

Killing Floor

Bruce Dickinson

So this is dreamtime
And all is quiet
So this is dreamtime and all is night
I've never been held by the hand of God
Who's rocking my cradle, if he is not

He turned the oil into his blood
Panzer divisions burning in the mud
The stain of freedom he's washed it out
Who's rocking the cradle, I have no doubt

Sleeping eyes awake
To see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind
The darker side of ecstasy

Satan has left his killing floor
Satan has left his killing floor
Satan his fires burn no more
Satan has left his killing floor

If this is dreamtime for you tonight
If this is dreamtime and all is quiet
You've been never been held by the hand of God
Who's rocking your cradle if he is not?

Satan has left his killing floor
Satan has left his killing floor
Satan his fires burn no more
Satan is coming back for more