

Slave To Money

The Flower Kings

I know it open doors, carry the weight, so many values
Still left to define
Once on the factory floor, invisible ball and chain
Will keep you to the grind
Do you believe in words like "equal rights"
The right to live a more than decent life
What is it's true, "the winner takes it all", you get
What's left, you get no less no more.

In the beginning man learnt all the tricks of trade
The race has just begun, melted the golden beast
To marks and pennies, earning them empires in the sun
Do you believe the keyword is possess and once you're
In there is no turning back
What if it's true - it spreads like a disease- from the
Royal mansion to the ghetto shack...
I am the bank of time! Display some fallen empires,
Cracks along the line
I've seen the greatest fall! I'd say the western world
Will need a new design... !

Out of the west, out of the real, you need the suit to
Cut the deal
You shave so close, you shave so clean, don't cut,
Revealing something obscene!

High profile going, high time alone, you get your
Kicks, you're on the phone
Don't get involved, no time for help, you're passionate
In love with all your "geld"
The days of progress, when they are gone, then looking
Back, days in the sun
Did you have someone you called your friend, or were
They all associates?
God may look at what we've done, knowing well we're the
Ugly ones

Some may have blisters, well on their feet, some broken
Elbows, some twisted knees
Now being used up, now being used, isn't it time we all
Pay our dues?
God may look at what we've done, knowing well we're the
Ugly ones