

Trumpets of Jericho

Bruce Dickinson

This is the maze of life
This is the maze of death
This is the matrix of eternityThe demon never sleeps
The demon never lies
He beats my heart and leaves no echoWhat heavy burden holds me back
Every step along the track?
Fear that reaches deep inside of meAt the trumpets of Jericho, still the walls remain
At the trumpets of Jericho, Avalon's in chainsThis is the river of space
This is the river of time
Chase the dragons of infinityAtlas stands and laughs
Throws his burden down
Rolls the earth in the infernoFingers holding onto cracks
The howling wind that blows us back
Sucked into the grinding wheels of HellAt the trumpets of Jericho, still the walls remain
Blow the trumpets of Jericho, still the walls remain
At the end of the rainbow, there the grail remains
Sound the trumpets of Jericho, Avalon's in chainsAs they drag you down, in your clothes of lead
See the golden light, flashing overhead
Mocking you, ha ha ha ha ha ha haDo you know who you are
In your robes of skin?
How many creatures live inside you?Man is born forever free
But is everywhere in chains
Trapped inside this earthly prison cellAt the trumpets of Jericho, still the walls remain
At the trumpets of Jericho, Avalon's in chains
At the trumpets of Jericho, there the Grail remains
At the trumpets of Jericho, still the walls remain
Still the walls remain
Still the walls remain
Still the walls remainThe silence of the tomb
The wheel of fortune round

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