Terminal Show

Motörhead

The golden eyed creature sits back on his throne Gazing at us in despair Six hundred guests, humanity's best Are wondering why they are there All roads lead here, all roads are burned Have we digested the things we have learned Have we a chance when the dead rise and dance Have we the time for the final romance

We better find out the name of the game Chance of a future frozen and grim Or of a quick death brought here on a whim Why are we here does anyone know Why are we here at the terminal show

The blind king has secrets dark and morose He'd like it if we were like him All the dark days spent in the maze Have made a new man of him All roads lead here, all roads are closed Are we quite certain of all that we know Are we miscast or do we hold fast Have we the time for the final repast

We better find out The name of the game Chance of a new world sunny and fine Or of a burning a branded design Why are we here, we don't even know Why are we here at the terminal show

The red queen is sleeping, lost in a dream She wakes an dshe sleeps all alone All of her fears are crowded in here Laughing they pick at her bones All roads lead here, none lead away Are we quire certain we're here anyway Have we been wise or are we despised Have we the time for our final demise

We better find out The name of the game Chance of a lost world, rain and dismay Pick up your belongings, we all have to pay Why are the vultures circling above Why can't we fight for the right to our blood We are demented, everyone knows Misrepresented, coming to blows Why are we here, we don't even know Why are we here at the terminal show