

Poor Millionaire

August Burns Red

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. Your 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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