

A spectre is rising in the world today  
Born of disaster, fed on dismay  
From the shackles of slavery, toil and pain  
The people are rising to stake their claim

A taste of this whip is all that you'll need  
To keep you in line, keep you down on your knees  
We are the bastards of mammon, we're here to stay  
Keep you bowing and scraping 'til your dying day

A spectre is rising from sea to sea  
A global solution for a global disease  
A spectre is rising from sea to sea  
Divided you're conquered - united we're free

Miles above you and worlds apart  
The bastards of mammon are playing their part  
To fatten their bellies and hollow our hearts  
Dystopian nightmare - war is art

The face of the master is the face of the whore  
Hungry for money, always ready for more.  
Hear him scratching just outside of your door  
To feed on your children and conquer your shores

One if by land, two if by sea  
Three when we find you, down on your knees  
Blinded by prophets sick with disease  
With holy irreverence, we do as we please