Silver Wings

Bruce Dickinson

Sound of Merlin's fired up and their spoiling for the fight
A thousand bombers ready, it's the target for the night
Deeper into Germany, but we all know the score
I know that I'm not coming back like those that did beforeNow the flare gun fires and we get the go
Say good bye to the earth belowTonight, on silver wings
I am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On silver wings, flying where no Angels flyI have brought these engines to the very jaws of Hell
Metal hearts are beating through this hail of shot and shell
Terror from the skies where the Angels fear to tread
Nothing in my eyes, I'm the living deadNow the search light blinding us with its spite
Can't shake this one off tonightTonight, on silver wings
I am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On silver wings, flying where no Angels fly, yeahSky is bleeding gasoline and fuel is running low
Tanks are blown to pieces, soon the wing is gonna go
All the crew have bailed out over Essen long ago
But every night since '45 this bomber boy has stayed aliveI can't believe she still in the sky
Me and my Merlin's flyTonight, on silver wings
I am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On silver wings, flying where no Angels flyOn silver wings
I am soaring through the mountains of the moon
On silver wings, I can touch the face of God

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