

# 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