

A spectre is rising in the world today
Born of disaster, fed on dismay
From the shackles of slavery, toil and pain
The people are rising to stake their claim

A taste of this whip is all that you'll need
To keep you in line, keep you down on your knees
We are the bastards of mammon, we're here to stay
Keep you bowing and scraping 'til your dying day

A spectre is rising from sea to sea
A global solution for a global disease
A spectre is rising from sea to sea
Divided you're conquered - united we're free

Miles above you and worlds apart
The bastards of mammon are playing their part
To fatten their bellies and hollow our hearts
Dystopian nightmare - war is art

The face of the master is the face of the whore
Hungry for money, always ready for more.
Hear him scratching just outside of your door
To feed on your children and conquer your shores

One if by land, two if by sea
Three when we find you, down on your knees
Blinded by prophets sick with disease
With holy irreverence, we do as we please