Inequality Street

Skyclad

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 from the cradle).
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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.
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 omelette without breaking eggs,
(first they are cracked and then beaten).
The only things cracked around here are our heads,
recipies for disaster that we keep repeating.
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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 least deserve it the most,
it's a literal dead - end (Inequality Street).
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while your box is so full - mine's perpetually empty.

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