

# Power of the Sun

Bruce Dickinson

Is this a citadel? Is this a prison cell?  
Who sits at my right hand now? Who's watching me now?  
Who made us live this way? When do I get my say?  
Automation turns us into human beings now  
Tripping over faces, humanity has fallen  
Huddled into doorways on the streets at dawn  
The power of the sun keeps us moving on  
Spinning ever faster  
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls  
Already in the past  
Every dawn arrives the gathering of the tribes  
Shattered waves of people breaking over city walls  
Never out of touch but always on your own  
Trapped inside the logic of your own communication zone  
What deals have been done? who's under the gun?  
Stay one step ahead of the next in line  
The power of the sun, it keeps us moving on  
Spinning ever faster  
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls  
Already in the past  
The cameras never lie, the ghost of you and I  
Already in the past  
Inside a picture frame, we'll vanish once again  
Now the dawn is coming fast  
The power of the sun, it keeps us moving on  
Spinning ever faster  
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls  
Already in the past

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