

# 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