

Rain, Scenic Nevermore

All you people, come with me
To Scenic Nevermore
A place where doubt is driven out
And when it rains, it pours
The world you're in cannot begin
To tell you what's in store
It's hard to dream while following
Your feet across the floor
So break one last restriction
Then break free of all the strings
If you won't hear your own fears, baby
You won't hear a thing
All you people, listen close
It's time you heard the news
You're out of gas, you're falling fast
Your youth is not amused
Isn't hope a kind of dope?
And can't it be abused?
A vice is nice, but my advice
To winners is to lose
So kick one last addiction
Then kick back and start to sing
If you don't own your own bones, baby
You don't own a thing
All you people, gather 'round
The time has now arrived
To have some fun, to overrun
To marvel and survive
Life is short, tear down the fort
The dead can't be revived
That is, unless, your second guess
Is twice as good as mine
So make one last prediction
Then may Chaos be your King
If you can't see you're only maybe
You can't see a thing