

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 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 rebuilded 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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