Bruce Dickinson, The Breeding House

The breeding house stood at 731, He was just a working man And he worked with his hands and prisoners He set a judgement on his fellow man Secret sight was his game. Justified by war His spawn lay in the freezer The killers that wore his name The breeding house, you were there And the sins of your fathers, In the breeding house The breeding house, 731 And the sins of your fathers Are the sins of your sons Maybe within childhood He pulled off spiders legs Now he's a big boy Playing with big boys toys He's playing games won't forget A contract for some research, A paycheque in the mail A secret that defended By the ones that should have ended it Angels of death in a white coat There's thousand ways of dying, So obscene, so obscene And Washington was blaffened About knickers and G-strings And men were busy Hiding evil things, evil things Come to see the carnival, Come to witness fear Come to see deformity, Human life is here A double-blind experiment On who's the last to die A fifty year conspiracy Of murders and of lies