

# Jerusalem

## Bruce Dickinson

And did those feet in ancient times  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
Was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen? And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth on our clouded hill?  
Was Jerusalem built here  
In England's green and pleasant land? Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Wash the scales from my eyes  
Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Let me see again Bring me my bow of burning gold  
Bring me my arrows of desire  
I shall not sleep till the clouds unfold  
Bring me my chariot of fire Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Tears of blood fall out of the sky  
Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Wash me clean again From the frozen waters  
The King will rise again  
With two suns in the sky I shall not cease from mental flight  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Tears of blood fall out of the sky  
Let it rain  
Let it rain  
Wash me clean again See the gleaming spires of the citadel  
The King and Queen will dwell  
In our hearts Can Jerusalem be rebuilt here  
In this trivial time, in this land of fear?  
In Jerusalem, where the grail remains  
Walk into the light and dissolve the chains  
Ohh ohh ohh ohh, ohh ohh ohh ohh, ohh ohh ohh ohh, ohh ohh ohh  
Jerusalem Here is her secret place  
From hence she comes forth on the churches in delight  
Here is her cup filled with its poisons

In these horrid veils  
And here, her scarlet veil woven in pestilence and war  
Here is Jerusalem bound in chains  
In the dens of Babylon

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