

Recoil, Edge To Life

I'm not waiting for a king
to rule my mind or anything
I don't need your band of gold
to take me where I need to go
There's an edge to life
that will cut you like a knife
when you lay your head down.
There's a castle of sand
that gets kicked in your face
to see how easily you'd fall from grace.
There's a piece of dust
that crumbles in your hand
if you decide to lose control.
No one can escape
when you find out they're fake
and you want to take the whole lot down.
A simple man
Well he could do more
But you can only see the traces
that have gone before
There's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow
if you walk the white line.
There's a piece of dust that crumbles in your hand
if you decide to lose control.
There's a castle of sand that gets kicked in your face
to see how easily you'd fall from grace.
Yes, there's a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.
There's an edge to life that will cut you like a knife
when you lay your head down.
You know you can't escape when you find out they're fake
and you want to take the whole lot down.
There's no truth in the lie that only angels cry
when everybody knows we're all born to die.
There's an edge to life that will cut you like a knife.
I miss you
There's no power that is such a thrill
that can make a man or anything.
I miss you