

Octavia

Bruce Dickinson

I'm vacuum-breathing and open-mouthed
As the red shift fills my eyes
Minister my promises
As her shadow cuts the day away

I remembered you, as you walked into that room

Dislocated, jagged pieces
Are sliding into this broken mind
Swimming back against the river
But I'm rising with the tide

Where we came from, we're all going back there soon

How many times have we met this way?
How many lives have we lived before?
How many faces and how many names?
Shadows come, but shadows are gone
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