

# 2 Minutes to Midnight

## Iron Maiden

Kill for gain, shoot to maim  
We don't need a reason  
The Golden Goose is on the loose  
Never out of season Blackened pride burns inside  
Shell of bloody treason  
Here's my gun for a barrel of fun  
For the love of living death The killer's breed or the demon's seed  
The glamor, the fortune, the pain  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
Don't you pray for my soul anymore 2 minutes to midnight  
The hands that threaten doom  
2 minutes to midnight  
To kill the unborn in the womb The blind men shout, Let the creatures out  
Let's show the unbelievers  
The napalm screams of human flames  
Of a prime time Belsen feast As the reasons for the carnage  
Cut their meat and lick the gravy  
We oil the jaws of the war machines  
And feed them with our babies The killer's breed or the demon's seed  
The glamor, the fortune, the pain  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
Don't you pray for my soul anymore 2 minutes to midnight  
The hands that threaten doom  
2 minutes to midnight  
To kill the unborn in the womb Body bags and little rags  
Of children torn in two  
The jellied brains of those who remain  
Put the finger right on you As the madmen play on words  
And make us all dance to their song  
To the tune of starving millions  
To make a better kind of gun The killer's breed or the demon's seed  
The glamor, the fortune, the pain  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
Don't you pray for my soul anymore 2 minutes to midnight  
The hands that threaten doom  
2 minutes to midnight  
To kill the unborn in the womb Midnight, all night  
Midnight is all night  
Midnight, all night

Midnight is all nightMidnight, all night

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