

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