

I've seen them walking - so many ways  
I know they're living - on the edge of darkness  
Inside of the twilight - every night  
The shadows of existence - prisoners of minds  
They have to remember - not to turn back  
Not to cross the border - and never fall down  
On the edge of darkness - they close their eyes  
They can not see - they are blundering

Only when you stand in dark  
Only when you stand in shadow  
You can see the brightest light  
You can appreciate the difference  
If you want to live in gloom in obscuriti you find it  
So remember about the reason  
That shadows come from the light

Those who live in the gloom  
Obscurity is their home  
They find the joy of living  
In primitive indifference  
They can not free their minds  
Their eyes are blind and dry  
In the world of dellusions  
They are blind fools

I'm falling down to rise above  
The edge of darkness all around  
I'm falling down to rise above  
The edge of darkness to the light

On the edge of darkness  
On the edge of life and miracles  
I find the way to cross the border  
On the depths I find the way  
I can not waste my time to steep  
In ignorance, indifference  
I open my eyes wide and see  
The might of beeing free