

Two Minutes To Midnight

Primal Fear

Kill for gain or shoot to maim
But we don't need a reason
To 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
The killer's breed or the Demon'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.
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.
The killer's breed or the Demon'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.
The body bags and little rags of children torn in two
And the jellied brains of those who 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.
The killer's breed or the Demon'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.
Midnight
Midnight
Midnight
It's all night
Midnight
Midnight
Midnight
It's all night