Secrets of the Dead

Judas Priest

The shifting sands conceal the truth Revealing only lies A crescent moon casts ghostly shapes As somewhere some thing flies

We let ourselves be bled Secrets of the dead

Deserted by the ghosts that knew Man's triumphs had no bounds Left starving by our own mistakes The sands reclaimed their ground

We let ourselves be bled Secrets of the dead Times takes us down so deep Is this the place we seek?

Secrets of the dead Secrets of the dead

We never learn from our mistakes Imperfect till the end You can't pick up the pieces And the hearts we break can't mend

As if they knew the gift they brought Was wasted on this earth They searched out for a better race On whom to bring rebirth

We let ourselves be bled Secrets of the dead We let ourselves be bled Secrets of the dead Where angels fear to tread The secrets of the dead