

Bruce Dickinson

"Killing Floor"

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So this is dreamtime, and all is quiet
So this is dreamtime, and all is night
You've never been held by the hand of god
Who's rocking the cradle, if he is not?

He turned the oil into his blood
Panzer divisions burning in in the mud
The stain of freedom - he's washed it out
Who's rocking the cradle - I have no doubt

Sleeping eyes awake
To see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind
The darker side of ecstasy...

Satan - has left his killing floor
Satan - has left his killing floor
Satan - hellfires burn no more
Satan - has left his killing floor

(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)

So now it's dreamtime for you tonight
So now it's dreamtime, and all is quiet
You've never been held by the hand of god
Who's rocking your cradle, if he is not?

Sleeping eyes awake
To see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind
The never-ending breath goodbye...

Satan - has left his killing floor
Satan - has left his killing floor
Satan - his fires burn no more
Satan - is coming back for more

Satan - has left his killing floor
Satan - has left his killing floor

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