

**Bruce Dickinson****"Hell No 5 11"**

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There's a secret that we all share  
In the darkest hours of the night  
You can swear on the bible...  
Cut the throat of your rival  
I've been taking my life in my hand  
And I'm making new plants yeah...  
Now I'm starting my life on my own  
In the virgin unknown...  
Hell...Hell no...  
Oh were do we belong?  
In this place, where we fight,  
Oh were do we belong?  
There's a place in the misty air  
Not a million miles from here  
You can make it your own place  
You can change your own face  
I've been taking my life in my hand  
And I'm making new plants yeah...  
Now I'm starting my life on my own  
In the virgin unknown...  
Hell...Hell no...

Oh were do we belong?  
In this place,where we fight,  
Oh were do we belong?  
Sceaming Hell...Hell no...  
Oh were do we belong?  
In this place,where we fight,  
Oh were do we belong?  
In this place,where we fight,  
Oh were do we belong?  
If you can't really say  
What you don't really know  
Then you don't really know  
What you can't really say  
Sceaming out Hell no  
Shouting out Hell no  
On his knees shouting Hell no  
Defiant as Hell no  
On the street singing Hell no  
On his knees Hell no  
Still shouting out Hell no  
Sceaming Hell no

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