

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 glamor, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.
Two minutes to midnight
The hands that threaten doom.
Two 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 glamor, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.
Two minutes to midnight
The hands that threaten doom.
Two 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 glamor, the fortune, the pain,
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain,
But don't you pray for my soul anymore.
Two minutes to midnight
The hands that threaten doom.
Two minutes to midnight
To kill the unborn in the womb. Midnight, all night

Songwriters

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