

## **Battalion Of Saints "Beefmasters"**

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They're the meat inspector of the human loin  
The Beefmasters hook you and tell you where you are  
going  
They're after your milk vein, need a corporation slave  
Hang you on their work hook and break your moral  
everyday

Beefmasters, Beefmasters, work you to the bone  
Where's the ladder to success?  
Beefmasters, Beefmasters, know what they want  
They want you to suck their dicks

On your way to the slaughter house, they want you in  
your prime  
Work you for a shitty wage and tell you that you could  
climb  
Ain't got no education - puts you in a different line  
You wonder what went wrong, you're just a grissel of  
life

[Chorus]

Fuck the meat run nation, so you try to get away  
You don't know what to do, your so used to being told  
Beefmasters need a cut, they hold their branding iron  
Who'll be the next one in line for the Beefmasters iron?

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