

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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