

Fireclown

Tygers of Pan Tang

Beneath the city in caves of steel,
His eyes wide open with madman's zeal
Reborn the fire to life's ordeals
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See his eyes they tell no lies
See his eyes he's going to die

His mind's on fire, his suit is warm
His brain is boiling, his life is torn
The heart of the sunrise is drawing him on
The soul of the universe is drawing him on

His mind is wandering, there's no time left
The heart of the future will soon oppress
His thoughts of home and happiness
His thoughts of home and happiness