Octavia

Bruce Dickinson

I'm vacuum breathing and open-mouthed
As the red shift fills my eyes
Minister, my promises as her shadow cuts the day away
I remember you as you walked into that roomDislocated jagged pieces are sliding into this broken mind
Swimming back against the river but I'm rising with the tide
Where we came from, we're all going back there soonHow many times have we met this way?
How many lives have we lived before?
How many faces and how many names?
Shadows come but shadows are gone
Shadows come but shadows are goneHow many times have we met this way?
How many lives have we lived before?
How many faces and how many names?
Shadows come but shadows are gone
Shadows come but shadows are gone

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