

## 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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