

Passenger

Nevermore

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 gain 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