Back from the Edge (2001 Remastered Version)

Bruce Dickinson

A silent river flowing black
strange attractions no turning back
present danger I recall
that pins my senses to the wall
back from the edge where the darkness has fled
and I'm swimming
in light and I'm falling... falling from the edge...
back from the edge
I fell from grace and that's a fact
still have urges I fight back
cold decisions wear me thin
kill yourself begin again
back from the fear
that you're not worth a damn
throw yourself
into light and the rush as you
sign from the edge...
back from the edge...
now and then I wonder where the faces
from my childhood have gone
like father like son your bones it lives on glowing shadows
back from the edge

Songwriters
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