

On The Edge

Mob Rules

After the war when judgment has come
We're ruling the evil of time
Tearing apart what the years held as bond
(Are we) brothers in arms when we die?

There's no sign for a rising star
There's no light in the far
It's creeping death on a poisoned ground
Like burning the map that we found

Living in a dream: here we come!
Living on the edge
Freezing in the shade of the sunrise
We're living on the edge

Sharing the crime and fighting the law
We're paying the dues of our life
Reflecting the past - in a mirror we saw
A ghost and the troopers of light

There's no need for a wandering star
There's no flash in the far
It's creeping death on a burning ground
We're losing the map that we found

We're creeping on a burning ground
We're living on the edge
Failing all the signs around
We're living on the edge