

# Nightingale, The Game

The two of us, so young and so wild  
We can't find the cure to what has led us astray  
Far apart from what we once were  
And we both made a choice there's no turning back from here  
There's no turning back from here

But we have no aim, just keeping up the pace  
Who's the best of us, who's the stronger one  
Will it ever end?  
This escalating game

We're reborn to live on the edge  
Who's the bravest of us?  
Who will live to tell?  
I'm so scared of what we've become  
As we double the bets, the proportions exceed ourselves  
The proportions exceed our sanity

We have gone from meek to brave  
And we're chasing a dream that never will come true  
Letting go of all our fears  
The unavoidable end is the enemy we defy

But we have no aim, just keeping up the pace  
Who's the best of us, who's the stronger one  
Will it ever end?  
This escalating game  
There can be only one