

# Masters of War

## Roger Taylor

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

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