

Falconer, Decadence Of Dignity

When profit shows his face
our sense of clarity is washed away.
Spinning round the axle of greed,
don't let the economy stagnate
for it's our creed.

I turn my head away in shame
as you crave for more,
selling out what is not yours to sell.
We're the pimps of it all.

Living in the decadence of our dignity.
When silver waves his hand,
we kneel so eagerly.
Living in the decadence of our dignity.
Where man will take command
we'll sail astray in greed.

Come into my booth and trade.
What about the exclusive bargain
for the day?
I can satisfy all your needs.
Sell your future and you will profit today,
do your deeds.

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