

## **Maiden Iron**

### **"2 Minutes To Midnight"**

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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.  
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,  
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 the 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,

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 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,

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.

Midnight...all night

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