

A Tyranny Of Souls

Bruce Dickinson

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurlyburly's done?
When the battle's lost, not won?A tyranny of souls
That love has lost
A tyranny of souls
A pentecost
Speaking tongues of fire
Enflaming our desires
Watching as we dieWho rips the child out from the womb?
Who raise the dagger, who plays the tune?
At the crack of doom on judgment day
No ocean could wash my sins awayA tyranny of souls
That love has lost
A tyranny of souls
A pentecost
Speaking tongues of fire
Enflaming our desires
Watching as we die
On our own cross
A tyranny of soulsWe are the black space
We are the black light
We shine where no others dareKillin' my hater from beyond
Suffering the fate of no reason
Love is a relative stranger to my lifeTears of the fateful
Seeds of betrayalHammer the nail into my hand
Anger is ruler in my land
I am the killer of weakness in my headWe are the black light
We are the black spaceA tyranny of souls
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Watching as we die

Songwriters

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