Edenbridge, Adamantine

As the lights went slowly The line of vision broke In the face of reason it flies Right when I awoke

You spoke beneath a whisper And angry clouds arose You began to brood at night And damned how fate chose

We still endeavor for the precious stone For accolade until we are alone A cornucopia of flattery We only see what we want to see

Can't break my will
(It is Adamantine)
Can't bar my way
I am ready for fray
Time
(I am Adamantine)
And reverie
(And there isn't a line)
Still it is life's melody

You can tilt at windmills You get a fire alight Pass with flying colours You are taking it with pride

Beyond the dreams of avarice You master your own way Never bend before the wind No way to lead you astray

And we still wanna go the extra mile On cobbled streets of artificial smile A cornucopia of memory Fills our hopeless vacancy

Can't break my will (It is Adamantine) Can't bar my way I am ready for fray Time (I am Adamantine) And reverie (And there isn't a line) Still it is life's melody

Our workers of fate
Are like the dreams we create on and on
'Cause life is a wide, open space
And then some, so much to embrace
A cornucopia of mystery
One more page in our diary

Can't break my will (It is Adamantine) Can't bar my way I am ready for fray Time (I am Adamantine) And reverie (And there isn't a line) Still it is life's melody

Can't break my will (It is Adamantine) Can't bar my way I am ready for fray Time (I am Adamantine) And reverie (And there isn't a line) Still it is life's melody

My will
(So Adamantine)
My way
I am ready for fray
Time
(I am Adamantine)
And reverie
Still it is life's melody