

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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By the dawning of the dead...

[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"