Inertia

Bruce Dickinson

These are the pictures these are the feelin's from the frontline
Living in silence feeling the deafness like heavy smoke
Smiling with strangers counting the days like a spring coiled up inside
Welcome to your future welcome to your book of lies
Fingers crawl through pages nothing changes living hereInertia
No wish to move at all
Inertia
Everything's a stone wall
Inertia
History let's you dieA 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 nowInertia
No wish to move at all
Inertia
Everything's a stone wall
Inertia
History let's you die

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