

No Masters

Bad Wolves

Back on that chain gang, strumming along
Hammering nails so I can sing my song
The devil done this to me
I drive the spikes down, profound
Building the cages that all broke us down
Boy get back down on your knees

So take these chains from me
We'll break these bastards
There's no masters here
In the end
We'll break these bastards
There's no masters here

A thousand boots down on the ground
Beating a drum under a marching sound
You better fucking believe
They're screaming left right, left right
Fist in the air you better pick a side
Against the plutocracy

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Save the world
We never wanted, we never wanted
To save the world
We never wanted to have to save ourselves

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