

# Edge to Life

## Recoil

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

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