

Face In The Sand

Iron Maiden

Everyone's waiting for something to happen
Everybody's waiting for something to see
Lunatics waiting for bigger disasters
Everyone's waiting for news on TV
Winding lives at the end of the spiral
Waiting dictators with their next big thrill
Everyone's looking but no one is listening
Everybody wants to be in at the kill
I wait for the signs, they tell me true
I see the signs of the end time
Everyone's searching but nothing's revealing
Everyone's looking for the reason why
Everyone's hoping for life everafter
Everyone's looking at death from the sky
Everyone's nightmares are going to happen
Everybody's ripping the mask from their eyes
Everyone's praying but no one's believing
Everybody's heroes tell everyone's lies
I wait for the signs, they tell me true
I see the signs of the end
So I watch and I wait and I pray for an answer
An end to the strife and the world's misery
But the end never came and we're digging the graves
And we're loading the guns for the kill
Can the end be at hand?
Is the face in the sand, future memory of our tragedy?
Can the end be at hand?
Is the face in the sand, future memory of our tragedy?
So I watch and I wait and I pray for an answer
An end to the strife and the world's misery
But the end never came and we're digging the graves
And we're loading the guns for the kill
Can the end be at hand?
Is the face in the sand, future memory of our tragedy?
Can the end be at hand?
Is the face in the sand, future memory of our tragedy?
Ohh ohh ohh

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