

Filthy Lucre: M. Giles

(Poem in Rap Style)

Filthy lucre, super-doooper; black storm-troopers shape the future
For us all, big and small, the privileged few that make the call;
All these powers, in dark towers, spending hours counting dowers
From the widows that they made, and the price that we all paid;
It's all for money, it's not funny, how they screw us for their honey;
Naked greed, that's all we see, it's what their ego's need to feed on
Every day, in every way; and filthy lucre pays their way.

Business men in snazzy suits, making deals, smoking cheroots,
CEOs' dressed fancy fine, with twisted minds they rob us blind
Politicians all conniving, telling lies that we're all thrivin'
In their ivory towers living large, while half the population starves
They'd rather keep their purses tight, than spend to ease another's plight
Or make some move to close the gap, its hard to tell just what they're at
But there's one thing that's clear as day; how filthy lucre pays their way.

War and slaughter, give no quarter, when its oil on land or water
That's what keeps the coffers filled, screw the environment, let's go drill!
Money makes the world go round, and a lot of it comes from the ground
So, they grab as much as they can take, and pretend it's all a big mistake
They didn't mean to start a war, that's not what they were aiming for
While far away across the sea, stuff the strife-torn refugees;
But they're not fooling you or me, its filthy lucre that they need.

Ever since the race began, it seems that greed has played a hand
To make us into what we are, how far we've fallen from our star;
Now the warlords, chiefs and politicians, are making all the big decisions
While we are trapped in cogs and wheels; slaves to all their shady deals;
Around, around, and round we go, and we're we'll stop we just don't know

We feel so helpless at their hands, but they're the ones now in command
And it's filthy lucre guides their way; yeah, it's filthy lucre rules today.

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