

The Watchmaker

Steven Wilson

The watchmaker works all day, and long into the night
He pieces things together despite his failing sight

Though all the cogs connect with such poetic grace
Time has left its curse upon this place

Each hour becomes another empty space to fill
Wasted with the care and virtues of his skill

The watchmaker buries something deep within his thoughts
A shadow on the staircase of someone from before

This thing is broken now and cannot be repaired
Fifty years of compromise and aging bodies shared

Eliza dear, you know there's something I should say
I never really loved you but I'll miss you anyway

You were just meant to be temporary while I waited for gold
We filled up the years and I found that
I liked having someone to hold

But for you I had to wait
Until one day it was too late

Cogs and levers mesh
We are bound in death
Melt the silver down
I'm still inside you