

## Phase I: Singularity

Ayreon

"8:49 this morning

The dew of morning still glistens on the salt grass that grows along the foundation of the old lighthouse. I isn't in active service anymore, but has been renovated to serve as a private dwelling.

High in the tower inside, a young man is slumped on the floor in the corner of the room, apparently in some kind of trance. Somebody has put a blanket over him. He is deadly pale, but the steady, almost imperceptible rise and fall of his chest shows that he still clings to life. Standing next to him are a young woman and an older man. Both are obviously shocked and distressed.

Their frequent glances toward the door give the impression that they're waiting for someone who is yet to arrive. On the wall next to them is a blackboard covered with impenetrable mathematical equations. The older man is holding a crumpled piece of paper - it appears to be a note scribbled in haste by an unsteady hand. What follows here is the story of what happened."

Will we ever understand  
This complex genius  
This visionary thinker

Will we ever get this close again  
Uniting the forces  
Of our universe

Will we ever understand  
His isolation  
Or his sense of wonder

We will never get this close again  
It's been too long..  
I think he's gone

"11 years earlier

The Father, a brilliant scientist, has devoted his life to finding the Theory of Everything, the equation that will fully explain and unite all physical forces of the universe. He's obsessively working day and night; unaware that his wife and introverted son need far more attention than he has been giving them. The Mother has always supported her husband's scientific pursuits, but the strain of dealing with their asocial child's special needs has worn her down to the point of desperation."

I'm so close to the answer  
A dazzling symphony of cosmic strings  
I feel the pulse, vibrating just out of reach  
The music of space

One single master equation  
Unification of the great and small  
I hear the notes but the arrangement is wrong  
And I'm starting to doubt, but I can't give up now I'm so near

Can't you see that I need you out here?  
And what about our boy?  
I think he's got something to give

What secrets lie... beyond these hollow eyes?

I'm sorry you feel neglected  
But it's clear that you don't understand  
I'm aware, and I want to be there  
I just need some more time, for the answer is blindingly near

Are you trying to drive us away  
Just when we need you most?  
You might find he's got something to give  
What secrets lie... beyond these eyes?

"The son is so withdrawn because his mind is overwhelmed by analyzing the chaotic stimuli of the world around him, and the mathematical patterns he sees in everything - even in nature. His brain seems to operate on a completely different level than other people's. There is something very special about him, indeed."

"The Mother is determined to connect with the Prodigy, but he is completely unresponsive. He is simply incapable of relating to her emotionally, even though on some level he wants to."

Talk to me

I know you're there, but I won't see you  
I hear your voice but it can't reach me

Let me in

It all seems so trivial  
In the scheme of things

Talk to me

I feel your touch but it can't move me  
I hear your words but they confuse me

Let me in

It all comes to nothing  
In the scheme of things

Patterns emerge in nature's dance  
Numbers are born in the wheel of chance  
Why do I see this?  
What does it mean to me?

A grand design in all its majesty  
Vibrating strings, quantum gravity  
Why was I chosen?  
What does it mean to me?  
Tell me why!

"7 years ago

As the students work on a test in science class, a gust of wind from the open window blows a paper full of math equations off the Teacher's desk. Unnoticed by the teacher, it lands at the Prodigy's feet. Already having finished the test, he picks up the paper. His face lights up as he begins writing."

I can't believe... this can't be true.

How could you know?  
I've tried to solve this  
For as long as I recall

Is this your work? Be honest now  
How did you do it?  
I'm not angry, boy  
But I really need to know

I'm sorry, sir, I can't explain  
It's the way I've always been  
You see, the numbers just appear  
Before my eyes

Don't believe him, no! He's envious!  
I've felt it from the start  
In every class, I've always been the genius  
And he just wants to be like me

Don't let him deceive you  
He's nothing but a fake  
A sad pretender  
Trying to take my place

Don't let him deceive you  
He's nothing but a fake  
A sad pretender  
A total waste of space

"Why is the Rival constantly bulliying the Prodigy? And why is the Girl compelled to protect him?"

Why do you torment him, are you jealous?  
There must be a reason you're so cruel  
What have you got against him?  
Does he scare you?  
What did he ever do to you?

Oh no, I can't believe  
You're falling for this loser  
Oh no, I thought you knew  
That I am so much cooler!

Why do you despise him, are you frightened?  
Are you being driven by your pride?  
I think you feel threatened by his brilliance  
But still you admire him, deep inside

Oh no, I can't believe  
You're falling for this loser  
Oh no, I thought you know  
That I am so much cooler!  
Oh no, I always thought  
That we should be together  
Oh no, I really think  
That you can do so much better

"The Teacher visits the Father, bringing him surprising news about his son."

I'm glad you could meet me  
I'm here about your son  
I've never seen a mind like his  
Especially so young

He's got a gift for numbers  
Never known before  
An outstanding genius  
Who shouldn't be ignored

You must be mistaken  
He's useless and he's weak  
I see no sign of genius  
The boy can hardly speak

He just sits there, lifeless  
For hours at a time  
No expression on his face  
His eyes staring into space!

How can you be so heartless  
There must be so much more that we can do

Who are you to judge me,  
You don't even know what we've been through!

Just give him more attention  
You'll see there's more to him than meets the eye

Fine! I'll try to help the child  
Better not wasting my time!

"5 years ago

The Prodigy wants to improve his relationship with his Father, but doesn't know how to reach out."

Are you trying to drive me away?  
Just when I need you most.  
I think... I've got something to give  
I just don't know... how...

"The Mother and the Father agree to enlist an outside expert to help with their son, but their motivations to do so couldn't be more different."

We need to take him to therapy  
Help him function in society

It's worth a try, who knows...  
He could help me complete  
The Theory Of Everything

A future to build  
A role to fulfill  
Something to give  
A reason to live