

# KillRadio, Feeding The Rich

Religion serves a purpose, this I realize  
But when they organize, is when they commit the crimes.  
The crimes upon the weak, and the crimes upon the poor,  
Spreading filthy money baskets under stained glass windows.  
And buckets full of water, are placed at the door,  
And they call them holy; you get your moneys worth  
What it's worth, oh I'll tell you what it's worth.  
Cause they go home rich, we go home to repent.  
So let's stop feeding the rich, they've got enough to live.  
Oh let's stop feeding the rich; they've got enough to live.  
I waste my time, another rhyme, or another page,  
cause I won't be afraid and I can't be ashamed of my life,  
or my past mistakes.  
Cause they go home rich; we go home to repent.  
So let's stop feeding the rich, they've got enough to live.  
Let's stop feeding the rich; they've got enough to live.  
Religion serves a purpose, this I realize,  
But when they organize, is when they commit the crimes.  
Crimes upon the weak, crimes upon the poor,  
Spreading filthy money baskets under stained glass windows.  
Buckets full of water are placed at the door and they call them holy  
you get your money's worth. What it's worth, oh I'll tell you what it's worth.  
Oh let's stop feeding the rich; they've got enough to live.  
Let's stop feeding the rich; they've got enough to live.  
Stop Feeding. Stop Feeding.  
Stop Feeding. Stop Feeding the Rich.