

# A Tyranny of Souls

Bruce Dickinson

When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?  
When the hurlyburly's done?  
When the battle's lost, not won?

A tyranny of souls  
That love has lost  
A tyranny of souls  
A pentecost  
Speaking tongues of fire  
Enflaming our desires  
Watching as we die

Who rips the child out from the womb?  
Who raise the dagger, who plays the tune?  
At the crack of doom on judgment day  
No ocean could wash my sins away

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That love has lost  
A tyranny of souls  
A pentecost  
Speaking tongues of fire  
Enflaming our desires  
Watching as we die  
On our own cross  
A tyranny of souls

We are the black space  
We are the black light  
We shine where no others dare

Killin' my hater from beyond  
Suffering the fate of no reason  
Love is a relative stranger to my life

Tears of the fateful  
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 space

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