

# 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 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, his fires burn no  
more Satan 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 goodbye Satan has left his killing floor Satan has left his killing floor Satan, his fires  
burn no more Satan is coming back for more  
Satan has left his killing floor Satan has left his killing floor

Songwriters

DICKINSON, BRUCE / SMITH, ADRIAN Published by

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