

## **Egomaniac**

Walter Pichler, 2026

he walks on marble, never feels the cold

his name ´s on buildings and his heart is cold

He buys the silence, buys the night

he calls it freedom, he calls it right

*when you own the game and write the score*

*you can easily shape the rules like no one ever did before*

**one day the lights will shine in white,**

**there's a receipt, every coin is coming back in sight.**

**then when the roaring crowd is calling out his name,**

**gold will shield him from the blame.**

contracts thicker than the air we breathe

he signs his name while the poor just leave

he don't care about possessions - it's already his,

don't care about the rules, they can be bent like this

don't care about humanity, it's just a sound

when your wallet's talking louder than the ground

no weight on his conscience, no dust on his hands

World in his pocket, life on demand

*gold doesn't blink, gold doesn't feel,*

*gold only can tell him what is fake and what's real*

**one day the lights will fade to black**

**there's no receipt, and not a trace of money back**

**then, when the deafening silence is calling out his name**

**gold won't save him from the blame**