

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