

Wild Chase

Edenbridge

The dew-drop of dawn
are glaring in morningly light
the silver clouds gone
the indian summer so bright

I hear the piper so nigh
the westerly wind brings his tone
the tree-tops so far in the sky
I follow those traces unknown

And over the valleys I ride
the wild chase a-glow
cause my restless heart`s in a constant flow
the bliss of the moment in me
it is like ambrosia
a dovelike temptation for me
the wild chase is my endless symphony

I`m gathering force everytime
when sylvan deities smile
time seems to be out of joint suddenly
and I want to roam for a while

Wild chase, this trace
it`s calling me
your grace, embrace
a raving beauty
...

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