

# Two Minutes To Midnight

Primal Fear

Kill for gain or shoot to maim  
But we don't need a reason  
To Golden Goose is on the loose  
And never out of season  
Some blackened pride still burns inside  
This 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 glamour, the fortune, the pain,  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
But 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  
We'll show the unbelievers."  
The napalm screams of human flames  
Of a prime time Belsen feast ... yeah!  
As the reasons for the carnage cut their meat and lick  
the gravy  
We oil the jaws of the war machine and feed it with our  
babies.  
The killer's breed or the Demon's seed,  
The glamour, the fortune, the pain,  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
But 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 body bags and little rags of children torn in two  
And the jellied brains of those who remain to 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 glamour, the fortune, the pain,  
Go to war again, blood is freedom's stain  
But 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  
Midnight  
Midnight  
It's all night  
Midnight  
Midnight  
Midnight  
It's all night