

## The Road to Hell

Bruce Dickinson

Slowly bleeding whilst the vortex feeding  
like a swirling vulture on your face  
Every hour the unseen rays devour  
your screaming eyes cry out but they are blind

Father forgive me my sins  
give me the nails, I'll hammer them in

The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Say farewell, we may never meet again  
The road to hell is full of good intentions  
Drive the left side highway with no sinister regrets

Brave new world of secret fantasy  
that hovers just beyond your bloody grasp  
Close enough to thrill the danger of the kill  
price for failure of your will

Father forgive me my sins  
cause we are the junkies who never can win

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