

Bruce Dickinson

"1000 Points Of Light 4 24"

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You can sihl in the desert

With a ship of fools

You can smuggle in mooses

And his book of rules

But you can't take mother

And give her back her son

Hey what kind of freedom

Is bought with a gun...

People like to build

Their own prison walls

When they're afraid

To look inside a...

A 1000 points of light

Are the muzzle flashes

In the night

And the freedoms

You profess to hold

Won't bring the dead back

From the cold...

Political speeshes

They are lying in the mud

Nothing else matters

But money and blood

Tyranny off freedom

Is do what you like

There's a world gone crazy

Cos it can't say no

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