

blood on his hands, blood on his feet  
it's the trial of the century  
set him free and fill your wallet  
it's your choice so go on and call it  
you call it justice, i call it shit  
but we're gonna have to live with it  
there's nothing much that we can do  
the rich go free while the poor get screwed

buy your freedom, sell your conscience  
buy your freedom, sell your conscience

how can you look into the mirror and not see a heartless demon  
cause when i look into your eyes thats all i'm fuckin seeing  
you make a living telling lies  
ignoring innocent peoples' cries  
you have no compassion you greedy fuck  
and you'd sell your soul to make a fucking buck

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lying rich bastards drunk with power  
charge an arm and a leg just to talk four an hour  
tell them your story as we see it on t.v.  
as reporters feed blood across our screen  
the nation knows you did it  
the lawyers know the law  
the judge knows your guilty, but your free on a flaw  
if you have a load of money then its plain to see  
the poor get incarcerated and the rich go free  
kills his kids and beats his wife  
you try to set him free and that's not right  
it's not alright  
you knew he was guilty  
but he was greedy and wealthy  
his clothes still filthy  
filthy rich is what you fucking crave  
as you count your money night and day  
you bought your car, you even bought your wife  
at the expense of someone else's life

buy your freedom, sell your conscience  
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justice system  
buy your freedom  
fuck this system  
sell your conscience

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