

## Money

Many a man has double crossed  
Oblivious to the friends he's lost  
Numerous though the numbers be  
Exceptions few and far between  
Yearning with greed to have it all  
Changing from the man they know  
Oblivious to what he's become  
Refusing to listen to anyone  
Revolutions and wars often fought  
Underlying what is sold and bought  
Propaganda controlling the masses  
Taxing and dissecting the classes  
Suggestions of global recessions  
That leads to a world of depressions  
Hierarchies are holding the purse strings  
Erasing the thoughts that the truth brings  
Suppose if you could there's no money  
Opinion forming not funny  
No more tool to divide and dissect us  
To categorise and control us  
No more reasons to go into war  
No more bankers tallying up the score  
Then we could finally be free  
To be who we're supposed to be  
By Lee Haigh