

Bruce Dickinson**"No Way Out...To Be Continued"**

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Welcome to the world, young man

Welcome to the world that I have planned for you

It's all come true

Welcome to the city's gates

Camps of concentration for the poor

But not at my door

Welcome to the searchlights and the TV eyes

Watching you, watching me

Welcome to you new apartment

Welcome to your block of fear

You're welcome here

Go away!

Locked inside a concrete cage with those cameras for
my eyes

Outside are the population, the corpses and the flies

Got to keep my carpets clean

You know there's mites and rats and mites and things
living in a shagpile

Fear of death is my recipe for life and I'm

Locked in and I like it that way

I see no way out of here

There is no way out of here

I see no way out of here

Here I sit at my windowbox, I put flowers on the rocks
for you

I don't put water on the cracks because you know what
cracks can do

Gotta keep myself secure, you know there's

Emotions feelings, killer bugs live in a shagpile

Fear of life is the guarantee of safety

And I'm locked in and I like it that way

I see no way out of here

There is no way out of here

I see no way out of here

No way out!

Flowers on the window box are blooming

I pour water on the rocks so they won't die

The pattern on the carpet shows I'm human

I don't step on the foolish cracks, so I won't fry

The sky is blue, the weather seems appealing

I lay my hand upon the armoured glass

No more blood, I think my wound is healing

Should I open it up, give it a try?

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