

Terminal Show

Motörhead

The golden eyed creature sits back on his throne
Gazing at us in despair
Six hundred guests, humanity's best
Are wondering why they are there
All roads lead here, all roads are burned
Have we digested the things we have learned
Have we a chance when the dead rise and dance
Have we the time for the final romance

We better find out the name of the game
Chance of a future frozen and grim
Or of a quick death brought here on a whim
Why are we here does anyone know
Why are we here at the terminal show

The blind king has secrets dark and morose
He'd like it if we were like him
All the dark days spent in the maze
Have made a new man of him
All roads lead here, all roads are closed
Are we quite certain of all that we know
Are we miscast or do we hold fast
Have we the time for the final repast

We better find out
The name of the game
Chance of a new world sunny and fine
Or of a burning a branded design
Why are we here, we don't even know
Why are we here at the terminal show

The red queen is sleeping, lost in a dream
She wakes and she sleeps all alone
All of her fears are crowded in here
Laughing they pick at her bones
All roads lead here, none lead away
Are we quite certain we're here anyway
Have we been wise or are we despised
Have we the time for our final demise

We better find out
The name of the game
Chance of a lost world, rain and dismay
Pick up your belongings, we all have to pay
Why are the vultures circling above
Why can't we fight for the right to our blood
We are demented, everyone knows
Misrepresented, coming to blows
Why are we here, we don't even know
Why are we here at the terminal show