

Ghost Of Cain

Bruce Dickinson

In your hour of darkness be not afraid
As the moonlight shivers on your grave
Come back to find you here
Save you from the danger
Come back to lead you home
From the hooded stranger

Conjuring the ghost of Cain
He won't let you fall again
Return your soul to sleep again
By conjuring the ghost of Cain

Cross a cork with silver, won't save you now
You must pay the ferry man, pay him somehow
There's only one place left
To take you across the river
You'll never know who saved you
The angel who delivered

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A streamer from the sun
Fire round your heart
The earth gives up its dead
The brothers are apart

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