

Bruce Dickinson

"Darkside Of Aquarius"

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The first hell rider came
On wings of plenty in the dark
Poured out his poison
And he blew away his mark
The fascist from the east is coming
Mothers, hide your sons

The second hell rider came
From flaming seas and molten sands
Pipers playing hell's commands
Poured out his poison
With his promises of promised lands
Blackened tongues of lying leaders

Here come the riders
As the wheel of dharma's running out of time
Here come the riders
As the wheel of dharma's running out of time

The third hell rider came
Teaching brothers to kill brother, man
And the fourth hell rider waits
On an acid trip for an acid world
Wars of old religious fools and superstitious men
Throw some scary tarot cards

And here come the riders
As the wheel of dharma's running out of time
Here come the riders
As the revolution's stepping into line

The dark side of Aquarius
Has robbed us of our souls and minds
Here come the riders
As the wheel of dharma's running out of time

From the starlit sky on a silver sea
A lonely silver surfer
Comes to push the wheel for me
A lonely silver surfer
Comes to push the wheel for me

Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel right ?round
Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel right ?round
Gotta move, gotta move
Gotta move that wheel around

Gotta push the wheel of dharma ?round
Push the wheel of dharma ?round
Push the wheel of dharma ?round
Push the wheel right ?round, right now, yeah

I've gotta move the wheel of dharma
Gotta move the wheel of dharma
Gotta move the wheel of dharma
Move that wheel right around

Gotta move the wheel of dharma
Gotta move the wheel of dharma now

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