

Iron Maiden

"2 Minutes To Midnight 5:52"

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Kill for gain or shoot to maim
But we don't need a reason
The Golden Goose is on the loose
And never out of Season.
Some blackened pride still burns inside
This shell of bloody treason
Here's my gun for a barrel of fun
For the love of living death.

The killer's breed or the Demon's seed,
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.

2 minutes to midnight,
The hands that threaten doom.
2 minutes to midnight,
To kill the unborn in the womb.

The blind men shout let the creatures out
We'll show the unbelievers,
The Napalm screams of human flames
Of a prime time Belsen Feast.....YEAH!
As the reasons for the carnage cut their meat and lick
the gravy,
We oil the jaws of our war machine and feed it with our
babies.

The killer's breed or the Demon's seed,
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.

The body bags and little rags of children torn in two,
And the jellied brains of those who remain to put the
finger right on you,
As the Madmen play on words and make us all dance
to their song,
To the tune of starving millions to make a better kind of
gun

The killer's breed or the Demon's seed,
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore. Midnight.....all
night..... (repeat)

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