

Bruce Dickinson

"Silver Wings"

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Sound of Merlins fired up and their spoiling for the
fight
A thousand bombers ready, it's the target for the night
Deeper into Germany, but we all know the score
I know that I'm not coming back like those that did
before

Now the flare gun fires and we get the go
Say good bye to the earth below

Tonight, on Silver Wings
I'am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On Silver Wings
Flying where no angels fly

I have brought these engines to the very jaws of hell
Metal hearts are beating through this hail of shot and
shell
Terror from the skies where the angels fear to tread
Nothing in my eyes, I'am the living dead

Now the search light blinding us with its spite
Can't shake this one off tonight

Tonight, on Silver Wings
I'am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On Silver Wings
Flying where no angels fly, yeah

Sky is bleeding gasoline and fuel is running low
Tanks are blown to pieces, soon the wing is gonna go
All the crew have bailed out over Essen long ago
But every night since 45 this bomber boy has stayed
alive

I can't believe she still in the sky
Me and my Merlins fly

Tonight, on Silver Wings
I'am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On Silver Wings
Flying where no angels fly

On Silver Wings
I'am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On Silver Wings
I can touch the face of God

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