

Master Race

New Model Army

Well we all learned how to use a fork and a knife
How sometimes we have to wear a suit and tie
And understand these things are what give us the right
To go around the world acting superior
We live with missiles and the armaments cache
With rewritten histories and a fictional past
And though some of us still have questions to ask
This ship, she sails without a captain

Goddamn the Master Race that we're born in
Goddamn the howling wolf that we're serving
I've had it up to here

And the opposition, we ain't doing so well
Our understanding is weak and our knowledge is small
And though kids scrawl frustration on the back street wall
Most of them can't even spell bastard

Goddamn the Master Race that we're born in
Goddamn the howling wolf that we're serving

Sometimes all I know is that cold wind blows
Down the valley from the mountain snows
On these muggy nights I lie awake
And wait for the thunder and the skies to break
But they are god and they are strong
And they can name the right and wrong
And they reclaim the things they own
They call us now...

So Candy please forgive these things that I've done
When the Master Race calls I know sometimes that I run
You mean more to me now than you ever did before
As I try to stay away from their clutches

Goddamn the master race that we're born in
Goddamn the howling wolf that we're serving