

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.