

# Vasaria, Edge Of Supremacy

## Edge Of Supremacy

Black clouds, they hang about your head,  
As judgment billows from ashes.  
Black clouds, they hang about your head,  
As judgment billows from ashes.  
The path you chose is winding down fast,  
You dug your grave now in it you must lie.

Soaring through space from another place,  
Comes the dying angel.  
Fly high tonight for this is the flight of...  
The dying angel.

Misguided fool forever lost,  
Directionless in your very spite.  
Your way was hate and greed and deceit,  
Ugliness shines through all that's void inside.

(Chorus)

Your foundations crumble as you fall unaware,  
Fear cripples you as you realize.  
That path you chose has wound down,  
You dug your grave, in it you must lie.