

Edge of the Blade

Epica

Edge of the blade
Time to break through the anger
Hunt down the remnants of the everlasting myth

Incinerating hands that touched your graceful face
In their mysterious ways
The scorching scars have left an everlasting visual trace
Now they're blinding and rewinding

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Cherish your hunger for resentment and dismay
And then come out to play
Cascading colors meticulously all washed away
Time for choosing not for losing

Defying the fire reviving within

Time to break through
Your walls are soaring high
They are disarranging
The surface on which we build our own lie

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Your wish for virtual perfection seems inane
But try and you will evolve
Your paragon possessed your inner self to no avail
No more waiting, no debating

Defying the fire reviving within

Time to break through
Your walls are soaring high
They are disarranging
The surface on which we build our own lie

Don't throw your life away
Remain the same

Watch you back, now feel the heat
You've fooled the world one more time
And now that you've seen with open eyes
All of us are incomplete

It's time to break through
Your walls are soaring high
You can even try to
Break through the perfect state of mind
And now you break through
You'll reach beyond the sky
You should never ever build on the surface made of lies

Time to break through the anger
Hunt down the remnants of the everlasting myth