

# Everon, Missing The Last Train

There's a willing crowd  
In a distant land  
Clinging to the words of their leader

There's a censored press  
Printing propaganda  
Disguised as the truth for the reader

For food or religion  
For land or for pride  
For traditions or just for the glory

The page is turned  
For another chapter  
Of the same old story

Again we see how they are marching on  
To the beat of the same old drum  
Don't they know this mad story has  
No happy ending

So far, so good  
Here we are  
The clean slate is showing a red stain

So far, so good  
Here we are  
And hope that we're not missing the last train

But as life makes no deal  
We can't turn back the wheel  
And the last train leaves right on time

All of them have their own reasons  
All of them have their own fears  
All of them pray to some God  
To make it turn out right

All of them leave their own families  
And think it's worth the price  
Because everyone thinks it's him  
Who's fighting the good fight

So here they are in the same old church  
There's a priest who's blessing arms one more time  
They say their prayers to a wooden cross  
But who will listen

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