

# Fates Warning, Traveler In Time

Old man time, Wisdom and Rhyme  
Seeker of reason, reaper of time  
Born to a spell he walks the beaten path  
To hell, rusty shackles of time burden his mind  
Once on his side time turns to defy.  
In a flash of the lightning he's come and gone.  
The clock strikes the hours, he climbs to the belfry  
As he's done a thousand hours before.

Many dark years, not a vacant hour through  
War and fear had the bell been ever strayed,  
Hypnotized rhythmic pendulum synchronized  
With the beat of the old man's heart.  
Man or machine he's living a dream  
Forever the clock lives so does he  
Faces below fade with seasons of long ago  
Forever awake in his brass bed.  
Who holds the key.

It's all a matter of time, is there reason  
Or Rhyme - is there?  
Traveler in time another left  
Behind - you are

Tangled in the web of time you've  
Swallowed the pill of illusion.  
Writings so clear on the wall you  
Waste in seclusion  
Mirror reflects the mark of the crowfoot  
In his eyes now he realize.  
Nearing his hour he climbs to the belfry  
As he's done a thousand hours before

Moon of blue is in the sky  
West wind he whispers why  
Sacrifice living for life his perpetual vice

Lonely win blows through his empty soul.  
He cries a river of tears on the clock below  
Nothings forever and time will tell  
His tears rust the clock and he died as well