

Judas Priest, Secrets of the Dead

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