

Master Race

Skyclad

Well we all learned how to use a fork and knife
How sometimes we have to wear a suit and tie
And understand these things are what give us this right
To go around the world acting superior

We live with missles and the armaments cash
With rewritten histories and a fictional past
And though some of us still have questions to ask
The ship she sails without a captain

Goddam this master race
that we're born in
Goddam this howling wolf
that we're serving

I've had it up to here...

The opposition, we ain't doing so well
I 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 basatard

Goddam this master race
that we're born in
Goddam this 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
waiting for the thunder and the skies to break
But they are god and they are strong
And the can name the right and the 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 sometime that I run
And you mean more to me now than you ever did before
As I try to stay away from their clutches

Goddam this master race
that we're born in
Goddam this howling wolf
that we're serving