

# Judas Priest, Secrets of the Dead

The shifting sands conceal the truth  
Revealing only lies  
A crescent moon casts ghostly shapes  
As somewhere some thing flies

We let ourselves be bled  
Secrets of the dead

Deserted by the ghosts that knew  
Man's triumphs had no bounds  
Left starving by our own mistakes  
The sands reclaimed their ground

We let ourselves be bled  
Secrets of the dead  
Times takes us down so deep  
Is this the place we seek?

Secrets of the dead  
Secrets of the dead

We never learn from our mistakes  
Imperfect till the end  
You can't pick up the pieces  
And the hearts we break can't mend

As if they knew the gift they brought  
Was wasted on this earth  
They searched out for a better race  
On whom to bring rebirth

We let ourselves be bled  
Secrets of the dead  
We let ourselves be bled  
Secrets of the dead  
Where angels fear to tread  
The secrets of the dead