

Poor Millionaire

Tommy Hunt

You stand up pridefully in front of thousands screaming words of justice and truth. You wear a mask of this cities hero. You are the pretender. You fake, but fortunate. 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 reeks of perversion. Your tongue is just like a whore, full of vulgarityfull

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. You crown is like a lions 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 deathbed. You stand up pridefully in front of thousands screaming words of justice and truth. You wear a mask of this cities hero. You are the pretender. Coward.

Where is the life in the life you live?

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