

Soul Intruders

Bruce Dickinson

We ride the cosmic streams of time
We are the fools you came to trust
We blind the eyes of history
We tear ourselves down from your cross

Half lives
We live again
Half lives
Now we are one

We're the soul intruders
In the whirling void of night
We're the soul intruders
And we're crying for the light
We're the soul intruders
With no life of our own
I'm a sole survivor, but who sits on my throne?

Solar winds have taken hold
Blowing us where we do not know
Existence silent and unknown
Father, son and viral host

Half lives
Eat but never kill
Half lives
We live as well

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