Inertia

Bruce Dickinson

These are the pictures
These are the feelings from the front line
Living in silence
Feeling the deafness like heavy smoke
Smiling with strangers counting days
Like a spring coiled up inside
Welcome to your future
Welcome to your book of life
Fingers crawl through pagesNothing changes living here
Inertia
No wish to move at all
Inertia
Everything's a stone wall
InertiaHistory let's you die
A ragged pile of silent accusers
Smell the blood of strangers here
No eyes no ears no smell no taste
The mouth of the maggot is full of this place
Murdered conscience the pressure is crushing heads
Like paper lanterns now
Unbreakable grip a dead hand
Driving us forward to the end
Kicking through the traces
A thousand years from now

Songwriters
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