

Inertia

Bruce Dickinson

These are the pictures
These are the feelings from the front line
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 lets 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 think at all
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