

Nevermore, Passenger

All passenger prepare the game ritual:

There once was a man on this train

he was born into this world alone

Hands never laid on the wheel

content, he will never know more

He was a quiet man in pain

his tears I fear are closing in again

What you lose in years you again in perspective

And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes

For with nothing to follow he'd lived all his life in vain

But then, who here among us is without shame?

His way was divergent and cold

defaced

this mask he must create

And the circle unfolding still

unscathed

he will turn a blind eye

He will miss the last train home this day

recycled in the flow reborn again

The cynic knows the price of everything and the value of nothing

And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes

For with nothing to follow he'd let all his will decay

But then, true wisdom comes in learning pain

And I have known pain

And the passenger pauses to see his mistakes

For with nothing to follow he'd lived all his life in vain

But then, the lesson unlearned he will begin again