

# Master of the Pendulum

## Avantasia

Aaron: Who's the one who's stretching out his hand  
Is it It or is it me that won't lose hold  
Take on to the pendulum and sway  
Like a mistletoe I'm clinging to the cold, yeah  
Watchmaker: I am the trellis for those in need  
To twine around  
The rock of ages for those  
who're meant to wander around  
I got no time for a break  
And we got no time to waste  
I'll save it up in the pace  
I'll quantify thoughts away  
that you don't need anyway  
Oh what a beautiful day...  
Aaron: Tic toc tic toc  
Someone's watching over me  
Watchmaker: Begging for a dance  
While your sands are running out  
Rigid and firm's what I hold in my hands  
Tick away time, I allot and I divide  
Master of the hands that guide you  
Run if you can while the war drum's ticking on  
Ancient of days: I'm the shouldering pace  
I will make you mine, I allot and I divide  
Master of the hands that push you  
That's who I am:  
The master of these hands  
I lead the horse to the water and I make it drink  
I'm here to force precision just on everything  
Aaron: I feel your breath in my neck  
I feel you behind my back  
And as I'm turning around  
There's just this frightening sound  
I feel it everywhere  
Oh I know that you're there...  
Tic toc tic toc  
Someone's watching over me  
Begging for a dance  
While your sands are running out  
Rigid and firm's what you hold in your hands  
Tick away time, you allot and you divide  
Master of the hands that guide you

Run if you can while the war drum's ticking on  
Ancient of days: you're the shouldering pace  
Watchmaker: I will make you mine, I allot and I divide  
Master of the hands that push you  
Aaron: Angels fall  
Time's gonna winnow all  
Dying dreams  
Right from wrong  
Dwell in a run  
Turn the wheel  
Something's reaching out for me  
Watchmaker: Begging for a dance  
While your sands are running out  
Rigid and firm's what I hold in my hands  
Tick away time, I allot and I divide  
Master of the hands that guide you  
Run if you can while the war drum's ticking on  
Ancient of days: I'm the shouldering pace  
I will make you mine, I allot and I divide  
Master of the hands that push you

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>