

A Tyranny Of Souls

Bruce Dickinson

When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly burly's done?
When the battle's lost, not won?A tyranny of souls that love has lost
A tyranny of souls, a Pentecost
Speak in tongues of fire
Inflaming our desires, watching as we dieWho rips the child out from the womb?
Who raised 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
Speak in tongues of fire
Inflaming 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 dare
Killing my head with the neon, suffering my fate for no reason
No is a relative stranger to my lifeDeeds of the faithful, seeds of betrayal
Hammer the nail into my hand, anger is ruler in my land
I am the killer of weakness in my head
We are the black light, we are the black spaceA tyranny of souls that love has lost
A tyranny of souls, a Pentecost
Speak in tongues of fire
Inflaming our desires, watching as we die on our own crossA tyranny of souls that love has lost
A tyranny of souls, a Pentecost
Speak in tongues of fire
Inflaming our desires, watching as we die

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