

Dea Pecuniae

Pain of Salvation

Music, lyric and arrangements by Daniel Gildenlöv
I. Mr. MoneyMiss Mediocraty:

"Hey there sweetie. Don't I know you? I swear I recognize your face... and those beautiful eyes... You know, they say the eyes are the doorway to one's soul... There's a smile. A little shy, aren't we? Hey, do you wanna get

out of hereMr. Money:

Hey Miss Mediocrity, gee, I'm sorry
You've seen me on TV, I'm Mr. Money
Now you want someone to hold you
And call when you're in town
Someone to calm you and confirm you

Well, I'm here...

...to let you down

'Cause outside these sexy cars
And far from my trendy bars
Behind these smiles...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...maybe go someplace..."

Mr. Money:

...And sunscreen...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...more quiet, where we could... you know... talk!"

Mr. Money:

...And "Live the Dream!"s...

Miss Mediocraty:

"...and get to know each other..."

Mr. Money:

I am cold!

Miss Mediocraty:

"...no?"

Mr. Money:

And mean!Miss Mediocraty:

"How about a ride in that Bentley up front? It's yours isn't it? I'll be a good girl, I promise!

...or bad...

...whatever you like!"Mr. Money:

Daily Finance - that's me in the Armani

Got

Three Mercedes 350, two Ferraris

I Could have bought a Third World country

With the riches that I've spent

But hey

All modern economics claim that I deserved
Every single cent
And the one time I'm the lesser half
Is when we split the tab
So here's to Friends, Family and Liberty, Genuinity, here's to Happiness, Success, Good Press, No Stress...
But most of all...Here's to Me!
Here's to Me!
Here's to Me!
There will be nothing left...
So...
Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: Oh baby, baby)
Here's to Me! (Dea Pecuniae: I'll take care of you)
Here's to Me!
There will be nothing left...
Nothing left...
...for youDea Pecuniae:
"If you're looking for fulfillment
A Kingdom and a Crown
A Paradise of Free Rides
I am here...
...to let you down
I'll get you the sexy cars
And a taste of divinity
A glimpse of the Stars
Immortality
But then Vanity
Will leave you dried and scarred
(Mr. Money: That's right, oh, give it to me!)Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: Oh baby, baby)
Here's to Me! (Mr. Money: You'll take care of me)
Here's to Me!
To me"II. PermanereMr. Money:
But then when it's silent
And the lights from the bars go down
I need comforting
'Cause somewhere there deep inside
Feelings of loss arise
And I hate to lose!III: I Raise My GlassThey say it's lonely at the top
Then I'm as lonely as can be
But I am not too sorry
You see, I've chosen this company
I got myself a winning team
It's Me, Myself and I
You bet it's lonely at the top old friends
And I'm here today to tell you suckers why!
(Dea Pecuniae!)

Dea Pecuniae
Money rules...
They claim that I get paid for my big Responsibility
But hey, you know...
That is just a lame excuse
For my egocentricity
They say that we're really the same you and I
And I truly do agree
You see
Just like me
You live for me
Until the day you die
And so I raise my glass to all of you who really believe that I get paid for my big responsibility
To all of you who suck it up and pay my debts
To all of you who think that my lifestyle does not affect the environment
Or the poverty
Well, maybe not more than marginally anyway
Good for you!
And you know what?
Here's to you...
And I raise my glass, to those of you who give their piece of the cake for free, for me to throw in the face of
democracy
For those who help making solidarity ideologically untrendy
And charity individualistically idiotic, unsmart and characteristically bendy
I salute thee you poor bastards 'cause you all nod while I sit at your table
So let's raise our glasses one last time, to give you all the greatest recognition and credit of all times - cause
after all, let's face it; that's the only "thank you" you will ever get
So come on now - raise your glasses!
Here's to YOU
There will be nothing left - no!
Nothing left...
...but money

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