

Strange Death in Paradise

Bruce Dickinson

Spiralling, falling ' a silver machine, from wings of freedom,
silent above
Eyelids were burning, summer sun roasting,
tumbling chrome in the clear blue sky
Brighter than sunshine, for all of our lifetimes
1000 stars turned day into night at the end

Where were you when it fell from the sky?
I saw the movie, I read the reply
In the beginning there was only the word

People were kissing in front of their shadows
Children were playing out in the yard
I am not guilty, I made no difference
I wasn't born and I wasn't made on that day

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