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## **Bruce Dickinson** "Gods Of War"

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Oh, oh, oh Oh, oh, oh Oh, oh, oh

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When I was younger I thought, I believed That to kill or be killed was a thing to be proud of Victim of change, prisoner of hope, hanged by the neck On the end of a rope, I don't know, I don't care

Oh, one of the damned Oh, part of the plan

Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more

Now taking both sides at a time, on the front line You can join in the fear share, in the bloodshed Investing your money in guns, the infinite fun Of some warlord you saved from his rusty grave

Oh, I duck my own way Oh, I'm not tired of your plan, oh

Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more

Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more Cry oh oh oh the Gods of war They howl and cry for more

Oh, oh, oh Oh, oh, oh Oh, oh, oh

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