Kill The Rich

The Discords

The sky is still falling, is there any end in sight?
And some are talking to themselves as missiles fly
Through the night
But in the beginning there were words with half a cause
Now everyone is singing it and waiting for the applause
They don't think about you when the payments keep on coming
But only to use you for a way

To make themselves appear like an angel in the room
They soothe their guilty conscience and tell it what to do
Synthetic compassion and some poor-mouth bad advice
To get ahead they lay in bed and sleep safe all through the night
A million to nothing, like zombies they are frightening
Just smile and wave and pass on by
Denial is so strong but the guilt just keeps it going
And give them a reason to say "hi"

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