

Masters And Slaves

Divinefire

We want peace, we see war, people die
The news is filled with blood
Hurry up, dollar signs, cash will flow
We better make up our minds

We're masters and slaves
Under this lifestyle
It's tearing up apart

What are we fighting for?
Where is our heart?
What are we living for?
Our lives fall apart

Flying high, in the night, the time is right
My temple is filled with junk
Slow it down, wake me up, help me now
Before my life is gone