

# Epica, Edge Of The Blade

Edge of the blade  
Time to break through the anger  
Look for the remains of the everlasting peace

\_\_\_ touch your face with flames  
In the mysterious waves  
These scorching scars are the last everlasting visual drains  
Never minding, and rewinding

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Cherish your hunger for resentment and dismay  
And then know your play  
Cascading colors, meticulously I wash away  
Time for choosing, never losing

Defying (defying) the fire (the fire)

Time to break through  
Your walls soaring high  
We are designated

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Your wish for virtual perfection seems in vain  
It's trying to evolve  
Your paragon possessed you in a self-demure  
No more ending, no depending

Defying (defying) the fire (the fire)

Time to break through  
Your walls soaring high  
We are designated  
\_\_\_\_\_ arrow flight

Don't throw your life away

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Watch your back  
Feels it  
Blow for the world  
One more time  
That's you save  
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  
In perfect state of mind

And now you break through  
You reach beyond the sky  
You should never, ever go down  
The surface is made of light

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Time to break through the anger

Look for the remains of the everlasting peace