

The Brat Attack, Mr. Capitalist

Suit of gold enslaves your soul.
The power of the dollar bill.
That tie is a noose around your throat.
Sick empire makes us ill.
This pill forced down my throat gives me the chills.
Wall Street crumbles into decay.
Monuments of greed are torn away.
Who is Mr. capitalist?
It sucks that we all have to live like this.
We're part of it!
Hello Mr. capitalist, have you met my Mr. fucking fist?