

## Master

## Napalm Death

In the will of your own mind  
Sacrifice society  
And become a better kind

Stand back all you preachers  
Stop looking to the skies  
We are your Masters  
We need no disguise

Your presidential savior  
His bloody pope ar dan  
There're still all stinking Vulturines  
There're scandalous when they can

Strike your idols down  
And wear the Master's crown  
We'll curse this evil world  
We'll wear this Master's crown

We are your Masters  
So set your soul free  
Forget your stupid idols  
And your blinded eyes will see