

## 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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