

Maiden Iron

"Out Of The Silent Planet"

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Out of the silent planet

Out of the silent planet we are

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 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

Out of the silent planet

Dreams of desolation

Out of the silent planet

Come the demons of creation

Out of the silent planet

Out of the silent planet we are

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