Meltdown

Bruce Dickinson

Hey you wait... cringing in the dark
You create what you always fear
A puppet of hatred dishing out poison
You use me, for bait, your begging bowl of liesChain letters of sniveling compromise
I can smell the difference... your truth and your fiction
You and your twisted convictionsWere you my friend when I belonged?
Were you my friend when I was strong?
Were you my friend when I was weak?
Were you my friend when I was crawling calling... out of my head?Cold, like your blood the snake is always cool (cool)
When things get tough
You slither on the ground
You cover up your tracks when I'm aroundIt's over now my friend
Your dog has got its day
It's payback time, or what you had to say
You're stuck with the life you madeStuck with the plans you made
Stuck with everything you are

Songwriters
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