

# Resurrection Men

Bruce Dickinson

In this ancient code, we're pulled apart  
I am the wizard of your heart  
Clear sail and the slides are blue  
On a different tower to be with you  
We're ecstasy on respirators  
Breathing cosmic incubators  
Innocent, translucent white  
We are the children of the night

We're resurrection men  
And the point of death will take you to the end  
Resurrection men  
Eternity has failed you once again  
Resurrection men  
You've done the deal and so the story ends  
Resurrection men

I rise from slumber, you call my name  
Recall my number, my day of shame  
Extend my future, my only life  
Some deadly marriage, a barren wife

So rise you demons, I live in Hell  
I am connected to you as well  
Some say we rob graves, in truth, we dig  
My name is Lazarus, I raise the dead

So rise, you spirits, rise  
Show yourselves in the glass  
Reach up, tighten my grip on your soul  
Summon your demons outside

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