

Man of Sorrows

Bruce Dickinson

Here, in a church, a small boy is kneeling
He prays to a god he does not know, he cannot feel
All of his sins of childhood he will remember
He will not cry, tears he will not cry

Man of sorrows, I won't see your face
Man of sorrows, you left without a trace
His small boy wonders, what was it all about?
Is your journey over - has it just begun?

Vision of a new world from the ashes of the old
"Do what thou wilt!", he screams from his cursed soul
A tortured seer, a prophet of our emptiness
Wondering why, wondering why...

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(I won't see your face)
Man of sorrows, you left without a trace
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A man of sorrows, wrecked
With thoughts that dare not speak their name
Trapped inside a body, made to feel only guilt and shame
His anger all his life - "I hate myself!", he cried
"Do what thou wilt!"
"Do what thou wilt!", he cried

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