

Bruce Dickinson

"Road To Hell"

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Slowly bleeding, watch the vortex feeding
Like a swirling vulture on your face
Every hour the unseen rays devour
Your screaming eyes cry out, but they are blind

Father forgive me my sins, give me the nails
I'll hammer them in

The road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the lefthand highway with no sinister regrets

Brave new world of secret fantasy
That hovers just beyond your bloody grasp
Close enough to thrill, the danger of the kill
Price for failure of your will

Father forgive us our sins, 'cause we are the junkies
Who never can win

The road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the lefthand highway with no sinister regrets

Father forgive me my sins, give me the nails
I'll hammer them in

The road to hell is full of good intentions
Parody of hope is the one that I must kill
We all have to live with our family inventions
Down the lefthand highway with no sinister regrets

The road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the lefthand highway with no sinister regrets

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