

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
Cogs and levers mesh
We are bound in death
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