

Bruce Dickinson, Rain On The Graves

Bruce Dickinson prezentuje utwór "Rain On The Graves" z płyty "The Mandrake Project" (premiera

In a country churchyard
I came across a man
He smiled and slowly beckoned me
With a trembling hand
Did you come to gamble
Or did you come to pray
What's the meaning of your business here
On a stormy day
The raindrops spattered on the tomb
From grey and leaden Skies
Deny me once, deny me twice
But don't look in my eyes...

There is rain on the graves
There is rain on the graves
There is rain on the graves
It's just rain, rain, rain
There is rain on the graves
But you came to be saved
There is rain on the graves
Let it wash your soul of dying

Faithless, he denied the truth
That he had come to steal
To kneel before the poet
Not the altar or the priest
He's washed himself in misery
Before he came to pray
He'd hoped in his false penitence
Some sympathy he'd sway

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I am the God of sinners
You are what I have made
You're talking to your likeness
And my shadow is your shade
Stand up and face the mirror
It's the image that you crave
But i'll be here when you're long gone
I'll see you in that grave
Ha, ha, ha

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