Savatage, Edge Of Thorns

An offering of reasons
We put them all in play
A covering of treasons
That one by one we let slip away

A solitary dancer So lost upon her stage

I have seen you on the edge of dawn Felt you here before you were born Balanced your dreams upon the edge of thorns But I don't think about you anymore

A study made for winter Of summers long ago And dreams that use to glitter Safely now hidden under snow

And so we end this chapter And let the stage lights fade

I have seen you on the edge of dawn Felt you here before you were born Balanced your dreams upon the edge of thorns But I don't think about you anymore