

# Book of Thel

Bruce Dickinson

The mark is on you now  
The furnace sealed inside your head  
Melting from the inside now  
Waxy tears run down your face

The whore that never told her tale  
Relives it every night with you  
Far off stands the lamb and waits  
For the wolf to come and end its life

Stand inside the temple  
As the book of Thel is opening  
The priestess stands before you  
Offering her hand out, she's rising

Come the dawning of the dead  
In famine and in war  
Now the harlot womb of death  
Spits out its rotten core

Serpent on the altar now  
Has wrapped itself around your spine  
So you look into its mouth  
And you kiss the pearly fangs divine

Happy that your end is swift  
The weeping virgin cries in bliss  
The snake and priestess, they are one  
The veil of flesh is ripped undone

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Come the dawning of the dead  
In famine and in war  
Now the harlot womb of death  
Spits out its rotten core  
By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes  
And when sleep takes you tonight  
Will you wake to see the light...?

(woah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
(woah-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)  
(oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)

The burning sweat of poison tears  
The river flowing red with blood  
The cradle - robbing hand of death  
Caresses every dreaming head

Waiting for the marriage hearse  
To take you to the funeral pyre  
So you burn the family tree

The generations burning higher

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By the dawning of the dead...  
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[Spoken:]

"What demon hath formed this abominable void...  
This soul-shuddering vacuum?"

"Some said it is Urizen -  
But unknown, abstracted, brooding secret  
The dark power hid"