

# 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 here  
Inertia  
No wish to move at all  
Inertia  
Everything's a stone wall  
Inertia  
History 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  
Inertia  
No wish to move at all  
Inertia  
Everything's a stone wall  
Inertia  
History let's you die

Lyrics provided by

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