

Bruce Dickinson, Many Doors To Hell

Bruce Dickinson prezentuje utwór "Many Doors To Hell" z płyty "The Mandrake Project" (premiera

All things of love and beauty
Lost in clouds of fiery dust
Beneath the blood red sky
The shifting sands will cover us

We drink the cup of secrets
Dreaming of the afterlife
The sun begins its journey
Taking us from day to night

So where was God
When I needed him the most?
What salvation is a holy ghost?
For what I've done you can't blame me
I lived across the centuries

When the sun goes down
I wear my thorny crown
I know them oh so well
The many opening doors to Hell

I drink the cup of starlight
Dreaming of the day to come
My fingers turn the pages
Of the book of life that's yet to come

My blood is thin, my body aches
To lie in earth is still my fate
Eclipse will come to set me free
And for that moment I can't wait

I'm telling you now I will come again
With the knowledge from my secret realm
Share my treasure with humankind
Drink of me lose your mind

When the sun goes down
I wear my thorny crown
I know them oh so well
The many opening doors to Hell

Prometheus unbound
Tears of desolation found
Believe the tales I tell
The many opening doors to Hell

Our life will leave us
With wounds so grievous
Human deceivers
I'm your soul retriever

When the sun goes down
I wear my thorny crown
I know them oh so well
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Prometheus unbound
Tears of desolation found
Believe the tales I tell
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