

2 Minutes To Midnight

Iron Maiden

1. Kill for gain or shoot to maim
But we don't need a reason
The Golden Goose is on the loose
And never out of Season.
Some blackened pride still burns inside
This shell of bloody treason
Here's my gun for a barrel of fun
For the love of living death

R: The killer's breed or the Deamon's seed,
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.
2 minutes to midnight,
The hands that threaten doom.
2 minutes to midnight,
To kill the unborn in the womb.

2. The blind men shout let the creatures out
We'll show the unbelievers,
The Napalm screams of human flames
Of a prime time Belsen feast...YEAH!
As the reasons for the carnage cut their meat
and lick the gravy,
We oil the jaws of the war machine
and feed it with our babies.

R: The killer's breed or the Deamon's seed...

3. The body bags and little rags of children
torn in two,
And the jellied brains of those whow remain
to put the finger right on you.
As the Madmen play on words and make us all
dance to their song,
To the tune of starving millions
to make a better kind of gun.

R: The killer's breed or the Deamon's seed...

Midnight...all night...