

Maiden Iron

"Look For The Truth"

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Bayley - Gers - 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

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