Hapsburg Lippp

Everything Everything

No making it easy now
No making excuses now
No matter whose bomb's on your bus
They're making examples of us
Fuck your brother with the helipad
If you say he's not a deadbeat dad
I told you I'm a highwayman
But your money isn't worth a damn
I'm coming in cleaved in two
You're coming up steam right through
What happens to the gene pool now?
Keep talking but it won't come out
Still learning how to walk, how to speak
Still learning how to use your beak
Still working on Maggie's farm
Steel black with a robot arm
I'm checking your name off my list
I'm checking your name on my list
I'm making up a reason to exist
I'm checking your name off my list
You're thinking that your wife is worth a lot
I'm telling you your life is worth a yacht
No matter whose knife in the dark
No matter whose (God or no masters)

Ah, kiss me baby with your Hapsburg lip
It don't make me nervous
(No God or no masters)
Ah, kiss me baby with your Hapsburg lip
It don't make me nervous
(No God or no master)
Come to the river now make yourself a bodybag
Tell me ontologically
(No God or no master)
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If all the bells in all the land are waiting for a toll
Why don't you raise your guillotine?
If all the bells in all the land are waiting for a toll
Why don't we raise our guillotine?

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