

Iron Maiden

"Out Of The Silent Planet"

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Out of the silent planet
Out of the silent planet we are
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Withered hands, withered bodies begging for salvation
Deserted by the hand of gods of their own creation
Nations cry underneath decaying skies above
You are guilty, the punishment is death for all who live
The punishment is death for all who live

Out of the silent planet
Dreams of desolation
Out of the silent planet
Come the demons of creation

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The killing fields, the grinding wheels crushed by
equilibrium
Separate lives no more disguise, no more second
chances
Haggard wisdom spitting out the bitter taste of hate
I accuse you before you know the crime it's all too late
Before you know the crime it's all too late

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