

## Believil

Bruce Dickinson

Smoking, resting on its grave  
The carcass rusting where it lies  
No more truth, no honest games  
The serpent writhes within us all

Lava streams of molten flesh  
Into their mountain homes retire  
Now sleeping eyes of death awake  
Your drug of choice, truth or lie

I believe you and me  
I believe evil  
I believe you will see  
I believe evil

What does not kill it  
Makes it strong  
The carcass stirs  
It will not die

It feeds on you  
It feeds on me  
I know his name  
You know mine too

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I believe evil  
I believe you will see  
I believe evil

I believe you and me  
I believe evil  
I believe you will see  
I believe evil