

# The Edge Of My Blade

Seventh Wonder

He came from the mountains up north  
And the memory remains  
Like blood on my sleeve  
That won't go away  
A man from the mountains up north  
He ripped of a smile  
From this little boys face  
When you went away  
A little spark grew  
And the art of hating you

Hold me father  
Embrace me with your ever smile  
Sole survivor  
And shine upon me like a star

Fear me pagan  
As I am coming to end your list  
The son of a murdered father lives inside of me  
So bow for me pagan  
And in heaven I write your name  
And may the colour remind me of life once again  
As it pours from the edge of my blade

A feeling still fresh in my memory  
When you closed his eyes  
You took out my light as well  
Turned heaven to hell  
I swore on my family name  
I swore I would find him and treat him the same  
But I get no peace  
My heart can not rest  
Until my work here is done

So hear me father  
Once again I am talking to you  
No need to bother  
I must do what I'm destined to do

I've killed you in so many ways  
Since the day I saw you in the haze  
I've been trying to sleep  
But it's hard to do  
When the ravens are  
In my head

Why, father?  
Why didn't my pain go away  
I am back  
And I'll sleep  
With my conscience tonight  
I traveled far away from home  
I traveled over waters  
Just to send him right where he belong  
The black ravens showed me the way