Profit

Seiurte

Famine spreads, under your arches of gold,
pot bellied kids, with no hope of growing old
starved to death because of businessmans greed,
who wanted more than he could ever need.Dollars and pound signs in his glazed over eyes,
even profit riches an obscene size.Plenty of guns, to protect his blood soaked loot,
a business machine, and fascist in a suit.

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