

Roger Tylor, Masters Of War

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
Like judas of old
You lie and deceive
A 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
You fasten all the triggers
For others to fire
Then you sit back and watch
While the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
While the young peoples' blood
Flows out of their bodies and into the mud
You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You're not worth the blood that runs in your veins
And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
On a pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
I'll stand over your grave
Till I'm sure that you're dead