

# The Poet and the Pendulum

Nightwish

The end.

The songwriter's dead.  
The blade fell upon him  
Taking him to the white lands  
of empathica,  
of innocence  
Empathica  
Innocence

The dreamer and the wine  
Poet without a rhyme  
A widow writer torn apart by chains of Hell

One last perfect verse  
It's still the same old song  
Oh Christ, how I hate what I have become

Take me home

Get away, run away, fly away  
Lead me astray to dreamer's hideaway  
I cannot cry 'cause the shoulder cries more  
I cannot die, I, a whore for this cold world  
Forgive me,  
I have but two faces  
One for the world,  
One for God,  
save me  
I cannot cry 'cause the shoulder cries more  
I cannot die, I, a whore for this cold world

My home was there and then, those meadows of heaven  
Adventure-filled days  
One with every smiling face

Please, no more words  
Thoughts from a severed head  
No more praise,  
Tell me once my heart goes right

Take me home

Sparkle my scenery  
With Turquoise waterfall  
With beauty underneath  
The ever free

Tuck me in beneath the blue  
Beneath the Pain,  
Beneath the rain  
Goodnight kiss for a child in time  
Swaying blade my lullaby

On the shore we sat and hoped  
Under the same pale moon  
Whose guiding light chose you,

Chose you all

"I'm afraid, I'm so afraid.  
being raped, again and again, and again  
I know I will die alone  
but loved.

You live long enough to hear the sounds of guns,  
Long enough to find yourself screaming every night,  
Live long enough to see your friends betray you.

For years I've been strapped unto this altar.  
Now I only have three minutes and counting.  
I just wish the tide would catch me first and give me  
a death I always longed for."

2nd robber to the right of Christ  
Cut in half - infanticide  
The world will rejoice today  
As the crows feast on the rotting poet

Everyone must bury their own  
No pack to bury the heart of stone  
Now he's home in hell, serves him well  
Slain by the bell, tolling for his farewell

The morning dawned upon his altar  
Remains of the dark passion play  
Performed by his friends without shame  
Spitting on his grave as they came

"Today, in the year of our Lord, 2005  
Tuomas was called from the cares of the world  
He stopped crying at the end of each beautiful day.  
The music he wrote had too long been without silence.  
He was found naked and dead,  
With a smile in his face, a pen and 1000 pages of erased text."

Save me

Be still, my son  
You're home  
Oh when did you become so cold?  
The blade will keep on descending  
All you need is to feel my love

Search for beauty, find your shore  
Try to save them all, bleed no more  
You have such oceans within  
In the end, I will always love you

The beginning.