

# Masters of War

Bob Dylan

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 You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly 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 the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch  
When the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansion  
While the young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in 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 ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins How much do I know  
To talk out of turn  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned

But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do  
Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could?  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul  
And I hope that you die  
And your death'll come soon  
I will follow your casket  
By the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand o'er your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

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