

Nightwish

"Poet and the Pendulum"

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The end

The songwriter's dead, the blade fell upon him
Taking him to the white land of Empathica
Of innocence, Empathica, innocence

The dreamer and the wine, poet without a rhyme
A widowed writer torn apart by chains of hell
One last perfect verse is 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 the 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 the 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

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 the 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 the cold world
Whore for the cold world, whore for the cold world

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 sound of guns
Long enough to find yourself screaming every night
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

Second 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

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 the 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 the cold world
Whore for the cold world, whore for the cold world

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 one thousand 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

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