

# Iron Maiden, Two Minutes To Midnight

Kill for gain or shoot to maim  
But we dont need a reason  
The golden goose is on the loose  
And never out of season  
Some blackened pride still burns inside  
This shell of bloody treason  
Heres my gun for a barrel of fun  
For the love of living death.

Chorus

The killers breed or the demons seed,  
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,  
Go to war again, blood is freedoms stain,  
But dont you pray for my soul anymore.  
2 minutes to midnight  
The hands that threaten doom.  
2 minutes to midnight  
To kill the unborn in the womb.

The blind men shout let the creatures out  
Well 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.

Chorus

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.

Chorus

Midnight...all night...