

# Bloodbath, Martha Stewart

Our Christmas bonus  
Was spared with patience  
While men who owned us  
Took paid vacations  
They tried to clone us  
To fight deflation  
They should have blown us  
What?  
For reparations

Instead we eavesdropped  
Found secret files  
Of bad accounting  
In shredded piles  
As pressure mounted  
So did denials  
Evidence will drag those criminals  
To face the man in trial

Good-bye Martha my dear!  
Go Away

Taking down upper management. What?  
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For all those who work honestly  
Building up our economy  
Some bosses take the liberty  
To take our money happily  
Though what's up falls eventually  
They tore down our economy  
Lock them up in a penitentiary  
Hide the key for half a century

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Captains go down with their ships  
Not jump ship as they go down  
All these pricks stood back  
And watched their companies drown  
They paid us with junk bonds  
Sold stocks before the sale  
But they failed! All Hail!  
To Chief Execs going to jail!

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