

# Moneyman, your time is up

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in the good old days  
when kings and colonial empires ruled  
your greed, mr moneyman  
was a trail of impoverished nations  
robbed for their lifeblood  
their resources shipped for a penny  
to feed your life in the country club

when you couldn't agree  
upon how to share the spoils  
you settled the score  
by sending the flower of your youth  
to the trenches to die by the millions  
yes, you had your fun  
and nothing was learned  
nothing was changed

today the poverty is washing up  
on your own shores  
millions sleep in the streets  
yet even more houses stand empty  
you claim such is the necessity  
imposed by the rule of money  
without which only anarchy would prevail

but the real anarchy  
is a world in the sign of your greed  
energy hogging consumption  
from which your profits grow  
constantly driven forward  
by senseless enticements  
to maximize each moment  
to cave in to the constant race  
of peer pressured life

governments beholden to your money  
eagerly repeat the mantra  
of profit maximizing endless growth  
that the carbon we burn in your service  
inexorably transforming  
the globe to a hothouse  
spurring extreme weather and rising seas  
is of no concern  
as long as the count of money is good

we tell you  
your time is up  
we're gonna rip the money  
out of your hands  
burn it on the pyre of yesterday's fools

we are gonna create a world  
where the law of Mother Earth  
replaces your greed  
in which what is taken  
must be given back  
to keep the cycle of life  
in harmony and peace

go ask your children  
they gonna live  
with the consequences too  
do they prefer your money world  
of growing inequality and misery  
a world with nature tipping  
out of balance by the day

or do they prefer to follow us  
to another world  
where harmony  
and sustainable life prevail