

Iron Maiden, Look For The Truth

(Blaze Bayley, Janick Gers and Steve Harris)

All my dark dreams drift like smoke in the breeze
The fear grips me as I fall towards my sleep
Here comes the nightmare that never ends
Here is the dream that makes monsters of men

In the house of my soul
In rooms of ugliness and cold
Memories locked away
All the doubts and fears I never faced

Now they come again
I am falling down to meet with them
Fears within us all
Mine awake and they stand up tall

Look for the truth
Deepest cut of all from you
Knife of the truth
Blade of hatred slicing through

I pray my sleep will break
Maybe this time I won't wake
Weakness I hide so well
This dagger in my mind will tell

It's my final stand
I make a fist out of each hand
To shadows of the past
Take a breath and I scream attack

Look for the truth
Deepest cut of all from you
Knife of the truth
Blade of hatred slicing through

Here is the truth
Deepest cut of all from you
Knife of the truth
Blade of hatred slicing through