

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

I believe you and me
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