

## Masters of War

by Bob Dylan *Thursday, Jul 16 2015, 10:04pm*

international / poetry / post

*Bob Dylan referred to evil corporate and banker elite cowards and psychopaths that profit from human misery and war in the past. The situation is far worse today with the USA pursuing the 'perpetual war' doctrine of the neocons.*

*The 60's generation stopped the illegal Vietnam war which slaughtered over five million S. E. Asian rural peasants and civilians with indiscriminate "carpet bombing" tactics -- a war crime if ever there was one, Mr Kissinger of death and destruction.*

*It remains to be seen whether today's generations are able to oppose and contain the very same evil forces today. Criminal elites should never be allowed to determine the course of nations. Quite simply they should be locked up for their known, proven and obvious crimes against humanity.*

**Come you masters of war  
You that build all the guns  
You that build the death planes  
You that build all the bombs  
You that hide behind walls  
You that hide behind desks  
I just want you to know  
I can see through your masks.**

**You that never done nothin'  
But build to destroy  
You play with my world  
Like it's your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand  
And you hide from my eyes  
And you turn and run farther  
When the fast bullets fly.**

**Like Judas of old  
You lie and deceive  
A world war can be won  
You want me to believe  
But I see through your eyes  
And I see through your brain  
Like I see through the water  
That runs down my drain.**

**You fasten all the triggers**

**For the others to fire  
Then you set back and watch  
When the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansion'  
As young people's blood  
Flows out of their bodies  
And is buried in the mud.**

**You've thrown the worst fear  
That can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children  
Into the world  
For threatening my baby  
Unborn and unnamed  
You ain't worth the blood  
That runs in your veins.**

**How much do I know  
To talk out of turn  
You might say that I'm young  
You might say I'm unlearned  
But there's one thing I know  
Though I'm younger than you  
That even Jesus would never  
Forgive what you do.**

**Let me ask you one question  
Is your money that good  
Will it buy you forgiveness  
Do you think that it could  
I think you will find  
When your death takes its toll  
All the money you made  
Will never buy back your soul.**

**And I hope that you die  
And your death'll come soon  
I will follow your casket  
In the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered  
Down to your deathbed  
And I'll stand over your grave  
'Til I'm sure that you're dead.**

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