

Maiden Iron

"2 Minutes To Midnight Smith Dickinson 552"

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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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