

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

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cause we are the junkies who never can win

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