Road To Hell

Bruce Dickinson

Slowly bleeding, watch the vortex feeding
Like a swirling vulture on your face
Every hour the unseen rays devour
Your screaming eyes cry out but they are blindFather, forgive me my sins
Give me the nails, I'll hammer them inThe road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the left hand highway with no sinister regretsBrave new world of secret fantasy
That hovers just beyond your bloody grasp
Close enough just thrill, the danger of the kill
Price for failure of your willFather, forgive us our sins
'Cause we're all the junkies who never can winThe road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the left hand highway with no sinister regretsFather, forgive me my sins
Give me the nails, I'll hammer them inThe road to hell is full of good intentions
Parody of hope is the one that I must kill
We all have to live with our family inventions
Down the left hand highway with no sinister regretsThe road to hell is full of good intentions
Say farewell, we may never meet again
The road to hell is full of good intentions
Down the left hand highway with no sinister regrets

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