

# Iron Maiden, Out Of The Silent Planet

(Gers, Dickinson, Harris)

Out of the silent planet, out of the silent planet we are  
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Withered hands, withered bodies begging for salvation  
Deserted by the hand of gods of their own creation  
Nations cry underneath decaying skies above  
You are guilty, the punishment is death for all who live  
The punishment is death for all who live

Out of the silent planet, dreams of desolation  
Out of the silent planet, Come the demons of creation  
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Out of the silent planet, Come the demons of creation

The killing fields, the grinding wheels crushed by equilibrium  
Separate lives no more disguise, no more second chances  
Haggard wisdom spitting out the bitter taste of hate  
I accuse you before you know the crime it's all too late  
Before you know the crime it's all too late

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