

The Alchemist

Bruce Dickinson

Wash away the blackness with the silver rain
Don't turn away, don't turn away
Wash away the blackness with the silver rain
Don't turn away, don't try to hide Sulphurous and burning, spitting out the sun
The beginning of creation of the golden one
A window to the west, a blazing star above
In Taurus we begin it and the ladder has begun Don't try and blame me for your sins
For the sun has burned me black
Your hollow lives, this world in which we live
I throw it back Four headed dragon for the four degrees of fire
Purify the insane, bring the solution ever higher
Bring me all the elements, spread them round my head
Bring me mad men's bodies, I will break them all like bread Don't try and blame me for your sins
For the sun has burned me black
Your hollow lives, this world in which we live
I hurl it back Don't try and blame me for your sins
For the sun has burned me black
Your hollow lives, this world in which we live
I throw it back Don't try and blame me for your games
Your games are death
My world is light, the angels fill my eyes
With every breath And so we lay, we lay in the same grave
Our chemical wedding day
And so we lay, we lay in the same grave
Our chemical wedding day
And so we lay, we lay in the same grave
Our chemical wedding day { And all this vegetable world appeared on my left foot
As a bright sandal formed, immortal, of precious stones and gold
I stooped down and bound it on to walk forward through eternity }

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