

# 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