

## Arc Of Space

Bruce Dickinson

1. There, on a lonely desert hilltop  
The pilgrims huddle closer  
Waiting for a sign, the coming silver shrine  
The arc of space and time

2. Truth, oh, the truth is never clear  
Perhaps again next year  
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun  
One day you'll come

R: In 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...

R: 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...

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In my heart I reach out to you  
In my heart I touch the face of God  
It's all a dream, somehow...

3. Truth, oh, the truth is never clear  
Perhaps again next year  
The hope lives on beneath the blazing sun  
One day you'll come