

W.A.S.P., For Whom The Bell Tolls

The tarot is fate, said the Gypsy Queen
And she beckoned me, to glimpse my future she'd seen
She said "Try to run away, don't know what to do
Do you feel it's real do you believe it's true?
When I lay the card down will it turn up the fool?
Will it turn up sorrow? Is there one there for you?"

For whom the bell tolls, it tolls for me
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Illusions are real, and the dreams that you feel
I'll come back to you and voice the scream in your ear
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