

Lost within a dream
Wake up

Last rites spoken in pantomime
The watcher stands unwavering
Dictating actions that follow at his will
All the while bound to his throne
Every moment kneels at his feet
Steadfast, unfluctuating
There is no hesitation
And if you ask, I will follow

With your hands, place grace upon me
So I may not be forgotten
Forging pages of hopes and dreams
For the story I have written

This won't dissipate uneasiness
But grant me strength in times of sorrow

This time I wasted carelessly
Stood by and watch it sink
These walls closing in on me
All the while I sulk and weep
The face of the watcher looks away
This weight of disappointment is crushing
No second glance passed on me
Every moment I've wasted
Chasing infatuations already fading
So I plead, "Remember my name"

With your hands, place grace upon me
So I may not be forgotten
Forging pages of hopes and dreams
For the story I have written

The watcher's pendulum swings (it swings)
In the wake of everlasting
Final breaths intonate and sing (they sing)
Departing swift in a moment's passing
This won't dissipate uneasiness
But grant me strength in times of sorrow

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