

Beefmasters

Battalion of Saints

They're the meat inspector of the human loin
The Beefmasters hook you and tell you where you are going
They're after your milk vein, need a corporation slave
Hang you on their work hook and break your moral everyday

Beefmasters, Beefmasters, work you to the bone
Where's the ladder to success?
Beefmasters, Beefmasters, know what they want
They want you to suck their dicks

On your way to the slaughter house, they want you in your prime
Work you for a shitty wage and tell you that you could climb
Ain't got no education - puts you in a different line
You wonder what went wrong, you're just a grissel of life

[Chorus]

Fuck the meat run nation, so you try to get away
You don't know what to do, your so used to being told
Beefmasters need a cut, they hold their branding iron
Who'll be the next one in line for the Beefmasters iron?