Making Money

Angelspit

I crushed up Ergot and made it a paste
I spread it on the dollar bills
Everyone who touched it caught the disease
For luscious bits of landfill
It sparked an epidemic of self hate
They wanted it so bad they could kill
Everyone believing everything ain't enough
Trampling bodies on the treadmill

Makin' money, all things shiny
(if you do not spend, you are spent)

Bullet into gun
Barrel, lips pout
Finger in the ring
Money into mouth

The first letter in Sydney is a dollar sign
The first symbol in London is a pound
Life ain't yours til you fucked it away
The dream ain't yours until it's burned to the ground
The city of beauty is built on the dead
Temple of wealth is built on the poor
Spend life just passing away
'Til you get up off your belly and crawl

Makin' money, all things shiny
(if you do not spend, you are spent)

Bullet into gun
Barrel, lips pout
Finger in the ring
Money into mouth

You are allowed to burn books, hope can rot
Dreams go up in flames, that's OK
We'll turn a blind eye if you burn a poor man
But if you burn money…you're going to pay
Anger is a currency, acidically mad
hatred is the new economy
I am the inspiration of every wicked woman
viscously corrupt, greed is monogamy
All power, all truth, all knowing, all destroying, all dying...not caring

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