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Bruce Dickinson "Inertia"

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These are the pictures these are the feelin's from the frontline

Living in silence feeling the deafness like heavy smoke Smiling with strangers counting the days like a spring coiled up inside

Welcome to your future welcome to your book of life Fingers crawl through pages nothing changes living here

Inertia

No wish to move at all

Inertia

Everything's a stone wall

Inertia

History let's you die

A ragged pile of silent accusers smell the blood of strangers here

No eyes no ears no smell no taste

the mouth of the maggot is full of this place

Murdered conscience the pressure is crushing heads

Like paper lanterns now

Unbreakable grip a dead hand driving us forward to

the end

Kicking through the traces a thousand years from now

Inertia

No wish to move at all

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Everything's a stone wall

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