

# Iron Maiden, The Writing On The Wall

Across a painted desert lies a train of vagabonds  
All that's left of what we were it's what we have become  
Once our empires glorious  
But now the empire's gone  
The dead gave us the time to live  
And now our time is done

Now we are victorious  
We're become our slaves  
A land of hope and glory  
Building graveyards for the brave

Have you seen the writing on the wall  
Have you seen the writing on the wall  
Can you see the riders on the storm  
Can you see them riding  
Can you see them riding

(??)

The earthquake is coming  
But you don't want to hear  
You are just too blind to see

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