Master

Master

In the will of your own mind
Sacrifice society
And become a better kindStand back all you preachers
Stop looking to the skies
We are your Masters
We need no disguiseYour presidential savior,
His bloody pope ar dan
There're still all stinking Vulturies
There're scandalous when they canStrike your idols down
And wear the Master's crown
We'll curse this evil world
We'll wear this Master's crown

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