

1000 Points of Light

Bruce Dickinson

You can sail in the desert
With a ship of fools
You can smuggle in Moses
And his book of rules
But you can't take mother
And give her back her son
Hey what kind of freedom
Is bought with a gun...

People like to build
Their own prison walls
When they're afraid
To look inside a...

A thousand points of light
Are the muzzle flashes
In the night
And the freedoms
You profess to hold
Won't bring the dead back
From the cold...

Political speeches
They are lying in the mud
Nothing else matters
But money and blood
Tyranny of freedom
Is do what you like
There's a world gone crazy
Cos it can't say no.