

Masters Of War

Mountain

Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks

I just want you to know
I can see through your masks
Want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothing
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy

You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run
When the fast bullets fly
And you turn and run
When the fast bullets fly

You're the masters of war

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
World war can be won
You want me to believe

But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain
And I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You then fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch
While the death count gets higher

You hide in your mansion
While the young people's blood
Flows out their bodies
And buried in the mud

You're the masters of war
You're the masters of war

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Would buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could?

I think you will find

When death takes its toll
All the money you made
Won't buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon

And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
I'll stand over your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

You're the masters of war
You're the masters of war
Masters of war
You're the masters of war