

# 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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