

Son of a Gun

Bruce Dickinson

Holy was the preacher
Riding on his rig of steel in the rising sun
This was no grim reaper
But a man with a smile who took a pride in a job well done, yeah
In a blood-red sunrise
He's preaching conversion as you lay down and die
Die, die God given holy roller
In a God forsaken land
He didn't choose this killing ground
He didn't want this part of land
He's gonna scorch the earth
And make the rivers run dry
Until we learn to hate like him

Oh kill for killing, live to die Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun You gotta be a hero, yeah
For one last time
To prove through your destruction
Killing is a great way of life
We gonna scorch the earth, yeah
And make the rivers run dry
Until we learn to hate like him

You kill for killing, you live to die Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun The preacher laughed, the preacher cried
He loaded bullets as he smiled
The congregation sat and wondered
Would they live or would they die?
Just an ordinary man, with his orders and his plans
In the shadows of a cross
Oh in a blood-red sunrise
Take me to Jesus, with Judas my guide Yeah, yeah, yeah
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun, yeah
Ride on you son of a gun, ride on, ride into the setting sun
Ride on you son of a gun, oh yeah Ride on, ride on, ride on, yeah
Ride on, ride on, ride on, yeah

Ride on, ride to history, yeahRide on, ride on, your bleeding heart
Ride on, ride on, you played no part
Ride on, you feel no pity
Ride on, you feel no painRide on in to history

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