

Bruce Dickinson, The Breeding House

The breeding house stood at 731,
He was just a working man
And he worked with his hands and prisoners
He set a judgement on his fellow man
Secret sight was his game,
Justified by war
His spawn lay in the freezer
The killers that wore his name
The breeding house, you were there
And the sins of your fathers,
In the breeding house
The breeding house, 731
And the sins of your fathers
Are the sins of your sons
Maybe within childhood
He pulled off spiders legs
Now he's a big boy
Playing with big boys toys
He's playing games won't forget
A contract for some research,
A paycheque in the mail
A secret that defended
By the ones that should have ended it
Angels of death in a white coat
There's thousand ways of dying,
So obscene, so obscene
And Washington was blaffened
About knickers and G-strings
And men were busy
Hiding evil things, evil things
Come to see the carnival,
Come to witness fear
Come to see deformity,
Human life is here
A double-blind experiment
On who's the last to die
A fifty year conspiracy
Of murders and of lies