

Master "Master"

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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

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