

Power of the Sun

Bruce Dickinson

Is this a citadel? Is this a prison cell?
Who sits at my right hand now? Who's watching me now?
Who made us live this way? When do I get my say?
Automation turns us into human beings now

Tripping over faces, humanity has fallen
Huddled into doorways on the streets at dawn

The power of the sun keeps us moving on
Spinning ever faster
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls
Already in the past

Every dawn arrives the gathering of the tribes
Shattered waves of people breaking over city walls
Never out of touch but always on your own
Trapped inside the logic of your own communication zone

What deals have been done? who's under the gun?
Stay one step ahead of the next in line

The power of the sun, it keeps us moving on
Spinning ever faster
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls
Already in the past

The cameras never lie, the ghost of you and I
Already in the past
Inside a picture frame, we'll vanish once again
Now the dawn is coming fast

The power of the sun, it keeps us moving on
Spinning ever faster
The city never sleeps, the echoes of the footfalls
Already in the past