

# 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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There is rain on the graves  
It's just rain, rain, rain  
There is rain on the graves  
Rain on the graves  
There is rain on the graves