

# 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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