

Skyclad, Inequality Street

Life's really a chocolate box -
some do without - others have plenty.
It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

From the cradle to the grave,
point your ladle to the gravy.
"Food comes first, then morals" they say,
the end of the world's three hot meals away.

Two average men eat their average meals
but destiny waits at their table.
One is served gruel while the other chews veal,
(but they're both spoon fed lies, lies from the cradle).

Life's really a chocolate box -
some do without - others have plenty.
It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

Tragic moments for the masses-
work is the curse of the drinking classes
"homo homini lupus" we cry-
humanity fades like the moon in the sky.

You can't cook an omlette without breaking eggs,
(first they are cracked and then beaten).
The only things cracked around here are our heads,
recepies for disaster that we keep repeating.

Life's really a chocolate box -
some do without - others have plenty.
It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

Here's a real beggars banquet,
a brace of rats in a blood stained blanket.
Meanwhile, gentlefolk high in their chateau,
dip silver spoons into black forest gateau.

Come lords and ladies - raise glasses in toast
to the "other-half" dying to eat.
'Cause they who receive feast deserve it the most,
it's a literal dead-end (Inequality Street).

Life's really a chocolate box -
some do without - others have plenty.
It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

Life's really a chocolate box -
some do without - others have plenty.
It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

It sticks in my throat - my stomach's in knots,
while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.