

## 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.