

Pearl Jam, Masters Of War

Come you masters of war, you that build all the guns
You that build the death place, you that build all the guns
You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks
I just want you to know, I can see through your masks

You that never done nothing, but to build and destroy
You play with my world, like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand, then you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther as the fast bullets fly

Like judas of old, you lie and deceive
A world war can be won, and 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

You that 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 young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies and is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear, that could ever be hurled
The fear to bring children, into this world
For threatenin' my baby, unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins

How much do I know, to talk out of turn?
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know, though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question, is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness? do you think that it could?
Oh, I think you will find, when your death takes its toll
All the money you made will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die, and your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket, in the pale afternoon
And I'll watch as your lowered, into your deathbed
And I'll stand on your grave till I'm sure that your dead