

Back from the Edge

Bruce Dickinson

A silent river flowing black
Strange attractors, no turning back
Present danger I recall
That pins my senses to the wall

Back from the edge
Where the darkness has fled
And I'm swimming in light
And I'm falling...
Falling from the edge
Back from the edge

I fell from grace, and that's a fact
I still have urges, I fight back
Cold decisions wear me thin
Kill yourself, begin again

Back from the edge
Where you're not worth a damn
Throw yourself into light
And the rush as you spin from the edge...
Back from the edge
Back from the edge
Back from the edge

Now and then I wonder where
The faces from my childhood have gone
Like father, like son
In your bones it lives on
Glowing shadows

Back from the edge
(back from the edge)
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(back from the edge)
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