

Bruce Dickinson

"1000 Points Of Light"

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You can sail in the desert with a ship of fools
You can smuggle in Moses and his book of rules
But you can't take a mother and give her back her son
Hey what kind of freedom is bought with a gun?

People like to build their prison walls
When they're afraid to look inside

A thousand 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 speeches, they're lying in the mud
Nothing else matters but money and blood
Tyranny of freedom is do what you like
And there's a world gone crazy, 'cos it can't say no

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When they're afraid to look inside

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There should be time for love
But there's too much room for hate
Too much sliding of the truth
Too much abuse of wasted youth

There's a time for dying
And a time for living, too
I've had enough of media lies
Had enough of your alibis

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