

Poor Millionaire

August Burns Red

You stand up pridefully in front of thousands, screaming words of justice and truth.

You wear a mask of this city's hero. You are the pretender.

You fake, you fake, but fortunate. You wear a mask of this city's hero.

You fake, you fake, but fortunate. You are the pretender.

Your weak speech lines your gums with gold teeth, yet you don't believe in a word that you say.

You're speaking shackles to life. Self-righteousness is your demise.

You coward. Draw a line in the sand. You bastard. Look at what you have become.

Your breath it reeks of perversion.

Your tongue is just like a whore, full of vulgarity, full of the disease.

Where is the life in the life you live? You are the poor millionaire.

Where is the life in the life you live? A lifeless empire, a lifeless heir.

Your crown is like a lion's mouth devouring you from the inside out.

Turn away before there's nothing left. It's life or death.

Tyrant. Ring the bells of repentance, awakening from your death bed.

Tyrant. Ring the bells of repentance, awaken from your deathbed. Oh tyrant. Oh tyrant.

You stand up pridefully in front of thousands, screaming words of justice and truth.

You wear a mask of this city's hero. You are the pretender.

Coward. Coward. Where is the life in the life you live?

Where is the life in the life you live? ...life you live?