

Eric Woolfson, The Pit And The Pendulum

I was alone
In the darkness
Within the walls
Of a dungeon

They tied me down
I was helpless
There was no crime
I am not guilty

There was a pendulum dangling over my head
A sword of Damocles hanging by a thread
And I was chained like Prometheus wishing I was dead
There was a pendulum dangling over my head

And then it moved
A little lower
And then it swung
A little a faster

A little wider
A little slower
A little wilder
A little lower

There was a pendulum circling over my head
Eyes like a vulture tearing me to shreds
And I was staring at disaster wishing I was dead
There was a pendulum circling over my head...