

Bruce Dickinson, Believil

Smoking resting on its grave
The carcass burting where it lies
no more truth
no honest games
the serpent writhes within us all
lava streams of molten flesh
into their mountain holes retire
now sleeping eyes of death awake
your drug of choice
truth or lie
i believe
you and me
i believe
evil
i believe
you will see
i believe
evil
what does not kill it
makes it strong
the carcass stares it will not die
it feeds on you
it feeds on me
i know his name
you know mine too