

# Red Lights Flash, Last Come, First Served

Last come, first served!

And then we wake up - the strike of competition seems near,  
But a more patient player strikes the better deal.  
I won't assess these future prospects - the time will come and they will disappear.  
But this mistake in our very own statement was on our part.  
Last come, first served!

Everything extreme, everything outmost, everything supreme.  
Everything went wrong.

We keep this hope for an early answer - impatient,  
Soon we quit.

We kick the habit:  
This change could be an evolution, unlike a revolution...  
But if the evolution is driven by our all-consuming passion  
It may come at a speed that hunters become the hunted,  
Retreat transformed to onslaught.

It will rend the very earth on which we all stand.  
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As good as play, as good as play.  
And then we wake up.

We feel imprisoned outdoors - our memories cannot seize,  
But it begins to weigh on our spirits and time goes on and on and on...  
Things that seemed so useless and petty will cause the onset of a ruinous storm.

We resign, we waive, we surrender, we jack up, we quit,  
We renounce, we relinquish, we vacate, we give up, we forsake,  
We capitulate, we dismiss, we abdicate, we abandon, we forgo...  
Leading us to further errors.....

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It will rend the very earth on which we all stand  
Last come, first served.