

Bloody Breakfast

Salem Al Fakir

Cut your heart out with a saber
Slice it up and put it on a plate
Serve it with the morning paper
Don't forget the cool refreshing milkshake, hm

Pass it on around the table
Let them all have a sniff and taste
If they like it they will label it
From 1 to 10, there's no room for mistakes

It used to bother me for sure
Oooh
But it don't bother me no more

Sell your soul and tell a story
Put your private life up on display
But it better not be boring
'Cause if it is they won't be bothered to stay

Are you the writer or the reader?
You have the answer somewhere deep inside
Are you a follower or a leader?
Make your own path and keep on living two steps behind

Ooooh...

Are you a lover or an abuser?
Push people 'round to gain some for yourself
Are you a winner or a loser?
Is that a question you'll be asked in hell?

Are you a saint or a sinner?
Are you the one they will hate or adore?
And once again, are you a loser or a winner?
It used to bother me for sure, but it don't bother me no more

Ooooh...