

# My Master's Master

## Orphanage

Hear me, my warning,  
Hear me, for I foresee.

Red of the Horizon, the sun hardly awake,  
A glimpse of fear is rising, uncertain what's at stake.  
Get yourself together, make sure you clean your mind,  
Only look ahead of you, there's no time to rewind.

Cry or lie, two ways to die.  
We'll make a world where HE leads the way,  
The future as we see it now, becomes history today.

What to say, when to hush.  
What to fear and when to trust.  
What at ease and when to rush.  
When to serve My Master's Master.

Wipe the thought of loved ones, of those you leave behind,  
Images are mortal but your soul one of a kind.  
No need to feel lonely, there's more like you out there,  
No need to be searching though, you wouldn't find them anywhere

Shall I speak, or shall I hush.  
Shall I fear, no time for trust.  
Shall I ease my inner rush.  
Must I serve My Master's Master?

Do you give your life, do you sell yourself,  
Do you believe? Do you desert?  
Stop, the war is near. Stop, this is the end,  
Or the beginning, so hold your breath and stop.

As the city awakes, the Master's followers take a bow.  
But you raise up and speak, it's the only way to stop it now.

Hear me, my warning,  
Hear me, for I foresee.  
Stop me, I'm warning  
Stop them, my prophecy.

Head us from darkness, from bloodshed from hate,  
We're to withstand our fate.