

Solar Confinement

Bruce Dickinson

Trapped inside a web of fiery gravity that fuels all our needs
Chaotic energy that sucks the life from h to he
All life withers in the sun - I deny what I have done
Spend my days and nights in roaring halls of crimson fire

Solar confinement
Solar confinement
Solar confinement
Solar distress flares
(o-oh)

I've slept with many strangers
So fission, fusion, fission makes good sense
Where I laid my head, my troubles I'll put down to experience
It's warm and lonely in the sun - I deny what I have done
Spend my days and nights in roaring halls of crimson fire

Solar confinement
Solar confinement
Solar confinement
Solar distress flares
Solar distress flares
(o-oh)

A lonely boy sits in his room
His curtains hide the sun
Confess to what you've done
And no one understands

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(o-oh)