

Inishmore "Iron Eagle"

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Hey Mister Madman, your time is up,
Feel our anger, we'll make you stop.
Megalomania, a ruler's disease
The country cries while your profits increase'.

Burnt in holy fire,
Forged in sacred steel.
Born of great desire,
The time is right.

And you old general look at your bloodstained feet,
The thousands of people who died for your greed.
Buy guns and bombs to fight with iron hand
Feed on stupidity while vultures rule the land.

Burnt in holy fire,
Forged in sacred steel,
Born of great desire.

It's the night of the Iron Eagle,
He'll strike without a sound,
Wreck your cities to the ground.
It's the night of the Iron Eagle,
He'll bring the end for most,
Burn your country coast to coast.
It's the night of the Iron Eagle.

Now and forever, let's fight a holy war,
Don't know against whom and don't know what for.
Follow your leader in blindness into hate,
Hail the Tyrant who will seal your fate.

You live in the heights of your Ivory Tower,
With all your hypocrites to gather more power.
Blinded by madness, religion is war,
How many have to die and how many more?

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