

Darkside of Aquarius

Bruce Dickinson

The first hellrider came
On wings a-plenty in the dark
Hauled out his poison
And he blew away his mark
The fascist from the east is coming
Mothers, hide your sons

The second hellrider came
From flaming seas and molten sands
Half his play in Hell's commands
Hauled out his poison
With his promises of promised lands
Glad, good times of lying leaders

Here come the riders
As the wheel of Dharma's running out of time
Here come the riders
As the wheel of Dharma's running out of time

The third hellrider came
Teaching brothers to kill brother man
And the fourth hellrider waits
On an acid trail for an acid world
Walls of old religions' fools and superstitious men
Throws some scary Tarot cards and...

Here come the riders
As the wheel of Dharma's running out of time
Here come the riders
As the revolution's stepping into line
The dark side of Aquarius
Has robbed us of our souls and minds
Here come the riders
As the wheel of Dharma's running out of time

From the starlit sky, on a silver sea
A lonely silver surfer comes to push the wheel for me
A lonely silver surfer comes to push the wheel for me

Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel right 'round
Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel right 'round
Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel around

Gotta push the wheel of Dharma 'round
Push the wheel of Dharma 'round
Push the wheel of Dharma 'round
Push the wheel right 'round, right 'round

I've gotta move the wheel of Dharma
Gotta move the wheel of Dharma
Gotta move the wheel of Dharma
Move that wheel right around

Gotta move the wheel of Dharma

Gotta move the wheel of Dharma now