

2 Minutes to Midnight

Iron Maiden

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

Midnight
It's all night
Midnight
Midnight
Midnight

It's all nightMidnight... All night!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>