

## **Roger Taylor**

# **"Masters Of War"**

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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

