

## Taking the Queen

Bruce Dickinson

Who stole your heartbeat in the night?  
The acolytes fearful in the flickering light  
They hold a mirror to catch the breath from your mouth  
But your breath was stolen by the wind from the south

Another winter's tale is done  
Your immortal lover - he's gone  
The chalice stolen from her hand  
Eternal life at her command  
Now all that she rules must sleep

The howling shriek of death in your eyes  
The hawklord and the beast enter your room  
The gold will turn to rust  
Your empire follows you into your tomb

The wraiths of night caress  
And whisper softly now, 'We are the dead'  
They bear your life away  
They tear your heart in two  
They've taken the queen

To some better place, so they think  
As the flame burns low

Now the flame burns higher  
And it purifies the love that died  
A stone rolls closed on a life  
Back to the earth, sealing the tomb

Our skeletons rise through the veil of blood  
Who summons us now from our graves?  
'We are the dead'  
The shriek of death in your eyes  
The hawklord and the beast enter your room

The wraiths of night caress  
And whisper softly now, 'We are the dead'  
They bear your life away  
They've torn your heart in two  
They've taken the queen