

# 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