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Paroles de chanson

04/05/2026

Killing Floor

Par Bruce Dickinson

Album : The Chemical Wedding

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

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