

Slumlord

God Complex

Take my home from me take my peace
Grind your heel into the throats of the weak
Castrated
By the fear of the cold
Cast out broken devoid of soul
Long live the slumlord
And death to the poor
Long live the slumlord and death to the poor

In the cold light of day
You are just another pound of flesh

You are just another pound of flesh to the overlord
The pressure
The looming fear

Let the vice tighten round your chest
Watch the slow hand of doom snatch the life from you