

## **Bruce Dickinson**

### **"Arc Of Space"**

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There, on a lonely desert hilltop  
The pilgrims huddle closer  
Waiting for a sign, the coming silver shrine  
The arc of space and time

Truth, oh, the truth is never clear  
Perhaps again next year  
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun  
One day you'll come

In my heart I reach you  
In my heart I reach out to you  
In my heart I touch the face of god  
In my dreams somehow

In my heart I reach you  
In my heart I reach out to you  
In my heart I touch the face of god  
It's all a dream

In my heart I reach you  
In my heart I reach out to you  
In my heart I touch the face of god  
It's all a dream, somehow

Truth, oh, the truth is never clear  
Perhaps again next year  
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun  
One day you'll come

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