

Hell No

Bruce Dickinson

There's a secret that we all share
In the darkest hours of the night
You can swear on the bible...
Cut the throat of your rival

I've been taking my life in my hand
And I'm making new plans yeah...
Now I'm starting my life on my own
In the virgin unknown...

Hell...Hell no...
Oh where do we belong?
In this place, where we fight,
Oh where do we belong?

There's a place in the misty air
Not a million miles away from here
You can make it your own place
You can change your own face

I've been taking my life in my hand
And I'm making new plans yeah...
Now I'm starting my life on my own
In the virgin unknown...

Hell...Hell no...
Oh where do we belong?
In this place, where we fight,
Oh where do we belong?
Screaming Hell...Hell no...
Oh where do we belong?
In this place, where we fight,
Oh where do we belong?
In this place, where we fight,
Oh where do we belong?

If you can't really say
What you don't really know
What you can't really say
Screaming out Hell no
Shouting out Hell no
On his knees shouting Hell no
Defiant as Hell no
On the street singing Hell no
On his knees Hell no
Still shouting out Hell no
Screaming Hell no
Hell no, Hell no...one, two, three, four...