

Master, Master

In the will of your own mind
Sacrifice society
And become a better kind
Stand back all you preachers
Stop looking to the skies
We are your Masters
We need no disguise
Your presidential savior,
His bloody pope ar dan
There're still all stinking Vulturies
There're scandalous when they can
Strike your idols down
And wear the Master's crown
We'll curse this evil world
We'll wear this Master's crown
We are your Masters
So set your soul free
Forget your stupid idols
And your blinded eyes will see