

Iona, Beachy Head

There is a high cliff on the South Coast of England where, each year, people have ended their lives driving over the edge.

Here at my feet
The metal remains
Of hopes that died in the air
Here at my feet
Salt water washes over despair
Was it for fear of the future
Was it for guilt of the past

And where are the souls
Oh the sea doesn't know
And where are the souls
Oh the rocks cannot say
And where are the souls
God only knows, how you're feeling today

Here in my head
I see an eagle that flies into the sun
Here in my head I say a prayer
That You'd save the next one
Is there no-one to watch over this place
To pray this evil away

Looking up at cliffs so white
Shadows in this evening light
Looking up at sky so blue
I can only think of You
Of You