

**Masters Of War**  
**Ed Sheeran**

Masters Of War - Ed Sheeran Cover

**Am**                      **G7**                      **Am**                      **G7**  
Come you masters    of                      war

**Am**                      **G7**                      **Am**                      **G7**  
You that build        the                      big guns

**Am**                      **G7**                      **Am**                      **G7**  
You that build        all                      the bombs

**Am**                      **G7**                      **Am**                      **G7**  
You that hide        behind                      walls

**Am**                      **G7**                      **Am**                      **G7**  
You that hide        behind                      desks

**Am**                      **C**    **G7**                      **Am**  
I just want you    to    know I can see through your masks

Repeat for following verses...

You that never have done nothin but build to destroy  
You play with my world like it s your little toy  
You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes  
Then you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive  
A world war can be won, you want me to believe  
But I see through your eyes and I see through your brain  
Like I see through the water that runs down my drain

You that fasten all the triggers for the others to fire  
Then you sit back and watch while the death count gets higher  
You hide in your mansions while the young people s blood  
Flows out of their bodies and gets buried in the mud

You ve thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled  
Fear to bring children into the world  
For threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed  
You ain t worth the blood that runs in your veins

How much do I know to talk out of turn  
You might say that I m young, you might say I m unlearned  
But there s one thing I know, though I m younger than you  
Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question: is your money that good?  
Will it buy you forgiveness? Do you think that it could?  
I think you will find when your death takes its toll  
All the money you made won't ever buy back your soul

And I hope that you die and your death will come soon  
I'll follow your casket through the pale afternoon  
And I'll watch while you're lowered into your death-bed  
Then I'll stand over your grave till I'm sure that you're  
Dead

Note: Listen to the song on youtube for strumming patterns, palm muting and picking. Some chords you can omit in certain places. Other than that just comment any corrections.

- Rachel