Iron Maiden, 2 Minutes To Midnight

[Smith / Dickinson]

Kill for gain or shoot to maim
But we don't need a reason
To Golden Goose is on the loose
And never out of season
Some blackened pride still burns inside
This shell of bloody treason
Here's my gun for a barrel of fun
For the love of living death

The killer's breed or the Demon's seed, The glamour, the fortune, the pain, Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain But don't you pray for my soul anymore.

2 minutes to midnight, The hands that threatens doom. 2 minutes to midnight, To kill the unborn in the womb.

The blind men shout "Let the creatures out We'll show the unbelievers." The napalm screams of human flames Of a prime time Belsen feast ... yeah! As the reasons for the carnage cut their meat and lick the gravy We oil the jaws of the war machine and feed it with our babies.

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The body bags and little rags of children torn in two And the jellied brains of those who remain to put the finger right on you As the madmen play on words and make us all dance to their song To the tune of starving millions to make a better kind of gun.

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