

# The Watchmaker's Dial

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Oh, yonder stands the prophet, words are music to our ears,  
But down among the sinners, only pain and sweat and tears

The sermon soothes the simple but the rest are rapt with fear,  
Oh no, too late to hold a trial, time doesn't wait for the watchmaker's dial

In the best laid plans of history lie the ruins of the past  
And a chronicle of suffering shows the mythic pall they cast

To believe is true religion but to see is truth at last  
Oh no, too late to hold a trial, time doesn't wait for the watchmaker's dial

Time doesn't wait for the watchmaker's dial