

## Master Race

### New Model Army

Well we all learned how to use a fork and a knife  
How sometimes we have to wear a suit and tie  
And understand these things are what give us the right  
To go around the world acting superior  
We live with missiles and the armaments cache  
With rewritten histories and a fictional past  
And though some of us still have questions to ask  
This ship, she sails without a captain

Goddamn the Master Race that we're born in  
Goddamn the howling wolf that we're serving  
I've had it up to here

And the opposition, we ain't doing so well  
Our 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 bastard

Goddamn the Master Race that we're born in  
Goddamn the 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  
And wait for the thunder and the skies to break  
But they are god and they are strong  
And they can name the right and 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 sometimes that I run  
You mean more to me now than you ever did before  
As I try to stay away from their clutches

Goddamn the master race that we're born in  
Goddamn the howling wolf that we're serving