

Warhammer "Masters of Fatalism"

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(Lyrics by V. Frerich)
(Music by F. Krynojewski)

They like to play with fire
In a stream of gasoline
They like to cut themselves
And drown in their own blood
Nothing's sacred to those disgusting leeches
They laugh, as we all sink down in agony

REFRAIN:

Bow down before the masters of fatalism
If the thumb goes down, it's up to them
They rule our destiny, so be aware
Their insane laughter makes me freeze
In the last days of the sun

They could be called by many names
And some of them you know
I prefer "the masters of
fatalism"
'Cause that is what they are
They're poisonous snakes with twisted tongues
They laugh, as we all sink down in misery

REFRAIN

As time goes on, they reach the final stage
For them, it's perfection; for us, death and
armageddon
So kiss all precious things good-bye, and don't ask why
They laugh, as we all sink down finally

REFRAIN

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