here's to YOU
There will be nothing left - no!
Nothing left...
...but money