

The Wheel

Coil

Four

When the storm clears and the sun shines
We'll see the country beyond the garden
Oh I was dragged here by an angel
Against my weak will the stronger dictate

Now I stand here, I've scaled the mountain
That led from function to forms of glory
And when our hands touched like worlds colliding
A star exploding
Then I knew that the wheel is turning

The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning

Rust transmuted to gold and silver
By strength of true will
No more resistance
No more resistance
Just perfection
Just perfection
The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning
The wheel is turning