Avantasia, The Edge

When I was sent to walk this long cold way I'd never meant to take it all this far Nobody told me I was bound to stray You gave me visions and cut out this part When the journey is over Then what will remain But a churchyard of angels Don't need no glory The bottle and I Don't need no sympathy at all As I hang on the edge Don't need no glory Till the river's run dry I won't cry for sympathy as I Hang on the edge When your were shackles chances passed me by I've broken free Now I'm free falling Laid down my arms as you laid down the lie: Those words you didn't say when I was calling Fingers bleed onto the ivory They dance on the keys To a churchyard of angels Don't need no glory The bottle and I Don't need no sympathy at all As I hang on the edge Don't need no glory Till the river's run dry I won't cry for sympathy as I Hang on the edge