

# 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