

# 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/>