

Queers

"Slave-master"

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Who is the slave if I am the master?
Who is the fool if I am the sane?
Well who's the saddest soul around?
Who's the saddest soul around?

On some kind of verge, no parole for the holy
No rest for the sleepless, I got pills to spare

Who is the slave, yeah if I am the master?
Who is the future, if you say I'm the past?

Well who's the saddest soul around?

It's killing me, well, yeah I'm killing myself
All you morphine minds are winding up in hell
Who's the saddest soul around?
Well who's the saddest soul around?

Who is the devil if I am God?
Who is the sinner if I am the saint?

Who's the saddest soul around?
Who's the saddest soul around?

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