

Snicker at the Swine

Gatsbys American Dream

eating from the trough again
stuffing his mouth with glory
biting the hands that feeds him
because he thinks he's worthy
absorbed in his deceit
the lies are subtle in which he snorts
to justify his inadequate morals
he rolls in mud to rid himself of the shame
and cleanse his conscience
with his snout in the air
he knows
a hypocrite of his own breed
pale pink skin covers up greed
he consumes yet does not produce
this sty is his pity palace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>