

Killing Floor

Bruce Dickinson

Satan has left his killing floor
So this is dream time and all is quiet
So this is dream time and all is night
You've never been held by the hand of God
Who's rocking the cradle, if he is not?
He turned the oil into his blood
Panzer divisions burning in in the mud
The stain of freedom, he's washed it out
Who's rocking the cradle, I have no doubt
Sleeping eyes awake to see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind the darker side of ecstasy
Satan has left his killing floor
Satan has left his killing floor
Satan has left his killing floor
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
Oh oh oh
So now it's dream time for you, tonight
So now it's dream time and all is quiet
You've never been held by the hand of God
Who's rocking your cradle, if he is not?
Sleeping eyes awake to see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind, the never-ending breath goodbye
Satan, has left his killing floor
Satan, has left his killing floor
Satan, his fires burn no more
Satan, has left his killing floor

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