

# 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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It don't make me nervous  
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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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