

The axe laid to the root  
cuts the hour into half.  
The falling sands of time are gone.  
A raised hand abated and swears  
before extending to the grains of sand  
again to turn 'em back to Heaven.  
Don't even try to run away:  
for that hour you've been born into this world.

To take part of His suffering,  
out of space you may even fly.  
Another Saviour you won't find.  
In that sandglass you'll remain  
a captive.

Wound up by the Watchmaker's hand  
into the circle of life,  
you're planted down by the rolls of thunder.  
Everything that can be shaken quakes,  
that can be shaken quakes.

To take part of His suffering,  
out of space you may even fly.  
Another Saviour you won't find.  
In that sandglass you'll remain.

The sieve is placed, is placed below  
to gather only wheat into the barn.

To take part of His suffering,  
out of space you may even fly.  
Another Saviour you won't find.  
In that sandglass you'll remain.