

Bruce Dickinson

"The Breeding House"

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The breeding house stood at 731, he was just a
working man
And he worked with his hands and prisoners
He set a judgment on his fellow man

Secret science was his game, justified by war
His spawn lay in the freezer
The killers that bore his name

The breeding house, you were there
And the sins of your fathers, in the breeding house
The breeding house, 731
And the sins of your fathers, are the sins of your sons

Maybe within childhood he pulled off spiders legs
Now, he's a big boy playing with big boys toys
Playing games he won't forget

A contract for some research
A pay cheque in the mail
A secret that defended by the ones that should have
ended it

Angels of death in a white coat so serene
Devising ways of dying, so obscene, so obscene
And Washington was baffled about knickers and g
strings
And men were busy hiding evil things, evil things

The breeding house, you were there
And the sins of your fathers, in the breeding house
The breeding house, 731
And the sins of your fathers, are the sins of your sons

Come to see the carnival, come to witness fear
Come and see deformity, all human life is here
A double blind experiment on who's the last to die
A fifty year conspiracy of murders and of lies

Angels of death in a white coat so serene
Devising ways of dying, so obscene, so obscene

And Washington was baffled about knickers and g
strings
And men were busy hiding evil things, evil things

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