Blues Traveler, View

Tranquility can end in all it's forms
And disaster can rule the day
I'm sitting in the center of hell
And I yearn to strike the match
And seldom surprised, the damned and cursed
The plans of mice and men
As he's walking out the door with a crowbar
I can hear him as he pries the latch

And the view of the light at the end of the tunnel
Makes me see more that I want to
The finish line's promise so far away
Still remains to get through

Wishing ever skyward, all I seem to see are circling hawks
Once fledglings turned to eagles, I regret having ever, ever urged them on
And all at once a voice reminds me
That salvation comes only to the brave
But the voice is growing fainter as desperately I search
And search for some small glimpse of dawn

And the view of the light at the end of the tunnel

Makes me see more that I want to
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Still remains to get through

Alas I sit behind an immense boulder
And I pretend to push it up a hill
I claw and scratch my way as the tunnel
On it's side becomes a hole
Nervous and in shock from the battle's rage
My mount bucks and rears and throws me to the ground
A broken sword in hand, I get to my knees
I am fighting for my soul

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