Masters Of War

3. Bob Dylan

Come you masters of war
You that build the big guns
You that build the death planes
You that build all the bombsYou that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masksYou that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toyYou put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets flyWell like a Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believeBut I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drainYou fasten all the triggers
For the others to fire
And then you sit back and watch
When the death count gets higherAnd you hide in your mansion
All the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mudYou've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the worldOh for threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veinsHow much do I know?
Oh to talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearnedBut there's a one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus would never
Forgive what you doWell let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Oh 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 soulAnd I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket
By the pale afternoonAnd I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand over your grave
Till I'm sure that you're dead

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