

Taking the Queen

Bruce Dickinson

Who stole your heartbeat in the night?
The acolytes fearful in the flickering light
They hold a mirror to catch the breath from your mouth
But your breath was stolen by the wind from the south

Another winter's tale is done
Your immortal lover - he's gone
The chalice stolen from her hand
Eternal life at her command
Now all that she rules must sleep

The howling shriek of death in your eyes
The hawklord and the beast enter your room
The gold will turn to rust
Your empire follows you into your tomb

The wraiths of night caress
And whisper softly now, 'We are the dead'
They bear your life away
They tear your heart in two
They've taken the queen

To some better place, so they think
As the flame burns low

Now the flame burns higher
And it purifies the love that died
A stone rolls closed on a life
Back to the earth, sealing the tomb

Our skeletons rise through the veil of blood
Who summons us now from our graves?
'We are the dead'
The shriek of death in your eyes
The hawklord and the beast enter your room

The wraiths of night caress
And whisper softly now, 'We are the dead'
They bear your life away
They've torn your heart in two
They've taken the queen