

Honeycut, Fallen To Greed

The king sits on a throne
The king sits all alone
At the snap of a finger
The kingdom grows bigger

The king sits on a throne
That the merchant and banker own
At the snap of his finger
Their kingdom grows bigger

Miss Justice she can preach
She's the jester on a leash
She jumps on the table
Proceeds with a fable
Cheered by the people

Miss Justice on a leash
Has no choice but to preach
A fable of conquest
At the king's request

Bugles were sounding through the land
But they never ever sounded so sad

The king says he brings the sun
At the tip of his gun
We'll do as he bankrolls
Up in the barrens

Can you really bring the sun
At the point of a gun
Or do I see bankrolls
Fueling the missiles

Soldier you got to know
What you're dying for
It's the merchant and the banker
Who you to your maker

Brother you got to know
What you're killing for
It's the merchant and the banker
Who pulled your trigger

Bugles were sounding through the land
But they never ever sounded so sad
Bugles are buried in the sand

Graveyard sound the bell
For all the men who fell
The epitaphs read
Fallen to greed

Graveyards sound the bell
For someone else as well
The jester was buried
Fallen to greed
Fallen to greed