

The Breeding House

Bruce Dickinson

The breeding house stood at 731, he was just a working
man

And he worked with his hands and prisoners
He set a judgement on his fellow man
Secret science was his game, justified by war
His spawn lay in the freezer
The killers that bore his name

The breeding house, you were there
And the sins of your fathers, In the breeding house
The breeding house, 731
And the sins of your fathers are the sins of your sons

Maybe within childhood he pulled off spiders legs
Now he's a big boy playing with big boys toys
Playing games he won't forget
A contract for some research, a paycheque in the mail
A secret that defended by the ones that should have
ended it

Angels of death in a white coat so serene
devising ways of dying, so obscene, so obscene
And Washington was blaffened about knickers and G-strings
And men were busy hiding evil things, evil things

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Come to see the carnival, come to witness fear
Come to see deformity, human life is here
A double-blind experiment on who's the last to die
A fifty year conspiracy of murders and of lies