

Gods of War

Bruce Dickinson

When I was younger I thought
That to kill or be killed
Was a thing to be proud of
Victim of change
Prisoner of hope,
hanged by the neck
On the end of a rope
I don't know... I don't care... Oh, one of the damned
Oh, part of then plan
Cry oh oh oh the gods of war
They mowl and cry for more
Cry oh oh oh the gods of war
They mowl and cry for more Now taking both sides at a time
On the front line
You can join in the fear
Share in the bloodshed
Investing your money in guns
The infinite fun
Of the warlord you saved
From the rusty grave Oh, one of the damned
Oh, part of plan

Songwriters

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