

Ayreon, 2084

Silence fills the air
Echoes fade away...
Sadness and despair
On that cruel and fateful day...

My body lies motionless
Upon the kitchen floor...
The Earth has died, the world's at rest
2084...

Many centuries ago
In a dark, enchanted land...
Our fate had been foretold
By a poor, misguided man...

We carried on down the road we chose,
The path of Nevermore
The journey ends, the book is closed
2084...

And now I have to leave, my work on Earth is done
I'm heading for the planet known as Mars
To the last of its race, the final newborn son
Before I start my voyage to the stars

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