Arc Of Space

Bruce Dickinson

There, on a lonely desert hilltop
The pilgrims huddle closer
Waiting for a sign, the coming silver shrine
The arc of space and timeTruth, oh, the truth is never clear
Perhaps again next year
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun
One day you'll comeIn my heart I reach you
In my heart I reach out to you
In my heart I touch the face of God
In my dreams somehow...In my heart I reach you
In my heart I reach out to you
In my heart I touch the face of God
It's all a dream...In my heart I reach you
In my heart I reach out to you
In my heart I touch the face of God
It's all a dream, somehow...Truth, oh, the truth is never clear
Perhaps again next year
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun
One day you'll come

Songwriters
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