Killing Floor (2001 Remaster)

Bruce Dickinson

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 the mud
The stain of freedom, he's washed it out
Who's rocking the cradle, I have no doubtSleeping eyes awake
To see his hooded gaze
Whispers on the wind
The darker side of ecstasySatan has left his killing floorSatan has left his killing floorSatan, his fires burn no moreSatan has left his killing floor
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 goodbyeSatan has left his killing floorSatan has left his killing floorSatan, his fires burn no moreSatan is coming back for more
Satan has left his killing floorSatan has left his killing floor

Songwriters
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